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# WAR AIMS AND PEACE IDEALS

# War Aims & Peace Ideals

## Selections in Prose & Verse Illustrating the Aspirations of the Modern World

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# PREFACE

A TABLE of contents is the best preface to such a collection as the editors here present, but one explanatory, and perhaps clarifying, statement may be added to the evidence there included. It is no selection from state documents that we have proposed to publish under the title "War Aims and Peace Ideals." State documents have their obvious historical value (and are in addition easy of access); but as a rule they are written to fit an occasion or to attain an objective, and present with complete sincerity neither the aims in war nor the underlying issues at conflict of the peoples whose ideals they ostensibly express. When the reverse is true, as in the case of the Messages of President Wilson, the difference is widely recognized and the value of the utterance, whether for politics or for literature, is correspondingly increased.

In general, however, the truth about this war, and all wars, their aims and ideals, is more likely to be found in the franker utterances of private individuals, especially when the authors have the interpretative power that belongs to makers of literature. If this volume, then, has a distinguishing feature, it is to be sought in the effectiveness, the honesty, and the truth of the highly personal writings here transcribed. They are for the most part neither propaganda, nor "statements for the press." They possess not only historical importance but also a value as criticism and interpretation that justifies their republication.

Complete representation of the thought of all countries involved in this time of upheaval was of course impossible; sometimes, as with America and Great Britain, for lack of space, sometimes, as with Austria and the Balkan States, which on the whole have mutely fought and suffered, for lack of material. But we have chosen carefully from the writings of both friends and enemies those that seemed best to illuminate the ideals that caused or carried on the war,

and will be significant in the future. Much by way of famous name or well-remembered passage has necessarily been omitted; but we have striven to make probable that, at least by implication or reference, all important ideas should find a place. The order chosen for the arrangement of material, with the spokesmen of Germany first and those of America last, roughly corresponds with the chronological sequence whereby these sets of ideals were translated into action and became important for the world.

It is therefore primarily as a book of the literature of the war that we offer this volume, a literature of ideas and emotions, sometimes rising to greatness, sometimes valuable only for the burden of disastrous opinion, but always interesting to the student of human nature and the philosophy of war. Better than any reasoned explanation this collection presents the struggle of 1914–1918, for in quite as real a sense as the clash of armies or the political acts of states, the conflict of ideals here included is the very essence of the war itself.

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For valuable advice and encouragement the editors are indebted to Professor Frank Aydelotte of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and to Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale.

For permission to reprint copyrighted matter, as specifically indicated below, they are indebted to the following publishers and authors:—

George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., for chapter X of "Bohemia's Case for Independence" by E. Benes; and an extract from F. Dostoevsky's "Pages from the Journal of an Author."

The Atlantic Monthly Co., for *Kartúshkiya-Beróza* by Alter Brody.

George H. Doran Co., for *The White Ships and the Red* by Joyce Kilmer.

E. P. Dutton & Co., for *The Spires of Oxford* by W. M. Letts, and *A Chant of Love for England* by Helen Gray Cone.

T. N. Foulis, Esq., for selections from "Zarathrustra" and "The Will to Power" in volumes XI and XV of "The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche," edited by Dr. Oscar Levy.

The Houghton Mifflin Co., for one lecture in Gilbert Murray's "Faith, War, and Policy."

B. W. Huebsch for an extract from Karl Liebknecht's "Militarism."

Jarrolds Publishers, Ltd., for a selection from "Germany, France, Russia, and Islam" by Heinrich von Treitschke.

P. J. Kenedy and Sons, for a selection from *Patriotism and Endurance* in Cardinal Mercier's "Pastorals, Letters, Allocations."

John Lane Co., for *The Last Boche* and *The Love of Country* in "New Belgian Poems" by Emile Cammaerts.

J. P. Lippincott Co., and William Heinemann, for a chapter from "How Belgium Saved Europe" by Charles Sarolea.

Longmans, Green & Co., for an extract from "Serbia in Light and Darkness" by Nicholas Velimirovic.

The Macmillan Co., for *Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight* by Vachel Lindsay, *Between the Lines* by W. W. Gibson, and an extract from "The Pentecost of Calamity" by Owen Wister.

The Open Court Publishing Co., for an essay in "Above the Battle" by Romain Rolland.

The Oxford University Press for part of a lecture by L. P. Jacks in "The International Crisis in its Ethical and Psychological Aspects" and for Aylmer Maude's translation of "Patriotism and Government" by Tolstoy.

G. P. Putnam's Sons for *In Flanders Fields* by John McCrae and for extracts from Prince Lichnowsky's Memorandum and a translation from "Treitschke: His Doctrines and His Life."

The Rolls House Publishing Co., Ltd., for chapter X of Bernhardi's "Britain as Germany's Vassal."

*The Texas Review* for Carl Hauptmann's "The Dead Are Singing," translated by Mary L. Stevenson.

T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., for Henri Bergson's lecture on "Life and Matter at War."

*The Yale Review* for *The War and the British Realms* by A. F. Pollard, *Italy's Unredeemed Children* by Bruno Roselli, *To the Russian Soldier* by Leonid Andréev, *Cossack or Republican* by W. C. Abbott, and *What the War did for Brewer* by William Allen White.

The Yale University Press for an extract from Maurice Barrès' "The Undying Spirit of France."

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# I. GERMANY

The present situation in the world and the trend of contemporary thought are largely due to reaction against a set of ideas evolved in Germany during the period following the Franco-Prussian war. The striking contrast between the success of Bismarck's ruthless policy and the misery which Prussian inertia brought upon Germany during the Napoleonic era led a series of trenchant writers to declare not merely that might was right, but even that a special moral beauty resided in the effective application of force. Hence the historian Treitschke (1834–1896) expounded with eloquence the idea of Militant Culture: the idea that a nation's physical power both offers the final vindication of its peculiar code of civilization and also carries with it the moral duty to impose that code upon weaker races.

Nietzsche (1844–1900) evolved analogous principles in the field of philosophy. His doctrine of the Superman reiterates the superiority of the virtues of war over the virtues of peace, the superiority of the state to the individual, and of the ambitious leader to the law-abiding citizen. General von Bernhardi approached the subject as a military expert, on the eve of the European War. Like his predecessors he stresses the desirability and morality of an aggressive rather than a quiescent national attitude, and he proclaims the necessity of subjecting all Central Europe to Germany; but he also shows his realization of the difficult international position in which Germany's policy of aggressive egotism had left her: the alternatives are now inevitably World-Power or Downfall.

Two examples of *belles lettres*, by Lissauer and Carl Hauptmann, both dating from the early months of the war, illustrate the success with which German public opinion had been keyed up to enthusiasm over the great Day of ultimate battle. Thus was provided the second of the elements of German success upon which Bernhardi had insisted: "In

the present time, when all wars are national wars, it is particularly important that the soul of the people should be stirred to its depths."

In the final section are given two notable protests against the gospel of militarism and aggression. Liebknecht deals with internal affairs and Lichnowsky with foreign policy.

## (a) MILITANT CULTURE

### HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE: GERMAN CLAIMS TO ALSACE [1]

It is not sufficient for us now that we should feel ourselves able to resist an attack from France, or even from an European alliance. Our nation in arms cannot afford to send its sons forth at any moment into such another steeplechase against its greedy neighbor. Our military organization has no meaning without secure boundaries. The distracted world already foresees a whole brood of wars springing out of the bloody seed of this. We owe it some guarantee of permanent peace among the nations, and we shall only give it, so far as human strength can, when German guns frown from the fortified passes of the Vosges on the territories of the Gaulish race, when our armies can sweep into the plains of Champagne in a few days' march, when the teeth of the wild beast are broken, and weakened France can no longer venture to attack us. Even Wellington, the good friend of the Bourbons, had to allow that France was too strong for the peace of Europe; and the statesmen of the present day, whenever they have realized the altered equilibrium of the Powers, will feel that the strengthening of the boundaries of Germany contributes to the security of the peace of the world. We are a peaceful nation. The traditions of the Hohenzollerns, the constitution of our Army, the long and difficult work before us in the upbuilding of our united German State, forbid the abuse of our warlike power. We need a generation devoted to the works of peace to solve the difficult but not impossible problem of the unification

[1] An extract from an article entitled "What We Demand from France," written in 1870, near the close of the Franco-Prussian War.

of Germany, while France is driven into all the delusions of a policy of adventure by the false political ideas which are engrained in her luxurious people, by the free-lance spirit of her conscript soldiers, and the all but hopeless break-up of her domestic life.

In view of our obligation to secure the peace of the world, who will venture to object that the people of Alsace and Lorraine do not want to belong to us? The doctrine of the right of all the branches of the German race to decide on their own destinies, the plausible solution of demagogues without a fatherland, shiver to pieces in presence of the sacred necessity of these great days. These territories are ours by the right of the sword, and we shall dispose of them in virtue of a higher right—the right of the German nation, which will not permit its lost children to remain strangers to the German Empire. We Germans, who know Germany and France, know better than these unfortunates themselves what is good for the people of Alsace, who have remained under the misleading influence of their French connection outside the sympathies of new Germany. Against their will we shall restore them to their true selves. We have seen with joyful wonder the undying power of the moral forces of history, manifested far too frequently in the immense changes of these days, to place much confidence in the value of a mere popular disinclination. The spirit of a nation lays hold, not only of the generations which live beside it, but of those which are before and behind it. We appeal from the mistaken wishes of the men who are there to-day to the wishes of those who were there before them. We appeal to all those strong German men who once stamped the seal of our German nature on the language and manners, the art and the social life, of the Upper Rhine. Before the nineteenth century closes the world will recognize that the spirits of Erwin von Steinbach, and Sebastian Brandt [1] are still alive, and that we were only obeying the dictates of national honor when we made little account of the preferences of the people who live in Alsace to-day.

[1] Erwin von Steinbach, architect of the Strassburg Cathedral, died at Strassburg in 1318. Sebastian Brandt, author of "The Ship of Fools" (published at Basel, 1494), was born at Strassburg in 1458.

## HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE: INTERNATIONAL LAW[1]

If a State finds that any of its existing treaties have ceased to express the relative strength of itself and the other treaty State, and if it cannot induce the latter to a friendly cancelment of the treaty, then has come the moment for the "legal proceedings" customary between nations, that is, for war. And in such circumstances war is declared in the full consciousness that the nation is doing its duty. Personal greed plays no part in such an act. Those who declare war then say to themselves, "Our treaty-obligation has failed to correspond with our relative strength at this moment; we cannot come to friendly terms; we turn to the great assize of the nations." The justice of a war depends wholly on the consciousness of its moral necessity. And since there neither can be nor ought to be any external coercive power controlling the great personages of a State, and since history must ever remain in a state of change, war is in itself justifiable; it is an ordinance of God. No doubt, a State may err as to the necessity of applying this means of coercion. Niebuhr spoke truly, when he said that war can establish no right which did not previously exist. Just for this reason, we may look upon certain deeds of violence as expiated in the very act of being committed—for example, the completion of German or of Italian unity. On the other hand, since not every war produces the results which it ought to produce, the historian must now and again withhold his judgment and remember that the life of a State lasts for centuries. The proud saying of the conquered Piedmontese, "We will begin again," will always have its place in the history of noble nations.

War will never be swept from the earth by courts of arbitration. In questions that touch the very life of a State, the other members of the community of States cannot possibly be impartial. They must take sides just because they belong to the community of States and are drawn together or forced apart by the most diverse interests. If Germany were foolish enough to try to settle the question of Alsace-Lorraine by arbitration, what European Power could be impartial? You could not find impartiality even in dreamland. Hence

[1] From a lecture delivered during the winter of 1891–1892.

the fact—well known to us all—that though international congresses may formulate the results of a war and set them out in juristic language, they can never avert a threatened outbreak of hostilities. Other States can be impartial only in questions of third-rate importance.

We have now agreed that war is just and moral, and that the ideal of eternal peace is both unjust and immoral, and impossible. A purely intellectual life, with its enervating effect on the thinker, may make men think otherwise; let us get rid of the undignified attitude of those who call possible what never can happen. So long as human nature, with its passions and its sins, remains what it is, the sword shall not depart from the earth. It is curious to see how, in the writings of the pacifists, unconsciously the sense of national honor cuts into the talk of cosmopolitanism. In the Old Testament the prophet Joel demanded that Israel should win a bloody battle over the heathen in the valley of Jehosaphat; Victor Hugo clamors in like manner that the Germans shall first get a flogging before universal peace sets in. Again and again it must be repeated that war, the violent form of the quarrels of the nations, is the direct outcome of the very nature of the State. The mere fact that there are many States proves, of itself, that war is necessary. Frederick the Great said that the dream of universal peace is a phantom which everyone ignores so soon as it affects his own freedom of action. A lasting balance of power, he adds, is inconceivable.

Curiously enough, however, it is just in the domain of war that the triumph of the human intellect most clearly asserts itself. All noble nations have felt that the physical power unchained in war must be regulated by laws. The result has been the gradual establishment, by common consent, of rules and customs to be observed in time of war. The greatest successes of the science of international law have been won in a field which those who are fools look upon as barbarous—I mean the domain of the laws of war. Really gross instances of the violation of military usages are rare in modern times. One of the finest things about international law is that it is perpetually progressing in this respect, and that the *universalis consensus* alone has so firmly planted a whole series of principles that they are now well established.

### DECLARATION OF THE PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITIES AND TECHNICAL COLLEGES OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE (October 23, 1914.)

We, the undersigned,[1] teachers at the Universities and Technical Colleges of Germany, are scientific men whose profession is a peaceful one. But we feel indignant that the enemies of Germany, especially England, pretend that this scientific spirit is opposed to what they call Prussian Militarism and even mean to favor us by this distinction. The same spirit that rules the German army pervades the whole German nation, for both are one and we form part of it. Scientific research is cultivated in our army, and to it the army owes a large part of its successes. Military service trains the growing generation for all peaceful occupations as well, scientific work included. For military training fills them with a sense of duty and unselfishness, endowing them with that feeling of self-confidence and honor by which a really free man subordinates himself to the whole. This spirit is alive not only in Prussia, but it is the same all over Germany. It is the same in war and in peace. At this moment our army is fighting for the freedom of Germany and at the same time for all the blessings of peace and civilization. We firmly believe that the future of European civilization depends on the victory gained by German "militarism": i. e. by the discipline, loyalty and devotion of a united and free German nation.

## (b) THE DOCTRINE OF THE SUPERMAN

### FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE: WAR AND WARRIORS (ZARATHRUSTRA I. x., 1883.)

By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!

My brethren in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

[1] The signatures, about 3500 in all, fill twenty-five printed pages and represent the various faculties of fifty-three institutions.

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. Ye are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them!

And if ye cannot be saints of knowledge, then, I pray you be at least its warriors. They are the companions and forerunners of such saintship.

I see many soldiers; could I but see many warriors! "Uniform" one calleth what they wear; may it not be uniform what they therewith hide!

Ye shall be those whose eyes ever seek for an enemy—for *your* enemy. And with some of you there is hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall ye seek; your war shall ye wage, and for the sake of your thoughts! And if your thoughts succumb, your uprightness shall still shout triumph thereby!

Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars—and the short peace more than the long.

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

One can only be silent and sit peacefully when one hath arrow and bow; otherwise one prateth and quarreleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say it is the good cause which halloweth even war? I say unto you: it is the good war which halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery hath hitherto saved the victims.

"What is good?" ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "To be good is what is pretty, and at the same time touching."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your goodwill. Ye are ashamed of your flow, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well then, my brethren, take the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becometh great, then doth it become haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

Ye shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance—that is the distinction of a slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

To the good warrior soundeth "thou shalt" pleasanter than "I will." And all that is dear unto you, ye shall first have it commanded unto you.

Let your love to life be love to your highest hope; and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, ye shall have it commanded unto you by me—and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matter about long life! What warrior wisheth to be spared!

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brethren in war!

Thus spake Zarathrustra.

## NIETZSCHE: THE HIGHER MAN (ZARATHRUSTRA, IV. lxxiii, 1884.)

3. The most careful ask to-day: "How is man to be maintained?" Zarathrustra however asketh, as the first and only one: "How is man to be *surpassed?*"

The Superman, I have at heart; *that* is the first and only thing to me—and *not* man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best.

O my brethren, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that maketh me love and hope.

In that ye have despised, ye higher men, that maketh me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that ye have despaired, there is much to honor. For ye have not learned to submit yourselves, ye have not learned petty policy.

For to-day have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long *et cetera* of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever orig-

inateth from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash:—*that* wisheth now to be master of all human destiny—O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

*That* asketh and asketh and never tireth: "How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" Thereby—are they the masters of to-day.

These masters of to-day—surpass them, O my brethren—these petty people: *they* are the Superman's greatest danger!

Surpass, ye higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable comfortableness, the "happiness of the greatest number"—!

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And verily, I love you, because ye know not to-day how to live, ye higher men! For thus do *ye* live—best!

## NIETZSCHE: SOCIETY AND THE STATE [1]

716. We take it as a principle that only individuals feel any responsibility. Corporations are invented to do what the individual has not the courage to do. For this reason all communities are vastly more upright and instructive, as regards the nature of man, than the individual who is too cowardly to have the courage of his own desires.

All altruism is the prudence of the private man: societies are not mutually altruistic. The commandment, "Thou shalt love thy next-door neighbor," has never been extended to thy neighbor in general. Rather what Manu says is probably truer: "We must conceive of all the States on our own frontier, and their allies, as being hostile, and for the same reason we must consider all of their neighbors as being friendly to us."

The study of society is invaluable, because man in society is far more childlike than man individually. Society has never regarded virtue as anything else than as a means to strength, power, and order. Manu's words again are simple and dignified: "Virtue could hardly rely on her own strength alone. Really it is only the fear of punishment that keeps men in their limits, and leaves every one in peaceful possession of his own."

[1] From "The Will to Power," left uncompleted at his death.

717. The State, or *unmorality* organized, is from within—the police, the penal code, status, commerce, and the family; and from without, the will to war, to power, to conquest and revenge.

A multitude will do things an individual will not, because of the division of responsibility, of command and execution; because the virtues of obedience, duty, patriotism, and local sentiment are all introduced; because feelings of pride, severity, strength, hate, and revenge—in short, all typical traits are upheld, and these are characteristics utterly alien to the herd-man.

728. The very notion, "living organism," implies that there must be growth,—that there must be a striving after an extension of power, and therefore a process of absorption of other forces. Under the drowsiness brought on by moral narcotics, people speak of the right of the individual to *defend* himself; on the same principle one might speak of his right to *attack:* for *both*—and the latter more than the former—are necessities where all living organisms are concerned: aggressive and defensive egoism are not questions of choice or even of "free will," but they are fatalities of life itself.

In this respect it is immaterial whether one have an individual, a living body, or "an advancing society" in view. The right to punish (or society's means of defense) has been arrived at only through a misuse of the word "right": a right is acquired only by contract,—but self-defense and self-preservation do not stand upon the basis of a contract. A people ought at least, with quite as much justification, to be able to regard its lust of power, either in arms, commerce, trade, or colonization, as a right—the right of growth, perhaps. . . . When the instincts of a society ultimately make it give up war and renounce conquest, it is decadent: it is ripe for democracy and the rule of shopkeepers. In the majority of cases, it is true, assurances of peace are merely stupefying draughts.

729. The maintenance of the military State is the last means of adhering to the great tradition of the past; or, where it has been lost, to revive it. By means of it the superior or strong type of man is preserved, and all institutions and ideas which perpetuate enmity and order of rank in States,

such as national feeling, protective tariffs, etc., may on that account seem justified.

## (c) PAN-GERMANISM: "WORLD-POWER OR DOWNFALL"

### GENERAL VON BERNHARDI: POLITICAL READINESS FOR WAR [1]

In studying the political history of States one finds that the greatest successes have been obtained whenever an active policy, following a distinct aim, has unceasingly endeavored to utilize the political position of the world to its advantage, and has in all enterprises only calculated with the factor of force, disregarding every law except that of its own advantage. Whenever success was hoped for by following a vague waiting policy, or when the policy of the State was influenced by the sentimental peace dreams of their statesmen, the national policy was nearly always barren of success or led to perdition. It lies in the nature of things that this should be so. A firm will and energetic action guarantee one's moral superiority over one's opponents and lame their resolution. Besides, the statesman who is given to observation and inactivity leaves the field free to his competitors. As he can only rarely unravel their plans, he cannot foil them, and he must limit himself to a policy of defense, although he is ignorant where and how he will be attacked. Thus he will always be at a disadvantage, and before long he will find himself pushed aside and will be treated without consideration.

Foreign policy is a struggle of opposing interests, and he who abandons the initiative will soon lose every favorable position and see himself surrounded by his enemies. France and England show the advantages enjoyed by an active, expansive and never-satisfied policy. France has founded an enormous colonial empire, and has known how to make all elements hostile to Germany subservient to

[1] This is the tenth chapter of a book first published in Germany in 1913 with the title, "Our Future—a Word of Warning to the German Nation." In the English translation, which appeared in 1914 it was entitled "Britain as Germany's Vassal."

her policy. Thus a nation of 40,000,000 people, defeated by Germany, dares to-day to prescribe limits to our expansion. England is unceasingly occupied in strengthening her position throughout the world and in laying the foundations of a new Colonial Empire in case she cannot preserve her present possessions. She strives at the same time to keep down all the States which might become dangerous to her in the future. The domination of the world by England and the United States, acting in unison, seems to be the ultimate aim of the grandiose world-wide and hitherto successful policy which has made that country the arbiter of the Old World. The action of these States should be a model to Germany, and our own past should warn us against the policy of drift and self-denial. We must clearly and distinctly follow that aim which is necessary for our future development, and we must strive towards our goal in unceasing political activity.

I have shown in these pages the aims which we should strive for. We must now look into the means by which we can attain them. Let us, therefore, briefly sum up the leading ideas which should guide Germany's foreign policy.

*We can secure Germany's position on the Continent of Europe* only if we succeed in smashing the Triple Entente, in humiliating France, and giving her that position to which she is entitled, as we cannot arrive at an agreement for mutual co-operation with her.

*We can enlarge our political power* by joining to Germany those middle-European States which are at present independent, forming a Central European Union which should be concluded, not merely for the purpose of defense, but which should have the purpose of defense and offense, for promoting the interests of all its members. This object can, in all probability, be realized only after a victorious war, which establishes for all time confidence in Germany's power, and makes it impossible for Germany's enemies to oppose our aims by force.

*We can enlarge our colonial possessions and acquire a sufficiency of colonies fit for the settlement of white men.* Much may be done by peaceful means. At the same time, it is clear that England will undoubtedly oppose all colonial acquisitions of Germany which will really increase our

power, and that she will, with all the means at her disposal, endeavor to prevent us from acquiring coaling stations and naval bases abroad. Colonies fit for the settlement of white men will in any case not be obtainable without war with other States.

Wherever we look, everywhere the road leading to the accomplishment of our purposes by peaceful means is barred. Everywhere we are placed before the choice either to abandon our aims or to fight for the accomplishment of our purpose. An understanding with England would, of course, promote our aims and would diminish the necessity of war. However, such an understanding can, as has been shown, not be reckoned with. England's hostility to Germany is founded upon the political system of that country, and we only do harm to our most important interests if we strive to bring about an understanding with that country.

Exactly as Bismarck clearly recognized in his time that the healthy development of Prussia and of Germany was possible only after a final settlement between Austria and Prussia, every unprejudiced man must to-day have arrived at the conviction that Germany's further development as a World-Power is possible only after a final settlement with England. Exactly as a cordial alliance between Germany and Austria was only possible after Austria's defeat in 1866, we shall arrive at an understanding with England, which is desirable from every point of view, only after we have crossed swords with her. As long as Germany does not consider this necessity as a leading factor in her foreign policy we shall be condemned to failure in all important matters of foreign policy.

Of course we need not proclaim these views to all the world for the benefit of our opponents. We may even earnestly endeavor to work for our purposes by peaceful means. However, we must never allow ourselves to enter upon a course which hampers our ultimate aim, and we must unceasingly keep before our eyes our true purpose. We must, therefore, politically and militarily, prepare ourselves for the struggle which is probably unavoidable. Then only can we hope for success.

The first requirement of this policy is to strengthen and complete our armed force as quickly as possible. The second

is to gain the confidence of the people and to do nothing that can diminish it, so that at the decisive moment the Government will find the firmest support among the people. Then it can meet the danger unflinchingly. In the present time, when all wars are national wars, it is particularly important that the soul of the people should be stirred to its depths. It is further necessary to secure, in the case of war, the co-operation of those States the interests of which coincide with our own. Lastly, we Germans must take the fatal decision by our own free will, and not allow our opponents to force war upon us. Only then can foreign policy create a favorable situation for war. German policy must be ready for immediate action if it wishes to fulfil the needs of the time.

If we look around among the States of Europe we see that France, England and Russia have allied themselves with the object of keeping Germany down. However, the objects of each of these States are at variance. Russia has apparently no intention to attack us, and wishes only to prevent Germany's further expansion. France, on the other hand, desires a war of revenge, in order to regain Alsace-Lorraine. England wishes to destroy our fleet and to prevent us increasing our colonial possessions. These three Powers pursue opposing aims in many parts of the world, especially in the Balkan Peninsula and in Asia. Their only connecting link is hostility to Germany, which unites them. They are opposed, in the first instance, by Germany and Austria. Although between Germany and Austria there is only a defensive alliance, they must always support one another. Their interests collide nowhere. Advantages and dangers affect both in the same way. The two are allied with Italy. Italy's true interests point to the Triple Alliance, and she seems inclined to remain in it. The Powers of the Triple Entente have, however, not without success, endeavored to entice her from her allies by the promise of advantages. Thus the young kingdom has been seduced into following a separate policy in accord with France and England without considering the interests of the Triple Alliance, and the consequence is that Italy finds herself to-day in a very difficult position. Italy has much diminished the confidence that she would faithfully abide by

the treaty of alliance, and has weakened her military position in case of war by the conquest of Tripoli, the possession of which impedes her military action. In the Balkan Peninsula also the Austrian and Italian interests are to a certain extent opposed, although lately these differences have been adjusted.

Belgium and the Slavonic Balkan States are likely to incline towards Germany's enemies. Switzerland is honestly neutral, and will fight whoever attacks her. Holland is in a difficult position. If she fights on Germany's side she risks losing her colonies to England, who has looked upon them with envy for a long time. If she supports the Triple Entente her position on land is endangered by Germany. Circumstances will dictate her attitude. Sweden will probably maintain her neutrality, but her interests are opposed to those of Russia. Denmark's position resembles that of the Netherlands. She is threatened at sea by England and Russia, and by land and sea by Germany. Her position is all the more difficult as, in view of the strategical importance of the Danish Straits, the maintenance of her neutrality seems impossible. Roumania has the strongest interest in joining the Triple Alliance, in order to preserve her independence between Bulgaria and the enormous power of Russia. Lastly, the attitude of Turkey is of decisive importance to the combatants.

Turkey's interests are diametrically opposed to those of the Slavonic Balkan States. Apart from Russia, the Balkan States are Turkey's principal enemy. Turkey must also be on her guard against England, because, although England does not wish Constantinople to fall into Russia's hands, she strives after domination in Arabia and Syria, in order to secure the Suez Canal against attack. Besides, she endeavors to undermine the religious position of the Sultan as the head of Mahommetanism in order to free her Mahommetan subjects from the Sultan's influence.

Japan is at present bound to England through financial considerations. As the Japanese have concluded a temporary agreement with Russia, we must reckon with the fact that in case of a European war Japan will strive to obtain a footing in Northern China.

The United States are politically independent. However,

there are conflicting interests between them and England. The United States are England's most dangerous competitor in commerce, especially in Eastern Asia, and the United States are not willing to bear England's naval supremacy. Canada also is a point of friction between the two countries. On the other hand, no important differences divide Germany and the United States. Of course a peaceful division of the world between England and the United States is thinkable. However, there are at present no indications pointing that way. On the contrary, the enormous increase in power which would accrue to England, should she defeat Germany, would be opposed to America's interests. It follows that co-operation of the United States and Germany is in the interest of both States. It is also worth noting that much inflammable material smoulders in the English colonies, in India, South Africa, and Egypt. Hence risings and national revolts are by no means impossible in case England should be involved in an unfortunate or dangerous war. These are factors with which we have to calculate, and which we must utilize to our advantage. That is our duty.

The interests which divide the Powers composing the Triple Entente enable us, no doubt, to hamper their co-operation, or to make it impossible. A rapprochement between Germany and the United States would undoubtedly strengthen our political position.

We must further endeavor to promote Italy's policy of expansion in the Mediterranean, in order to attach that kingdom firmly to the Triple Alliance, and to divert its gaze from the Balkan Peninsula. We must induce Italy to aim at the acquisition of Tunis. We must endeavor to arrive at an understanding with Holland and Denmark in case of war, and to maintain the best relations with Sweden and Switzerland.

Germany's relations with Turkey and Roumania are of particular importance to us. Both States may be made a counterpoise against Russia. Besides, Turkey is the only State that is able to threaten seriously England's position by land, for she can strike at the Suez Canal, and thus cut through one of the vital nerves of the British Empire. Besides, the continued existence of a powerful Turkey is

of the greatest importance to Germany, because in case of war, the route through Turkey would probably be the only one over which we could freely draw food and the raw materials required by our industry. The sea would be closed to us in the North by England, and in the Mediterranean by England and France. Therefore we must never tolerate that European Turkey fall under Russian, which means hostile, influence. This would probably be the case if the Balkan States should expand to the Ægean. It follows, furthermore, that the military power of Turkey must remain undiminished if that State is to be of any real use to Germany. An enfeebled Turkey would not be able to oppose successfully the Slavonic influences in the Balkan Peninsula and to keep herself free from Russian and English influence.

Our position is such that we cannot regard without concern the weakening of the States friendly to Germany. The numerical superiority of our opponents is so great that we cannot tolerate such an event. It would be a very serious mistake in our policy to remain neutral if the position of our allies and friends should seriously be endangered. If Austria and Russia should come to blows, Germany cannot act as a spectator, for her ally, having to oppose superior forces, may be defeated. We must therefore immediately come to Austria's help, even if such a step should lead to a great European war, which, after all, is unavoidable.

The same considerations apply to Turkey. If the Turks are defeated, if Roumania is made powerless before the great European war has broken out, the position of the Triple Alliance will be greatly weakened. Such weakening might be of decisive importance for the issue of the war, especially if Turkey and Roumania should join our opponents. It would be a dangerous illusion to believe that paper guarantees will preserve Turkey in its present limit, even if such guarantees are signed by all the Great Powers.

Russia would not be able to act upon such a guarantee if her Slavonic brethren in Turkey should be defeated, while an attempt on Austria's part to take away the fruits of war from the victorious Balkan States would immediately lead to a great European war under conditions eminently unfavorable to Germany and Austria-Hungary, because

Austria's forces would be tied up in the Balkans. It is in the strongest interest of the Triple Alliance to avoid that possibility. If it should come to war in the Balkans, it would be in Germany's interest to fight for the preservation of Turkey.

A policy which is ready to act is demanded in the interest of self-preservation and of political wisdom. It would be very dangerous to follow a waiting policy. That is seen from our own history. We need only think of the position in 1805. Russia and Austria were then at war with France, and endeavored to obtain Prussia's support. The thoughtful were convinced that a war between Prussia and Napoleonic France was inevitable. Only the Government closed its eyes, remained neutral for the sake of peace, and looked on when Russia and Austria were defeated. It was to be foreseen that isolated Prussia would in turn be attacked by the conqueror. Her hesitation brought about her downfall. Let our experience be a warning to us.

Let us not wait again until our allies are defeated and we are placed before the choice either of fighting alone or of ingloriously giving way. Not only army and navy, but our foreign policy also, must be ready for immediate action. Our statesmen must unceasingly labor to improve the conditions for the approaching struggle. They may co-operate meanwhile with other Great Powers for particular purposes, but they must constantly bear in mind that an understanding with the Powers of the Triple Entente can only be a strictly limited one. Therefore Germany's statesmen must be determined to take to arms as soon as our interests are seriously threatened. The responsibility of bringing about a necessary war under favorable circumstances is much smaller than the responsibility of making an unfortunate war inevitable by following a policy of present advantage, or by lacking the necessary resolution.

## (d) "THE DAY"[1]

### ERNST LISSAUER: SONG OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND

What care we for the Slav and Gaul?
Stab for stab, and ball for ball,
On Vosges and Vistula we guard our state,
But we have only a single hate:
In love and in hate together we go,
We all have only a single foe.

You know him all, you know him all.
He lurks behind the gray sea flood,
Full of envy, rage, craft, and gall,
Parted by waters that are thicker than blood.
We now will enter a judgment place,
To swear an oath, face to face,
An oath no wind can move, of bronze,
An oath for our sons and children's sons:
Receive the word, pass on the word,
Till through all Germany it's heard:
We will not cease from this our hate
We all have but a single hate,
In love and in hate together we go,
We all have only a single foe:
England.

Aboard the fleet in festal dress,
Naval officers sat at mess.
Like a sabre cut, like a plunging sail,
One thrust aloft his pledge of ale;
Echoing brusque as a strong oar's play,
He spoke three words: "To the Day!"
What did it demonstrate?
They all had but a single hate.

[1] This poem, published in September, 1914, was the work of a literary man (born, 1882) serving as a private in the 10th Bavarian Regiment. It was issued by Crown Prince Rupprecht as a special army order to his troops and became at once extravagantly popular. The translation above was made for this volume. Another English version will be found in an interesting article by A. Henderson, N. Y. *Nation*, March 11, 1915.

More would you know?
They all had but a single foe:
England.

Hire thou earth's races manifold,
Build thyself walls out of ingots of gold,
Cover the ocean with prow upon prow:
Shrewd were thy reckonings, but not shrewd enow.
What care we for the Slav and Gaul?
Stab for stab, and ball for ball,
With bronze and steel we fight the fight,
And make peace when the time is right.
*Thee* we will hate with a long long hate,
We will not cease from this our hate,
Hate on water and hate on land,
Hate of head and hate of hand,
Hate of hammers and hate of bullion,
Strangling hate of seventy million.
In love and in hate together they go,
They all have only a single foe:
England.

## CARL HAUPTMANN: THE DEAD ARE SINGING (1914) [1]

[*A broad, lonely sweep of battlefield at night. A stretch of highway with trenches running from left to right and curving slightly at right background. In the foreground are soldiers lying as if dead. The plain stretches out in the distance. Above, a starry heaven. To the right, fires gleam along the horizon's edge. A shattered gun-carriage lies half tumbled into the trench. From out the distance a voice calls intermittently in a monotone always the same words.*]

### Scene I

The Voice. Oh—General—General—Oh—General——
(*A Sister of Mercy is seen picking her way over the plain, step by step, swinging a lantern as if hunting for something. From the right come porters, carrying an empty stretcher.*)

[1] A translation of "Allerseelennacht" (All Souls' Night, Hallowe'en). For the English title here adopted and other help the editors are indebted to a very free rendering by Mary L. Stephenson in the *Texas Review*, April, 1916; but they have made this conform literally to the German text as published in Hauptmann's "Aus dem grossen Kriege" (1915).

A Porter. Merciful Father! It is still as death. Nothing but dead here. (*A Doctor emerges from the background and springs over the trenches to the roadway.*)

The Doctor. No, there are many wounded among them still unconscious.

A Porter. Thank God, Doctor, that it's such a warm night—Yet the stars shine like diamonds——

The Voice. Oh—General—Oh—General——

The Doctor. That man keeps crying the same thing—The conflagration of Liège won't let him rest.

The Voice. Oh—General—three forts are afire, General—three forts afire, General——

A Porter. (*As they follow the Doctor towards the background with the stretcher.*) That voice must be a very long way off. Everything makes itself heard to-night—even the uninterrupted clatter of horses' hoofs from somewhere or other. And over yonder sounds the tramp of marching columns.

The Doctor. (*As they disappear in the distance.*) Even the very silence cries out——

## Scene 2

The Voice. Oh-h—Gene—raaal—Oh-h—Gene—raaal——

A Dragoon. (*Who is lying near the gun-carriage suddenly tries to raise himself up.*) Halt—Halt—you jade—miserable scoundrel—whelp——! You'll get a dig from my spur—— (*He sinks back again.*)

## Scene 3

A Lieutenant of the Artillery. (*Lifts up his head and begins to stir.*) Comrade—Comrade—are you still alive? Comrade! There was a voice here somewhere nearby—a voice——. It kept calling—always the same thing—jade—whelp—ha, ha!—ha, ha!—always the same thing—like when your horse—you know—like a shell in the din of battle—out there—in the battle's roar—where else? Who is that groaning?—where else? The city is burning—. A powder magazine is exploding—and we have to sleep here—have to sleep here—have to sleep——(*He lies quiet again.*)

THE VOICE. Oh—General—Oh—General—four forts are afire—General——

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Calling out.*) Four forts are burning, General—— (*Starts up again.*) Yes—four forts are afire—Comrade—Comrade—are you still alive? Wake up—so you can see it, too,—do you know the city? Have you fainted again? Try and support yourself on the spokes—so you won't fall back again——

THE DRAGOON. (*Stirs near by.*) I am already holding to the spokes, or whatever this is—but can't you reach me your hand—and help me?—Quick—or I shall grow giddy again and sink into that roaring stillness—I can't feel my limbs—don't know where my legs and arms are——

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. —Yes—yes—that's only because you have slept like a rock—after this mad day—. Just try—I'll raise myself way up—there—and reach you my hand—. You scream—. Ha, ha!—crazy jade—see—now I am raised way up—sitting up here on the edge—. Crazy jade—. Ha, ha!—I sit down here—on the gun-carriage—. You were still dreaming—still dreaming of the frenzied attack you dragoons made—still dreaming of that wild cavalry charge——. Ha, ha! There, now—I am up on top at last——

THE VOICE. Oh—General—Oh—General.

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. If I didn't see my tattered uniform—I could think—(*he gazes up at the heavens studded with stars*)—that I was stretched out alone on the heath and that the wide starry sky tingled through me as through a stream—but you are so quiet——. Are you still awake, comrade?

THE DRAGOON. Awake?— Awake?— If I am still a—I don't know—I must be wounded—and you—you must be wounded, too——

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. Perhaps I am—. There is dried blood on my shirt and my uniform is torn into shreds—and I feel something hard on my face, too.

THE DRAGOON. If only one of us had a match!

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. All that stuff's still here. (*He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out a match-box and gives him.*)

THE DRAGOON. Smoke a cigarette—. Here's a light——.

(*The reflection from the burning match lights the faces of both*)—Ha, ha!—Some Malchus has cut off your ear—and I can't move my hip——. Smoking helps—comrade—do you hear—see—over there—a lot of horses all saddled?— They've gone now—. There they are—neighing——. (*Distant thunder is heard.*)

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Smoking furiously.*) Yes, here we sit, just like after an afternoon cup of tea—and smoke.

THE DRAGOON. And don't know who we are—. Where are we really? That must be the battlefield——. And over us the stars——. I keep on raving—about a crazy jade—raving——. Forward! Courage! Forward! Bringing death—dying myself—bringing death—dying myself——

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Slipping down from off the gun-carriage, unable to hold on longer.*)—What's the matter?— Why do you scream so?— Why rave so?— There—you frighten me. Here I am again on the ground——. Comrade, are you still awake?—— Try hard——. Comrade, comrade, force your eyes open——. There——. The horses—they are neighing again—always ready to fight again——. They too want to press on—on, on—always forward——. Mount, comrade, ride against the enemy——. Their city is in full blaze——. To-morrow we enter as victors——. Wake up!—— He is dead—dead!— Sister—Sister——
(*The Sister of Mercy comes nearer, searching with her lantern. Behind her, the Doctor.*)

## SCENE 4

THE VOICE. Oh—General—Liège is burning—General—Liège is burning——

THE SISTER. Here was someone calling for help.

THE DOCTOR. It is just midnight. The clock in the cathedral is booming her twelve strokes out across the seething fires.

THE SISTER. The night air is as still as a dead man's breath.

THE DOCTOR. Yes, but here was someone calling for help.

THE SISTER. Everything is again quiet. Many dead are scattered hereabouts.

THE DOCTOR. That delirious one over there still persistently calls across the plain into the distant night fires—as if his General were near.

THE SISTER. Many of the dead here still live.

THE DOCTOR. The battle has pushed forward like a ploughshare. No halting—not even night brings surcease to the marching columns which fight on, on until they gain the city. And those sleeping around us here still dream of marching on.

## SCENE 5

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Is again awake, tries to raise himself up.*) Sister—lift me up—please——. I want to sit on the gun-carriage—I have fallen—I don't know how—down here on the ground——

THE SISTER. First, take a swallow of this.

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. No, no—my comrade just gave me a cigarette—just so it doesn't fall into the straw here—this horribly sultry night—and like as not set the whole world on fire——. Ha, ha, ha! There is enough fire over there——is there not, Sister? And you, you are the Doctor?

THE DOCTOR. You want a cigarette? Here's one.

THE SISTER. But take just one swallow of this. It will revive you.

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Drinks, then sets it down a minute.*) No—I drink like horses—gulp——. Ha, ha, ha! Give it here—more—. (*He drinks again and sets it down again.*) Yes—just as horses drink—take it away—just like a horse——. I am half dreaming all the time—and half awake——. There is one—lying there who was laughing with me just now—and smoked with me very companionably——. But he's quieted down—all quiet——. Yes—and if I dream again I shall laugh and laugh—I keep dreaming that Malchus cut off one of my ears.

THE DOCTOR. We are going to dress your wound a little—.

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. For God's sake, no. The

bandage would only bother me—and the blood has all dried now——. And besides, I keep dreaming that we are constantly pushing forward—we can't be stopped—. Four forts are blown up——. We push on again——. For we fear God—and naught else——. Press right on—not stop to rest until—city by city—city by city——. Liège is all ablaze over there——

THE DOCTOR. Yes, certainly, Lieutenant,—

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. Ha, ha, ha!—— There's Liège blazing away——

ANOTHER PROSTRATE SOLDIER. (*Half raises himself.*) Tomorrow we take Liège.

ANOTHER PROSTRATE SOLDIER. (*Raises himself up.*) The cities of the enemy must be laid low in dust and ashes——. The wicked, envious creatures must be destroyed——

THE DOCTOR. An uncanny night, this. This mysterious battlefield—the dead not dead—the living not alive—

THE SISTER. Even the dying rally, open wide their eyes, and cry out that victory shines along the horizon's edge.

## SCENE 6

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Wakens again. They have made the officer comfortable.*) Sister—Sister——

THE DOCTOR. I hope the porters will soon come.

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. (*Laughing.*) Nights many will pass over the earth. Days many will pass over the earth——. Doctor!—(*A solitary, trembling voice in the distance begins to sing.*) "Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles—"

THE SISTER. Uncanny!—this lonely voice—

THE DOCTOR. It makes me tremble—Anguish and happiness in one—

A NEARER VOICE. (*Tries also to take up the air.*) "Über alles in der Welt—"

THE DISTANT VOICE. (*Joins in tremblingly.*) "Wenn es stets zu Schutz und Trutze——" (*The song breaks down again.*)

A New Weak Voice. "Brüderlich"——Yes, yes—fraternally—

Another New Voice. "Brüderlich"—Of course—fraternally!

(*It grows deathly still again. A powder magazine explodes in the distance with a thundering din, and the night becomes suddenly illumined. More prostrate soldiers are seen to rouse themselves here and there across the broad night-field.*)

The Lieutenant of Artillery. Ha, ha, ha, ha—there—there—it is no vision—no, no—it really is no vision—the whole wide plain begins to glow like a graveyard on Hallowe'en night—the dead soldiers arise like vaulting flames—

(*He too is suddenly seized with the desire to sing.*)

"Wenn es stets zu Schutz und Trutze
Brüderlich zusammenhält—"

(*Now more and more shadowy forms are silhouetted against the light in the rear, some standing, some bent over, others half prostrate or with only the head wearily held up; and their voices mingle together from all parts of the stage.*)

"Von der Maas bis an die Memel,
Von der Etsch bis an den Belt—"

(*The voices of the whole battlefield at last seem to swell into the mighty chorus.*)

"Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,
Über alles in der Welt."

(*The shadows sink gently into one another, and the song ebbs slowly away.*)

## Scene 7

(*Porters have meantime arrived, and the Lieutenant of Artillery is placed upon a stretcher.*)

The Lieutenant of Artillery. Nights many will pass over the earth—Do you believe it, Doctor?

The Doctor. (*Soothingly.*) Certainly, many nights will yet pass over the earth—

THE LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY. Many, many days too will pass over the earth—even to-day a new morning will awaken, the sun will again blaze on the horizon.—Ah well—to be sure—(*Mysteriously and weightily*) 'Tis only once in a while that the blood-drenched night earth reeks like bottom lands in freshet time. . . .
(*The Lieutenant of Artillery, accompanied by the Doctor, is carried off. Meantime the Sister bends over another of the wounded. A single, trembling voice strikes up in the distance and sings all alone.*)

"Einigkeit und Recht und Freiheit
Für das deutsche Vaterland—
Dafür lasst uns leben, sterben,
Brüderlich mit Herz und Hand—

(*During the song the curtain falls.*)

## (e) THE DISSENT AGAINST PAN-GERMANISM

### KARL LIEBKNECHT: CAPITALISTIC MILITARISM (1906) [1]

#### THE PROLETARIAT AND WAR

IF the function of militarism was above defined as being a national one directed against the foreign enemy it must not be understood to mean that it is a function answering the interests, welfare and wishes of the capitalistically governed and exploited peoples. The proletariat of the whole world cannot expect any profit from the policies which make necessary the "militarism for abroad"; its interests are most sharply opposed to such policies. Directly or indirectly those policies serve the exploiting interests of the ruling classes of capitalism. They are policies which prepare, more or less skilfully, the way for the world-wide expansion of the wildly anarchical mode of production and the senseless and murderous competition of capitalism, in which process all the duties of civilized man towards the less developed peoples are flung aside; and yet nothing is really attained except an

[1] Karl Liebknecht, leader of the German radical socialists, was born in 1871, and was killed during the "Spartacus" riots in Berlin, January 15, 1919.

insane imperiling of the whole existence of our civilization in consequence of the warlike world complications that are conjured up. The working-class, too, welcome the immense economic developments of our days. But they also know that this economic development could be carried on peacefully without the mailed fist, without militarism and navalism, without the trident being in our hand and without the barbarities of our colonial system, if only sensibly managed communities were to carry it on according to international understandings and in conformity with the duties and interests of civilization. They know that our world policy largely explains itself as an attempt to fight down and confuse forcibly and clumsily the social and political home problems confronting the ruling classes, in short, as an attempt at a policy of deceptions and misleadings such as Napoleon III. was a master of. They know that the enemies of the working-class love to make their pots boil over the fires of narrow-minded jingoism; that the fear of war in 1887, unscrupulously engineered by Bismarck, did excellent service to the most dangerous forces of reaction; that according to a nice little plan, lately revealed, and hatched by a number of highly placed personages, the Reichstag suffrage was to be filched from the German people in the excitement of jingoism, "after the return of a victorious army." They know that the advantages of the economic development which those policies attempt to exploit, especially all the advantages of our colonial policies, flow into the ample pockets of the exploiting class, of capitalism, the arch-enemy of the proletariat. They know that the wars the ruling classes engage in for their own purposes demand of the working-class the most terrible sacrifice of blood and treasure, for which they are recompensed, after the work has been done, by miserable pensions, beggarly grants to war invalids, street organs and kicks. They know that after every war a veritable mud-volcano of Hunnic brutality and baseness sends its floods over the nations participating in it, rebarbarizing all civilization for years. The worker knows that the fatherland for which he is to fight is not his fatherland; that there is only one real enemy for the proletariat of every country—the capitalist class who oppresses and exploits the proletariat; that the proletariat of every country is by its most vital

interests closely bound to the proletariat of every other country; that all national interests recede before the common interests of the international proletariat; and that the international coalition of exploiters and oppressors must be opposed by the international coalition of the exploited and oppressed. He knows that the proletarians, if they were to be employed in a war, would be led to fight against their own brethren and the members of their own class, and thus against their own interests. The class-conscious proletarian therefore not only frowns upon that international purpose of the army and the entire capitalist policy of expansion, he is fighting them earnestly and with understanding. To the proletariat falls the chief task of fighting militarism in that direction, too, to the utmost, and it is more and more becoming conscious of that task, which is shown by the international congresses; by the exchange of protestations of solidarity between the German and French Socialists at the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870, between the Spanish and American Socialists at the outbreak of the war about Cuba, between the Russian and Japanese Socialists at the outbreak of the war in eastern Asia in 1904; and by the resolution to declare a general strike in case of war between Sweden and Norway, adopted by the Swedish Social Democrats. It was further shown by the parliamentary attitude of the German Social Democracy towards the war credits of 1870 and during the Morocco conflict, as also by the attitude taken up by the class-conscious proletariat towards intervention in Russia.

### FUNDAMENTAL FEATURES OF "MILITARISM FOR HOME" AND ITS PURPOSE

Militarism does not only serve for defense and attack against the foreign enemy; it has a second task, one which is being brought out ever more clearly with the growing accentuation of class antagonism, defining ever more clearly the form and nature of militarism, viz., that of protecting the existing state of society, that of being a pillar of capitalism and all reactionary forces in the war of liberation engaged in by the working-class. Here it shows itself purely as a weapon in the class struggle, a weapon in the hands of

the ruling classes, serving, in conjunction with the police and law-courts, school and church, the purpose of obstructing the development of class-consciousness and of securing, besides, at all costs to a minority the dominating position in the state and the liberty of exploiting their fellow-men, even against the enlightened will of the majority of the people.

This is modern militarism, which attempts nothing less than squaring the circle, which arms the people against the people itself; which, by trying with all means to force upon social division an artificial division according to ages, makes bold to turn the workman into an oppressor and an enemy, into a murderer of members of his own class and his friends, of his parents, sisters and brothers and children, into a murderer of his own past and future; which pretends to be democratic and despotic, enlightened and mechanical, popular and anti-popular at the same time.

It must, however, not be forgotten that militarism can also turn the point of its sword against the interior national, and even the interior religious "enemy" (in Germany, for instance, against the Poles, Alsatians and Danes), and can moreover be employed in conflicts among the non-proletarian classes; that militarism is a highly polymorphous phenomenon, capable of many changes; and that the Prusso-German militarism has attained a peculiarly flourishing state in consequence of the peculiar semi-absolutist, feudal-bureaucratic conditions of Germany. This Prusso-German militarism is endowed with all the bad and dangerous qualities of any form of capitalist militarism, so that it is best suited to serve as a paradigm for showing militarism in its present stage, in its forms, means and effects. As nobody has as yet succeeded, to use a Bismarckian phrase, in imitating our Prussian lieutenants, nobody has as yet been fully able to imitate our Prusso-German militarism, which has not only become a state within the state, but positively a state above the state.

## PRINCE KARL LICHNOWSKY: THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR (1916)[1]

THE rage of certain gentlemen over my success in London and the position I had achieved was indescribable. Schemes were set on foot to impede my carrying out my duties. I was left in complete ignorance of most important things, and I had to confine myself to sending in unimportant and dull reports. Secret reports from agents about things of which I could know nothing without spies and necessary funds were never available for me, and it was only in the last days of July, 1914, that I heard accidentally from the Naval Attaché of the secret Anglo-French agreement for joint action of the two fleets in case of war.

After my arrival I became convinced that in no circumstances need we fear a British attack or British support of a foreign attack, but that under all conditions England would protect France. I advanced this opinion in repeated reports with detailed reasoning and insistence, but without gaining credence, although Lord Haldane's refusal of the formula of neutrality and England's attitude during the Morocco crisis were clear indications. In addition, the above-mentioned secret agreements were known to the department.

I repeatedly urged that England as a commercial State would suffer greatly in any war between the European great powers, and would therefore prevent such a war by all available means, but, on the other hand, in the interest of the European balance of power and to prevent Germany's overlordship, would never tolerate the weakening or destruction of France. Lord Haldane told me this shortly after my arrival. All influential people spoke in the same way.

I then received instructions that I was to induce the English press to take up a friendly attitude if Austria gave the "death blow" to the great Serbian movement, and so far as possible I was by my influence to prevent public opinion from opposing Austria. Recollections of the attitude of England during the annexation crisis, when public opinion

[1] The conclusion of the autobiographical account of the German ambassador to England in 1914. Written for private circulation, in 1916, this "memorandum" accidentally got into print, caused a great sensation, and cost the author his seat in the Prussian House of Lords.

showed sympathy for the Serbian rights in Bosnia, recollections also of the benevolent promotion of national movements in the time of Lord Byron and Garibaldi—these and other things spoke so strongly against the probability of support being given to the projected punitive expedition against the murderers that I considered it necessary to give an urgent warning. But I also gave a warning against the whole project, which I described as adventurous and dangerous, and I advised that moderation should be recommended to the Austrians, because I did not believe in the localization of the conflict.

Herr von Jagow answered me that Russia was not ready; there would doubtless be a certain amount of bluster, but the more firmly we stood by Austria the more would Russia draw back. He said that Austria was already accusing us of want of spirit, and that we should not squeeze her. On the other hand, feeling in Russia was becoming ever more anti-German, and so we must simply risk it.

This attitude, as I learned later, was based upon reports from Count Pourtales [German Ambassador in Petrograd] to the effect that Russia would not move in any circumstances; these reports caused us to stimulate Count Berchtold to the greatest possible energy. Consequently I hoped for salvation from an English mediation, because I knew Sir Edward Grey's influence in Petrograd could be turned to use in favor of peace. So I used my friendly relations with Sir Edward Grey, and in confidence begged him to advise moderation in Russia, if Austria, as it seemed, demanded satisfaction from the Serbs.

At first the attitude of the English press was calm and friendly to the Austrians, because the murder was condemned. But gradually more and more voices were heard to insist that, however necessary the punishment of the crime, an exploitation of the crime for political purposes could not be justified. Austria was strongly urged to show moderation.

When the ultimatum appeared all the newspapers, with the exception of *The Standard*, which was always in low water and apparently was paid by the Austrians, were at one in their condemnation. The whole world, except in Berlin and Vienna, understood that it meant war, and indeed

world-war. The British fleet, which chanced to be assembled for a review, was not demobilized.

At first I pressed for as conciliatory an answer as possible on the part of Serbia, since the attitude of the Russian Government left no further doubt of the seriousness of the situation.

The Serbian reply was in accordance with British efforts; M. Pashitch had actually accepted everything, except two points, about which he declared his readiness to negotiate. If Russia and England had wanted war, in order to fall upon us, a hint to Belgrade would have been sufficient, and the unheard-of [Austrian] note would have remained unanswered.

Sir Edward Grey went through the Serbian reply with me, and pointed to the conciliatory attitude of the Government at Belgrade. We then discussed his mediation proposal, which was to arrange an interpretation of the two points acceptable to both parties. M. Cambon [French Ambassador in London], the Marquis Imperiali [Italian Ambassador in London], and I should have met under Sir Edward Grey's presidency, and it would have been easy to find an acceptable form for the disputed points, which in the main concerned the participation of Austrian officials in the investigation at Belgrade. Given good-will, everything could have been settled in one or two sittings, and the mere acceptance of the British proposal would have relieved the tension and would have further improved our relations to England. I urgently recommended the proposal, saying that otherwise world-war was imminent, in which we had everything to lose and nothing to gain. In vain! I was told that it was against the dignity of Austria, and that we did not want to interfere in the Serbian business, but left it to our ally. I was told to work for "localization of the conflict."

Of course it would only have needed a hint from Berlin to make Count Berchtold satisfy himself with a diplomatic success and put up with the Serbian reply. But this hint was not given. On the contrary, we pressed for war. What a fine success it would have been.

After our refusal Sir Edward asked us to come forward with a proposal of our own. We insisted upon war. I could get no other answer [from Berlin] than that it was an enor-

mous "concession" on the part of Austria to contemplate no annexation of territory.

Thereupon Sir Edward justly pointed out that even without annexations of territory a country can be humiliated and subjected, and that Russia would regard this as a humiliation which she would not stand.

The impression became ever stronger that we desired war in all circumstances. Otherwise our attitude in a question which, after all, did not directly concern us was unintelligible. The urgent appeals and definite declarations of M. Sazonoff [Russian Foreign Minister], later on the positively humble telegrams of the Czar, the repeated proposals of Sir Edward, the warnings of San Giuliano [Italian Foreign Minister], and of Bollati [Italian Ambassador in Berlin], my urgent advice—it was all of no use, for Berlin went on insisting that Serbia must be massacred.

The more I pressed, the less willing they were to alter their course, if only because I was not to have the success of saving peace in the company of Sir Edward Grey.

So Grey on July 29th resolved upon his well-known warning. I replied that I had always reported that we should have to reckon upon English hostility if it came to war with France. The Minister said to me repeatedly: "If war breaks out it will be the greatest catastrophe the world has ever seen."

After that events moved rapidly. When Count Berchtold, who hitherto had played the strong man on instructions from Berlin, at last decided to change his course, we answered the Russian mobilization—after Russia had for a whole week negotiated and waited in vain—with our ultimatum and declaration of war.

Sir Edward Grey still looked for new ways of escape. In the morning of August 1st, Sir W. Tyrrell came to me to say that his chief still hoped to find a way out. Should we remain neutral if France did the same? I understood him to mean that we should then be ready to spare France, but his meaning was that we should remain absolutely neutral—neutral therefore even toward Russia. That was the well-known misunderstanding. Sir Edward had given me an appointment for the afternoon, but as he was then at a meeting of the Cabinet, he called me up on the telephone, after Sir W.

Tyrrell had hurried straight to him. But in the afternoon he spoke no longer of anything but Belgian neutrality, and of the possibility that we and France should face one another armed, without attacking one another.

Thus there was no proposal whatever, but a question without any obligation, because our conversation, as I have already explained, was to take place soon afterward. In Berlin, however—without waiting for the conversation—this news was used as the foundation for a far-reaching act. Then came Poincaré's letter, Bonar Law's letter, and the telegram from the King of the Belgians. The hesitating members of the Cabinet were converted, with the exception of three members, who resigned.

Up to the last moment I had hoped for a waiting attitude on the part of England. My French colleague also felt himself by no means secure, as I learned from a private source. As late as August 1st the King replied evasively to the French President. But in the telegram from Berlin which announced the threatening danger of war, England was already mentioned as an opponent. In Berlin, therefore, one already reckoned upon war with England.

Before my departure Sir Edward Grey received me on August 5th at his house. I had gone there at his desire. He was deeply moved. He said to me that he would always be ready to mediate, and, "We don't want to crush Germany." Unfortunately this confidential conversation was published. Thereby Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg destroyed the last possibility of reaching peace via England.

Our departure was thoroughly dignified and calm. Before we left, the King had sent his equerry, Sir E. Ponsonby, to me, to express his regret at my departure and that he could not see me personally. Princess Louise wrote to me that the whole family lamented our going. Mrs. Asquith and other friends came to the embassy to say good-bye.

A special train took us to Harwich, where a guard of honor was drawn up for me. I was treated like a departing sovereign. Thus ended my London mission. It was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy.

At the railway station in London Count Mensdorff [Austrian Ambassador] appeared with his staff. He was cheerful,

and gave me to understand that perhaps he would remain in London. But to the English he said that it was not Austria, but we, who had wanted the war.

When now, after two years, I realize everything in retrospect, I say to myself that I realized too late that there was no place for me in a system which for years had lived only on tradition and routine, and which tolerates only representatives who report what one wants to read. Absence of prejudice and an independent judgment are combated, want of ability and of character are extolled and esteemed, but successes arouse hostility and uneasiness.

I had abandoned opposition to our mad Triple Alliance policy, because I saw that it was useless and that my warnings were represented as Austrophobia and an *idée fixe*. In a policy which is not mere gymnastics, or playing with documents, but the conduct of the business of the firm, there is no such thing as likes and dislikes; there is nothing but the interest of the community; but a policy which is based merely upon Austrians, Magyars, and Turks must end in hostility to Russia, and ultimately lead to a catastrophe.

In spite of former aberrations, everything was still possible in July, 1914. Agreement with England had been reached. We should have had to send to Petersburg a representative who, at any rate, reached the average standard of political ability, and we should have had to give Russia the certainty that we desired neither to dominate the Straits nor to throttle the Serbs. M. Sazonoff was saying to us: "Lâchez l'Autriche et nous lâcherons les Français." And M. Cambon [French Ambassador in Berlin] said to Herr von Jagow: "Vous n'avez [pas] besoin de suivre l'Autriche partout."

We needed neither alliances nor wars, but merely treaties which would protect us and others, and which would guarantee us an economic development for which there had been no precedent in history. And if Russia had been relieved of trouble in the west, she would have been able to turn again to the east, and then the Anglo-Russian antagonism would have arisen automatically without our interference—and the Russo-Japanese antagonism no less than the Anglo-Russian.

We could also have approached the question of limitation of armaments, and should have had no further need to

bother about the confusions of Austria. Austria-Hungary would then become the vassal of the German Empire—without an alliance, and, above all, without sentimental services on our part, leading ultimately to war for the liberation of Poland and the destruction of Serbia, although German interests demanded exactly the contrary.

I had to support in London a policy which I knew to be fallacious. I was punished for it, for it was a sin against the Holy Ghost.

On my arrival in Berlin I saw at once that I was to be made the scapegoat for the catastrophe of which our Government had made itself guilty in opposition to my advice and my warnings.

The report was persistently circulated by official quarters that I had let myself be deceived by Sir Edward Grey, because if he had not wanted war Russia would not have mobilized. Count Pourtales, whose reports could be relied upon, was to be spared, if only because of his family connections. He was said to have behaved "splendidly," and he was enthusiastically praised, while I was all the more sharply blamed.

"What has Russia got to do with Serbia?" this statesman said to me after eight years of official activity in Petersburg. It was made out that the whole business was a perfidious British trick which I had not understood. In the Foreign Office I was told that in 1916 it would in any case have come to war. But then Russia would have been "ready," and so it was better now.

As appears from all official publications, without the facts being controverted by our own White Book which, owing to its poverty and gaps, constitutes a grave self-accusation:

1. We encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved, and the danger of a world-war must have been known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is a question of complete indifference.

2. In the days between July 23 and July 30, 1914, when M. Sazonoff emphatically declared that Russia could not tolerate an attack upon Serbia, we rejected the British proposals of mediation, although Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted almost the whole ulti-

matum, and although an agreement about the two points in question could easily have been reached, and Count Berchtold was even ready to satisfy himself with the Serbian reply.

3. On July 30th, when Count Berchtold wanted to give way, we, without Austria having been attacked, replied to Russia's mere mobilization by sending an ultimatum to Petersburg, and on July 31st we declared war on the Russians, although the Czar had pledged his word that as long as negotiations continued not a man should march—so that we deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceful settlement.

In view of these indisputable facts, it is not surprising that the whole civilized world outside Germany attributes to us the sole guilt for the world-war.

Is it not intelligible that our enemies declare that they will not rest until a system is destroyed which constitutes a permanent threatening of our neighbors? Must they not otherwise fear that in a few years they will again have to take up arms, and again see their provinces overrun and their towns and villages destroyed? Were these people not right who prophesied that the spirit of Treitschke and Bernhardi dominated the German people—the spirit which glorifies war as an aim in itself and does not abhor it as an evil; that among us it is still the feudal knights and Junkers and the caste of warriors who rule and who fix our ideals and our values—not the civilian gentleman; that the love of duelling, which inspires our youth at the universities, lives on in those who guide the fortunes of the people? Had not the events at Zabern and the Parliamentary debates on that case shown foreign countries how civil rights and freedoms are valued among us, when questions of military power are on the other side?

Cramb, a historian who has since died, an admirer of Germany, put the German point of view into the words of Euphorion:

> Träumt Ihr den Friedenstag?
> Träume, wer träumen mag!
> Krieg ist das Losungswort!
> Sieg, und so klingt es fort.[1]

[1] Goethe's *Faust*, Part II, Act 3.

Militarism, really a school for the nation and an instrument of policy, makes policy into the instrument of military power, if the patriarchal absolutism of a soldier-kingdom renders possible an attitude which would not be permitted by a democracy which had disengaged itself from military-Junker influences.

That is what our enemies think, and that is what they are bound to think, when they see that, in spite of capitalistic industrialization, and in spite of Socialistic organization, the living, as Friedrich Nietzsche says, are still governed by the dead. The principal war aim of our enemies, the democratization of Germany, will be achieved.

To-day, after two years of the war, there can be no further doubt that we cannot hope for an unconditional victory over Russians, English, French, Italians, Roumanians, and Americans, and that we cannot reckon upon the overthrow of our enemies. But we can reach a compromise peace only upon the basis of the evacuation of the occupied territories, the possession of which in any case signifies for us a burden and weakness and the peril of new wars. Consequently everything should be avoided which hinders a change of course on the part of those enemy groups which might perhaps still be won over to the idea of compromise—the British Radicals and the Russian Reactionaries. Even from this point of view our Polish project is just as objectionable as any interference with Belgian rights, or the execution of British citizens—to say nothing of the mad submarine war scheme.

Our future lies upon the water. True, but it therefore does not lie in Poland and Belgium, in France and Serbia. That is a reversion to the Holy Roman Empire, to the aberrations of the Hohenstaufens and Hapsburgs. It is the policy of the Plantagenets, not the policy of Drake and Raleigh, Nelson and Rhodes.

Triple Alliance policy is a relapse into the past, a revolt from the future, from Imperialism, from world policy. Central Europe is mediævalism; Berlin-Bagdad is a *cul-de-sac* and not a road into the open, to unlimited possibilities, and to the world mission of the German people.

I am no enemy of Austria, or Hungary, or Italy, or Serbia, or any other State; I am only an enemy of the Triple Alli-

ance policy, which was bound to divert us from our aims, and to bring us on to the sloping plane of continental policy. It was not German policy, but Austrian dynastic policy. The Austrians had accustomed themselves to regard the alliance as a shield, under whose protection they could make excursions at pleasure into the East.

And what result have we to expect from the struggle of peoples? The United States of Africa will be British, like the United States of America, of Australia, and of Oceania; and the Latin States of Europe, as I said years ago, will fall into the same relationship to the United Kingdom as the Latin sisters of America to the United States. They will be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon; France, exhausted by the war, will link herself still more closely to Great Britain. In the long run, Spain also will not resist.

In Asia, the Russians and Japanese will expand their borders and their customs, and the south will remain to the British.

The world will belong to the Anglo-Saxon, the Russian, and the Japanese, and the German will remain alone with Austria and Hungary. His sphere of power will be that of thought and of trade, not that of the bureaucrats and the soldiers. The German appeared too late, and the world-war has destroyed the last possibility of catching up the lost ground, of founding a Colonial Empire.

For we shall not supplant the sons of Japheth; the program of the great Rhodes, who saw the salvation of mankind in British expansion and British Imperialism, will be realized.

> Tu regere imperio populos Romano, memento.
> Hæ tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.[1]

[1] *Aeneid*, bk. vi, 852–854.

# II. BELGIUM

One of the remarkable developments of the European War was the way in which opposition to German purposes evoked idealistic enthusiasm even in nations which had been thought pre-eminently material or decadent. Particularly was this true of Belgium, the country which entered the conflict with the most obviously unmixed motives and by her entry showed that the war concerned moral rather than physical values.

The distinguished savant and linguist, Dr. Sarolea, who most positively predicted the World War, writes of the complete ideality of the Belgian sacrifice from a political and commercial standpoint. Cardinal Mercier, head of the Church in Belgium, pays homage to the heightened religious and patriotic ardor that resulted from the sufferings of the non-combatant population. His high estimate of the virtue of patriotism (which should be contrasted with Tolstoy's opinion) is the more notable since before the war clerical and nationalistic feeling in the Latin countries of Europe were usually in bitter opposition.

It was in the field of literature that Belgian nationality had most effectively expressed itself before 1914, particularly in the work of Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and Cammaerts. Two poems by the last, written in his enforced exile in England, during 1916, express a love of country which separation has made the more intense.

## (a) THE BELGIAN SACRIFICE

### CHARLES SAROLEA: THE MORAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE BELGIAN CAMPAIGN (1915)

#### I

In the supreme alternative which was thrust upon her with such dramatic suddenness, Belgium, we are told, made the

right choice. She chose resistance with honor rather than surrender with dishonor. But although Belgium, we are told, did her duty nobly, she only did her duty. She only fulfilled her treaty obligations. I do not think that such a statement accurately defines the position of the Belgian people, nor does it give the true measure of British indebtedness. I do not think that the Belgians merely did their duty. They did infinitely more than their duty. It was not expected of Belgium, it could not be expected of her, that day after day, week after week, she should continue to stand between invading hordes and the allied armies who were preparing for the struggle. It could not be expected of her that she should continue to resist after the surrender of her fortresses, after the capture of her capital. It could not be expected of her that she should go on fighting unaided by Great Britain and France, left to the mercy of a ruthless conqueror, with her villages razed to the ground, with her cities bombarded, with her armies bleeding to death, with her women outraged, with her old men and children driven out on the road.

## II

I SUBMIT that Belgium was not in strict honor bound to resist to the bitter end. To save her honor it would have been enough if she had made a firm stand against the invader from the strong position of the Liège fortresses. It would have been enough if she had given the French army a short respite to come to the rescue. As the French army was not ready, the little Belgian army after the surrender of Liège might well have retired under the cover of the walls of Antwerp, the last stronghold and refuge of Belgian independence. As a matter of fact, no Belgian offensive had ever been contemplated. The original plan of campaign devised by the genius of Brialmont, a plan which was again and again elaborated in classical military treatises, had always been a purely defensive one. Liège and Antwerp had always been the beginning and the end of Belgian strategy. After the defense had broken down, Belgium might have well concluded an honorable armistice with the enemy. She might have tried to save herself from the horrors of a German occupation. She might have pleaded that an unequal fight

of a hundred thousand against a million could only lead to needless slaughter. Belgium would still have satisfied the dictates of honor. She would still have fulfilled her treaty obligations.

## III

We have just stated what Belgium might have done even from the high plane of national honor. Let us now consider what she might have done from the lower plane of enlightened self-interest. From that lower plane Belgium was all the less bound to risk everything in a life-and-death struggle with Germany, as her economic interests, her commercial prosperity would still continue to be bound up after the war, as before the war, with the interests and prosperity of the German Empire. Owing to her geographical position, Germany must ever be the commercial Hinterland of Belgium. In recent years Antwerp had become for all practical purposes a German commercial metropolis, and twenty thousand Germans in Antwerp had taken advantage of Belgian hospitality. The Belgian sea-coast had become a health resort of the German middle classes. Considering the vital commercial interests involved, Belgian statesmanship might have urged that, while opposing with the utmost determination the aggression of German militarism, it might still be possible to come to terms with the German people. In any case, Belgium might have tempered valor with prudence, she might have counted the cost, she might have reserved for herself a way of retreat, like Italy or Holland. She need not have staked her all on a doubtful issue. Such a course would certainly have been the safer one. If the Allies did win, they would still have respected a neutrality which it was their interest to respect, and which moreover Belgium would have nobly defended. On the other hand, if the Germans did win they would have granted more favorable conditions to the Belgians who would have come to honorable terms, who would have refrained from the extremity of heroic despair.

## IV

We are often reminded that the acquisition of wealth and power is the controlling factor in determining the policy of

any nation. If this were so, Belgium might reasonably have thrown in her lot with Germany. So far as material prosperity is concerned, she had everything to gain and nothing to lose from the victory of Germany. If Belgium, after offering an honorable resistance, had come to honorable terms, and if Germany in consequence of that Belgian surrender had crushed the French armies as she would certainly have done, Belgium would probably after the triumph of Germany have become part of the Greater German Confederation. But she would have remained a self-governing kingdom. She would have retained a large measure of autonomy. She would never have become another Alsace-Lorraine, because Germany would still have had a vital interest in promoting the prosperity of Belgium. Antwerp would have risen into the most flourishing port on the Continent, Brussels into the most popular German capital. Belgium would have received an immense accession of wealth and weight instead of remaining a small, insignificant State without influence on the world's affairs. Belgium would have shared more than any other country in the expansion of the German Empire.

## V

But Belgium preferred to remain a small independent nation rather than to become a partner in the German Empire. She rejected all the greatness that was offered unto her. She preferred suffering and death, the burning of her homes, the destruction of her cities. The Belgians refused to become German because they would not give up their national personality. If they had become German they would have had to accept German discipline and German culture. And they would have none of German culture and discipline. They preferred to remain loyal to national ideals. And the first national Belgian ideal ever was freedom. For a thousand years the unruly and turbulent Belgian democracies had fought for that ideal. They had asserted it even against Spanish tyranny. They had retained it even under Austrian rule.

## VI

Once more, then, the alternative to the Belgian people in this war was not between honor and dishonor. It was not between duty and enlightened self-interest. The ultimate alternative lay between a commonplace political realism and a lofty political idealism. The Belgians preferred the unpractical course which meant ruin and starvation to the practical, reasonable course which meant ease and comfort and material prosperity. They did not choose to take the lax and broad view of honor: they took the narrowest path, they took the strictest and sternest view. They did not adopt the attitude of frigid reason and of enlightened self-interest. They took the heroic and disinterested attitude. They left entirely out of account all commercial or economic considerations. They did not calculate their chances; they did not count the cost. They only considered that their native soil had been invaded, that they were the victims of a cowardly attack on the part of an insolent aggressor, and they went out to defend that native soil, to meet that attack, to repel that invader, to assert their national independence. They only considered that a great crime was being perpetrated, and they resisted the perpetrators of that crime. They only considered that a great principle was at stake, and that they, even they, were the defenders of that principle, and that to them Destiny had entrusted a sublime duty. They only considered that even though they might be weak, the cause for which they were fighting was invincible, because it was eternal, because against right and justice all the millions of the Kaiser could not ultimately prevail. And having once taken the momentous decision, they threw themselves into the struggle even as their forefathers did in encounters innumerable. Flemings and Walloons, Socialists and Liberals, Clericals and Anti-clericals, they all presented a united front to the invaders. They met the German Terror in the same spirit in which their forefathers had met the Spanish Terror in the days of Alva and the Inquisition. Inch by inch they defended their territory. When Liège was taken they withdrew to Namur. When the forts of Namur were blown to atoms by the 16 in. howitzer guns, the 12,000 soldiers who had been saved from an army

of 26,000 retreated to France, and after three weeks they reappeared at Ostend again to take the field. When Brussels was captured the Belgians fell back on Antwerp. When Termonde was threatened the Belgians burst their dykes and flooded the enemy. When the numbers were too small for the offensive the Belgians were content with the defensive. When a new favorable opportunity arose they resumed the offensive. Time after time, cities were captured and recaptured. Even little villages like Hofstade and Sempst were again and again taken and retaken. Termonde changed hands twice. Malines three times repelled the enemy, and was bombarded five times.

No Britisher has yet learned all the details of the epic struggle, but every British school-boy knows the result and outcome of the Belgian resistance. Everybody knows that by holding in check the Teutonic hordes the little Belgian army has been a decisive factor in the final issue. If Belgium had not been ready to make the great sacrifice, the German armies would certainly have walked over. Paris might be and Calais would certainly be to-day in the hands of the enemy. In all human probability the armies of civilization would have suffered an appalling disaster from the hordes of barbarism. The ultimate issue might still have been the same, but the war would have been more protracted, the carnage infinitely greater, and the final victory more distant.

## VII

I MUST have made it abundantly plain that no mere motives of enlightened national interest or even of worldly honor could account for the desperate struggle which the Belgian people waged against Germany. In order to understand the dogged resistance of the Belgians, we must appeal to the deepest instincts of man, to the elemental impulses of liberty. And perhaps still more must we appeal to the higher motives of outraged justice, to the moral consciousness of right and wrong. Until we take in the fact that from the beginning the struggle was lifted to a higher plane, we shall fail to understand the true significance of the war. From the beginning the war was to the Belgian people much more than

a national war; it became a Holy War. And the expression "Holy" War must be understood not as a mere literary phrase, but in its literal and exact definition. The Belgian War was a crusade of Civilization against Barbarism, of eternal right against brute force.

So true is this that in order adequately and clearly to realize the Belgian attitude, we are compelled to illustrate our meaning by adducing one of the most mysterious conceptions of our Christian religion, the notion of vicarious suffering. In theological language Belgium suffered *vicariously* for the sake of Europe. She bore the brunt of the struggle. She was left over to the tender mercies of the invaders. She allowed herself to become a battlefield in order that France might be free from becoming a shambles. She had to have her beautiful capital violated in order that the French capital might remain inviolate. She had to submit to vandalism in order that humanity elsewhere might be vindicated. She had to lose her soul in order to save the soul of Europe.

## VIII

The general spirit in which the war was waged, the almost mystical temper which inspired the Belgian people, was strikingly illustrated at the crisis of Liège. Things were looking desperate. It was obvious that unless relief came at once to the besieged, the fortresses could hold out no longer. On the other hand, it was equally obvious that if relief did come Brussels would be saved from the indignity of German occupation. But French and British relief did not come. Yet the Belgians did not complain. They were not only disinterested, they were not only heroic, they were calmly resigned. They were indeed martyrs in the Greek sense of the word. They were witnesses for the European cause.

## (b) "THE USES OF ADVERSITY"

### CARDINAL MERCIER: PATRIOTISM AND ENDURANCE

(Christmas, 1914.)

BETTER than any other man, perhaps, do I know what our unhappy country has undergone. Nor will any Belgian, I trust, doubt of what I suffer in my soul, as a citizen and as a Bishop, in sympathy with all this sorrow. These last four months have seemed to me age-long. By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads; anguish increases. At Malines, at Antwerp, the people of two great cities have been given over, the one for six hours, the other for thirty-four hours of a continuous bombardment, to the throes of death. I have traversed the greater part of the districts most terribly devastated in my diocese; and the ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined. Other parts of my diocese, which I have not yet had time to visit, have in like manner been laid waste. Churches, schools, asylums, hospitals, convents in great numbers, are in ruins. Entire villages have all but disappeared. At Werchter-Wackerzeel, for instance, out of three hundred and eighty homes, a hundred and thirty remain; at Tremeloo two-thirds of the village are overthrown; at Bueken out of a hundred houses twenty are standing; at Schaffen one hundred and eighty-nine houses out of two hundred are destroyed—eleven still stand. At Louvain the third part of the buildings are down; one thousand and seventy-four dwellings have disappeared; on the town land and in the suburbs, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three houses have been burnt.

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendor. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its archives, its gallery of great portraits of illustrious rectors, chancellors, pro-

fessors, dating from the time of its foundation, which preserved for masters and students alike a noble tradition and were an incitement in their studies—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruit of the labors of five centuries—all is in the dust.

Many a parish lost its pastor. There is now sounding in my ears the sorrowful voice of an old man of whom I asked whether he had had Mass on Sunday in his battered church. "It is two months," he said, "since we had a church." The parish priest and the curate had been interned in a concentration camp.

Thousands of Belgian citizens have in like manner been deported to the prisons of Germany, to Münsterlagen, to Celle, to Magdeburg. At Münsterlagen alone three thousand one hundred civil prisoners were numbered. History will tell of the physical and moral torments of their long martyrdom. Hundreds of innocent men were shot. I possess no complete necrology; but I know that there were ninety-one shot at Aerschot, and that there, under pain of death, their fellow citizens were compelled to dig their graves. In the Louvain group of communes one hundred and seventy-six persons, men and women, old men and sucklings, rich and poor, in health and sickness, were shot or burnt.

In my diocese alone I know that thirteen priests or religious were put to death. One of these, the parish priest of Gelrode, suffered, I believe, a veritable martyrdom. I made a pilgrimage to his grave, and, amid the little flock which so lately he had been feeding with the zeal of an apostle, there did I pray to him that from the height of Heaven he would guard his parish, his diocese, his country.

We can neither number our dead nor compute the measure of our ruins. And what would it be if we turned our sad steps towards Liège, Namur, Audenne, Dinant, Tamines, Charleroi, and elsewhere?

And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families, hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working-men without employment; working-women, shop-girls, humble servant-girls without the means of earning their bread; and

poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever, crying, "O Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

. . . . . .

God will save Belgium, my Brethren, you cannot doubt it. Nay rather, He is saving her.

Across the smoke of conflagration, across the stream of blood, have you not glimpses, do you not perceive signs, of His love for us? Is there a patriot among us who does not know that Belgium has grown great? Nay, which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign power, confident in its own strength and defiant of the faith of treaties, dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians, without difference of party, or of condition, or of origin, rise up as one man, close-ranged about their own king, and their own government, and cry to the invader: "Thou shalt not go through!"

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil, having amongst themselves relations, more or less intimate, of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls, subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding

over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. Patriotism, an internal principle of order and of unity, an organic bond of the members of a nation, was placed by the finest thinkers of Greece and Rome at the head of the natural virtues. Aristotle, the prince of the philosophers of antiquity, held disinterested service of the City—that is, the State—to be the very ideal of human duty. And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot. For our religion exalts the antique ideal, showing it to be realizable only in the Absolute. Whence, in truth, comes this universal, this irresistible impulse which carries at once the will of the whole nation in one single effort of cohesion and of resistance in face of the hostile menace against her unity and her freedom? Whence comes it that in an hour all interests were merged in the interest of all, and that all lives were together offered in willing immolation? Not that the State is worth more, essentially, than the individual or the family, seeing that the good of the family and of the individual is the cause and reason of the organization of the State. Not that our country is a Moloch on whose altar lives may lawfully be sacrificed. The rigidity of ancient morals and the despotism of the Cæsars suggested that false principle—and modern militarism tends to revive it—that the State is omnipotent, and that the discretionary power of the State is the rule of Right. Not so, replies Christian theology, Right is Peace, that is, the interior order of a nation, founded upon Justice. And Justice itself is absolute only because it formulates the essential relation of man with God and of man with man. Moreover, war for the sake of war is a crime. War is justifiable only if it is the necessary means for securing peace. St. Augustine has said: "Peace must not be a preparation for war. And war is not to be made except for the attainment of peace." In the light of this teaching, which is repeated by St. Thomas Aquinas, patriotism is seen in its religious character. Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of patriotism,

for that ideal is Right, which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of Right in national matters, and of national Honor. Now there is no Absolute except God. God alone, by His sanctity and His sovereignty, dominates all human interests and human wills. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to Right, to Justice, and to Truth is implicitly to affirm God.

When, therefore, humble soldiers whose heroism we praise answer us with characteristic simplicity, "We only did our duty," or "We were bound in honor," they express the religious character of their patriotism. Which of us does not feel that patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

## (c) EXILE LONGINGS

### EMILE CAMMAERTS: THE LAST BOCHE

(Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts.)

I dream of that great day when they will leave us,
When, 'twixt two rows of poplar or of pine,
Their cannons and their wagons
Will roll towards the Rhine,
And, on every road
In Ardennes and in Flanders,
From the Meuse to the Scheldt, from the Dendre to the Yser,
From the sea to the Lys,
They'll slowly drag their bruised feet.

I call to mind their uncouth shapes,
And, beneath the helmet,
The apoplectic neck,
And the comic dance
Of the flapping skirt
Of their tunic,
And their heavy heels
Which have lost their spurs.

I dream of that great day on which the enemy
Will quit the land,
While a storm of songs and shouts,
Waving of flags and beat of drums,
Will greet with joyous uproar
Their departure.

Though it be a uhlan, a jaeger,
A dragoon, a hussar, or gunner,
What matter?
Though it be in winter, though it be in summer,
'Neath gray or cheerful skies,
In the rain or in the sun,
What matter?
Though it be sooner, though it be later,
In one month or in ten,
What matter?
If it be but given us to see,
From the threshold of our door—
While every happy church bell
Rings a tallyho—
The gray back
Of the last Boche.

## EMILE CAMMAERTS: THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

(Translated by Tita Brand-Cammaerts.)

'Tis the sound of a voice,
The chime of a bell,
A clearing in a wood,
A sunbeam on the plain.
'Tis a certain roof, 'neath a certain sky,
And the measured step of towmen on the bank.
'Tis a farmstead kneeling before a shrine,
By the side of a path, where some candles weep.
'Tis the smell of the grass around a pond
And the scent of the dust on the road.
'Tis a timid movement, a furtive glance,
A vision of the past, gone by in a flash . . .
'Tis all we cannot say
And all that we feel,

All that only can be told
In singing.

'Tis what we eat, and what we see,
What we breathe, and what we hear,
The taste of tobacco and daily bread,
The glimmer of leaves and smell of the wind,
All the well known village sounds:
The barking of dogs, men calling in the fields,
And the merry clatter
Of the glasses 'neath the trees . . .
'Tis all we cannot say
And all that we feel,
All that only can be told
In singing.

It is the best of our body,
The purest of our blood,
'Tis what recalls our dead to us
And makes us yearn for children.
'Tis the color of our life
And the flavor of our songs,
'Tis the old sweet madness
Of gathering what we sow,
And the foolish passion
Of owning what we love . . .
'Tis all we cannot say
And all that we feel,
All that only can be told
In singing.

# III. FRANCE

ONLY a great crisis manifests the tenacity of the French spirit, which under superficial levity maintains a marvelous continuity and loyalty to principle. Alphonse Daudet, in the stress of emotion caused by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, and Maurice Barrès, in the midst of the terrible sacrifices of the late war, portray the undying spirit of France as a sort of tutelary deity which from age to age inspires every true Frenchman.

In contrast, the Prussian spirit seems to the French a wooden machine-like thing, particularly sinister and menacing because soulless. Thus, in a very brilliant essay, the philosopher, Henri Bergson, explains the war as due to the inevitable clash between the human or French and the mechanistic or Prussian conception of life. So, again, the internationalist Romain Rolland, author of "Jean-Christophe," though refusing to speak as a French patriot, yet shows himself typically French in basing his reproach of Germany chiefly upon her lack of reverence for monuments and ideals of the past. German Kultur is temporal, lawless, artificial; French Civilization is an ancient, priceless heritage, imposing limits which only barbarism would overstep.

## (a) "VIVE LA FRANCE!"

### ALPHONSE DAUDET: THE LAST CLASS, A LITTLE ALSATIAN'S STORY [1]

THAT morning I was very late going to school, and I was in great fear of a scolding—all the more as Monsieur Hamel had told us that he would quiz us on the participles and I

[1] This story, written immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, occupies first place in Daudet's "Contes du Lundi," published 1873. The translation has been made for the present volume. Daudet's treatment of the Alsatian problem should be compared with Treitschke's, which was written contemporaneously (see pp. 2ff.).

did not know the first thing about them. For a moment I had the idea of cutting the class and taking my way across the fields. The weather was so warm, so clear! One could hear the blackbirds whistling on the edge of the wood, and in the field behind the sawmill the Prussians were drilling.

All that interested me far more than rules about participles; but I had strength of mind to resist and ran fast towards the school. As I passed in front of the mayor's office, I saw that some people had stopped near the little notice board. It was from there that all the bad news had reached us for two years: the lost battles, the requisitions, the orders from Headquarters; and without stopping I thought, "What is it now?" Then, as I ran across the square, Wachter the blacksmith, who was there with his apprentice in the act of reading the notice, called out to me: "Don't hurry so, little one, you will get to your school soon enough."

I thought he was making fun of me, and entered Monsieur Hamel's little courtyard quite out of breath. Ordinarily, at the beginning of school there was a great noise audible as far as the street: desks opened and closed, lessons repeated aloud in confusion as everybody stuffed his fingers in his ears to assist concentration, and the master's heavy ruler striking on the tables: "A little silence!" I counted on all this noise in order to gain my bench without being seen; but on that special day all was quiet as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already seated in their places and Monsieur Hamel passing to and fro with the terrible iron ruler under his arm. I had to open the door and enter in the midst of this great calm. Imagine whether I was red-faced and scared!

But no. Monsieur Hamel looked at me without anger and said very gently, "Go to your place quickly, little Frantz; we were going to begin without you." I got my legs over the bench and immediately sat down at my desk. Then only, as I recovered a little from my fear, did I observe that our master had on his beautiful green frock coat, his fine ruffled shirt, and the black silk embroidered cap which he wore only on inspection days and at distribution of prizes. Moreover, there was something extraordinary and solemn about the whole school. But what surprised me most was to see at the

end of the room, on the benches which ordinarily remained empty, people of the village sitting silent just like us: old Hauser with his cocked hat, the ex-mayor, the ex-postman, and other persons besides. All these notables seemed sad, and Hauser had brought an old dog-eared primer which he held open on his knees with his huge spectacles laid across the pages.

While I remained astonished at all this, Monsieur Hamel had ascended to his desk, and in the same sweetly grave voice with which he had received me, he said to us: "Children, this is the last time that I shall hold your class. Orders have come from Berlin to teach nothing but German henceforth in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master arrives to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I beg you to be attentive." These few words overwhelmed me. Ah, the wretches! That was what they had posted at the mayor's office. My last lesson in French! And I hardly knowing how to write. I would then never learn. It would all have to stop right there.

How angry I was now with myself for the time lost, the classes missed to run after birds' nests and go sliding on the Sarre. My books, which just a moment ago I found so burdensome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history, now seemed to me like old friends whom it would give me much sorrow to part from. And so with Monsieur Hamel. The idea that he was going away, that I should not see him again, made me forget the punishments he had inflicted upon me. Poor man! It was in honor of this last class that he put on his fine Sunday clothes; and now I understood why these old village people had come to sit at the end of the room. That seemed to say that they regretted not having come to school oftener. It was also, as it were, a way of thanking our master for his forty years of faithful service and of paying homage to the native country which was slipping from them.

My reflections had reached this point, when I heard my name called; it was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to be able to repeat fully that famous rule for the participles, quite loud, quite clear, without one mistake! But I got confused on the first words and remained standing, balancing myself on my bench, with heavy heart, not daring to raise

my head. I heard Monsieur Hamel talking to me: "I won't scold you, my little Frantz; you must be sufficiently punished already. This is how it is. Every day one says: "Bah! I have plenty of time, I will learn to-morrow." And then you see what happens. Ah! that has been the great misfortune of our Alsace—always to put off learning till to-morrow. Now those people have the right to say to us: "How! You kept pretending to be French, and you don't know how either to speak or write your language!" In all that, it isn't you, poor Frantz, who are most guilty. We all have a good deal to reproach ourselves with. Your parents haven't cared enough about seeing you taught; they liked better to send you to work in the earth or the spinning factories in order to gain a few extra sous. And have I nothing to blame myself for? Have I not often made you water my garden instead of working? And when I wanted to go trout-fishing, did I feel any embarrassment about giving you a holiday?

Then from one thing to another Monsieur Hamel came to tell us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the clearest and the strongest; that we must preserve it among us and never forget it, because when a people falls into slavery, so long as it retains its language well, it is as if it held the key of its prison. Then he took a grammar, and read us our lesson. I was astonished to see how well I understood. All that he told me seemed easy. I believe that I had never listened so well, and that he too had never put so much patience into his explanations. One would have said that before going away the poor dear man wished to give us all his knowledge, to get it all into our heads with one single effort.

The lesson over, we passed to writing. For that day Monsieur Hamel had prepared for us brand new patterns on which was written in fine round hand: *France, Alsace! France, Alsace!* That had the effect of little flags floating around the class, suspended over our desks. One should have seen how everybody applied himself; and what silence! Nothing was to be heard but the scratching of the pens on the paper. Once some June-bugs flew in, but no one paid any attention, not even the very little ones, who kept at work tracing their beginners' strokes with an ardor, a conscientiousness, as if they too were something French.

On the roof of the school some pigeons were cooing very softly, and I said to myself as I heard them, "Are they not going to oblige them too to sing in German?" From time to time, when I raised my eyes above my page, I saw Monsieur Hamel, motionless on his raised platform, fixing the objects around him with his eyes, as if he had wished to carry away a complete mental picture of his little schoolhouse.

Think of it! For forty years he had been there in the same place, with his courtyard facing him and his class in the same position. Only the benches and desks had got polished, rubbed by use; the walnut-trees in the courtyard had grown, and the hop-vine which he had himself planted now encircled the windows to the very roof. What a heart-break it must be for the poor man to leave all that, and to hear his sister coming and going in the room above, as she packed their trunks! For they were to depart the next day, to leave the country for ever!

Nevertheless he had the courage to conduct our class to the very end. After writing, we had the lesson in history; then the little ones sang together the BA, BE, BI, BO, BU. Down there at the end of the room, old Hauser had put on his spectacles, and was holding his primer in both hands; he spelled the letters with them. It was evident that he was applying himself, he too. His voice trembled with emotion, and it was so funny to hear him that we all wanted to laugh and to cry. Ah! I shall remember this last class.

Suddenly the church clock sounded midday, then the Angelus. At the same moment the trumpets of the Prussians returning from drill blared out under our windows. Monsieur Hamel raised himself, quite pale, on his platform. Never had he seemed to me so great. "My friends," he said, "I—I"—but something choked him; he could not finish his phrase.

Then he turned to the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and, bearing down with all his strength, he wrote as large as he could, "VIVE LA FRANCE!" Then he remained there, his head resting against the wall, and without speaking, with his hand, made us the sign, "It is finished. . . . You may go."

## MAURICE BARRÈS: THE UNDYING SPIRIT OF FRANCE[1]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In his Litany of Nations your poet Swinburne puts these words into the mouth of France apostrophizing Liberty:

I am she that was thy sign and standard-bearer,
  Thy voice and cry;
She that washed thee with her blood and left thee fairer,
  The same was I.
Were not these the hands that raised thee fallen and fed thee,
  These hands defiled?
Was not I thy tongue that spake, thine eye that led thee,
  Not I thy child?

How many men and how many nations, since 1870, have believed that we were unworthy of this eulogy that so touched our hearts. We were mistrusted. They said of us: "They are no longer what they were . . . France is a nation grown old, an ancient nation."

Especial stress was laid upon the idea of France as an *old nation*. And therein they expressed but the truth; France was when no such thing existed as Germanic consciousness, or Italian or English consciousness; in truth we were the first nation of all Europe to grasp the idea of constituting a home-land; but there seems no reason why claims of such a nature should work to our discredit with nations of more recent origin.

Among those who thus spoke there were many who looked upon us without animosity, sometimes even with sympathy. According to them France had in the past laid up a vast store of virtues, noble deeds, and glorious achievements beyond compare, but to-day is seated in the midst of these like an old man in the evening of the most successful of lives, or still more like certain worldly aristocrats of illustrious lineage, who have preserved of their inheritance only their titles of nobility, charming manners, superb portraits, regal tapestries and books adorned with coats of arms, all denoting sumptuous but trivial luxury.

It was in this wise, as we well understand, that we had come to be regarded as jaded triflers, far too affluent and

[1] An Address delivered in London, at the Hall of the Royal Society, under the auspices of the British Academy, July 12, 1916.

light-hearted, with pleasure as our only concern; the French people were supposed to allow impulse and passion to determine the course of their lives, pleasure being the supreme good sought, and to Paris came representatives from every nation to share in this pleasure.

Small wonder that the undiscerning foreigner, intoxicated by the easy and cosmopolitan pleasures of Paris, failed to recognize the underlying force present at every French fireside, which prides itself upon keeping remote and isolated from the passing crowd, or what was stirring in hearts ever hearkening the call to a crusade and needing, as it were, but the voice from a supernatural world to bring forth and reveal to themselves their inherent heroism.

## I

August, 1914. The call to arms resounds. The bells in every village echo in the towers of the ancient churches whose foundations arise from amidst the dead. These bells have suddenly become the voice of the land of France. They call together the men, they express compassion for the women; their clamor is so stupendous that it seems as if the very tombs would crumble, and all at once the French heart is unlocked and all the tenderness that has so long been kept concealed comes forth.

Women, old men and children flock about the soldier, following him to the train. This is the hour of departure, not as Rude has depicted it,—carried along in the storm and stress of the *Marseillaise*, but a departure even more tragic in tone, in which the soldier mutters through set teeth: "Since they will have it, we must end it forever."

The departure! We cannot be at the same moment in all the railroad stations of Paris and of all our cities, towns and villages, on all the docks, nor upon all the boats bringing back loyal Frenchmen from abroad. Suppose we go to the very heart of military France, to the school of Saint Cyr where the young officers receive their training.

Every year at Saint Cyr the *Fête du Triomphe* is celebrated with great pomp. Upon this occasion is performed a traditional ceremony in which the young men who have just finished their two years' course at the school proceed to

christen the class following it and bestow a name upon their juniors.

In July, 1914, this ceremony came just at the time of the events which in their hasty course brought on the war, and for that reason was to assume a more than usually serious character.

On the thirty-first of the month the general in command at the school made known to the *Montmirails* (the name of the graduating class), that they would have to christen their juniors that same evening, and only according to military regulations, without the accustomed festivities.

All understood that perhaps during the night they would have to join their respective regiments.

Listen to the words of a young poet of the *Montmirail* class, Jean Allard-Méeus, as he tells his mother of the events of this evening, already become legendary among his compatriots: "After dinner the Assumption of Arms (*prise d'armes*) before the captain and the lieutenant on guard duty, the only officers entitled to witness this sacred rite. A lovely evening; the air is filled with almost oppressive fragrance; the most perfect order prevails amidst unbroken silence. The *Montmirails* are drawn up, officers with swords, 'men' with guns. The two classes take their places on the parade ground under command of the major of the higher class. Excellent patriotic addresses; then, in the midst of growing emotion, I recited

To-morrow

Soldiers of our illustrious race,
  Sleep, for your memories are sublime.
Old time erases not the trace
  Of famous names graved on the tomb.
Sleep; beyond the frontier line
  Ye soon will sleep, once more at home.

"Never again, dearest mother, shall I repeat those lines, for never again shall I be on the eve of departure for out there, amongst a thousand young men trembling with feverish excitement, pride and hatred. Through my own emotion I must have touched upon a responsive chord, for I ended my verses amidst a general thrill. Oh, why did not the clarion sound the Call to Arms at their close! We should all have carried its echoes with us as far as the Rhine."

It was surrounded by this atmosphere of enthusiasm that the young officers received the title of *Croix du Drapeau* for their class upon their promotion and it was at this juncture that one of the *Montmirails*, Gaston Voizard, cried out: "Let us swear to go into battle in full dress uniform, with white gloves and the plume (*casoar*) in our hats."

"We swear it," made answer the five hundred of the *Montmirail.*

"We swear it," echoed the voices of the five hundred of the *Croix du Drapeau.*

A terrible scene and far too characteristically French, permeated by the admirable innocence and readiness to serve of these young men, and permeated, likewise, with disastrous consequences.

They kept their rash vow. It is not permissible for me to tell you the proportion of those who thus met death. These attractive boys of whom I have been telling you are no more. How have they fallen?

There were not witnesses in all cases, but they all met death in the same way as did Lieutenant de Fayolle.

On the twenty-second of August Alain de Fayolle of the *Croix du Drapeau* was at Charleroi leading a section. His men hesitate. The young sub-lieutenant has put on his white gloves but discovers that he has forgotten his plume. He draws from his saddle-bag the red and white plume and fastens it to his shako.

"You will get killed, my lieutenant," protested a corporal.

"Forward!" shouts the young officer.

His men follow him, electrified. A few moments later a bullet strikes him in the middle of his forehead, just below the plume.

. . . . . .

For more than a thousand years now this mighty stream of feats of valor has been flowing in undiminished volume. We have just been dipping into it; we could carry away from the passing flood only what could be contained in our two hands held together. And what about it all? What is proved by these entrancing and heroic achievements, this life beneath the surface, this overflowing French spirit?

The French make war as a religious duty. They were the first to formulate the idea of a holy war. The soldier of the year II., believing himself the bearer of liberty and equality to a captive world, dedicated himself with the same zeal and in the same spirit as the Crusaders to Jerusalem. When the Crusader shouts "God wills it," when the volunteer at Valmy shouts "The Republic calls us," it is but another form of the same battle-cry. The idea is that of bringing about more of justice and more of beauty in the world. To both a voice from Heaven or their conscience speaks, saying:

"If you die, you will be holy martyrs." [1]

It is not in France that wars are entered upon for the sake of the spoils. Wars for the sake of honor and glory? Yes, at times. But to carry the nation with it the people must feel itself a champion in the cause of God, a knight upholding justice. We have to be convinced that we are contending against Barbarians,—in former days against Islam, at the present time against Pan Germanism, or against the despotic Prussian militarism and German imperialism.

Frenchmen fighting in defense of their country have believed almost always that they were suffering and enduring that all humanity might be the better. They fight for their territory filled with sepulchers and for Heaven where Christ reigns, and up to which at least our aspirations rise. They die for France, as far as the purposes of France may be identified with the purposes of God or indeed with those of humanity. Thus it is that they wage war in the spirit of martyrs.

Would you have me present to your minds a wonderful theme; would you know how our forefathers, nine centuries ago, were persuaded to go on Crusade? You would learn at the same time how our soldiers of the present day ought to be addressed. Listen to the words of Pope Urban II. (a native of France, born in Champagne) as he preached before the Council of Clermont in Auvergne: "People of France," he said, "nation elect of God, as is shown by your deeds, and beloved of God, distinguished above all others by your devotion to the holy faith and to the Church, it is to you that

[1] *Se vous mourez, esterez sainz martirs. La Chanson de Roland.*—Archbishop Turpin before the battle, to the army on its knees.

our word and our exhortation is directed. . . . Upon whom may be laid the task of avenging the outrageous acts of the Unbelievers if not upon you, Frenchmen, to whom God has vouchsafed more than to any other people, illustrious distinction in arms, exalted hearts and agile bodies with the power to bend those who oppose you? May your souls be stirred and quickened by the deeds of your ancestors, the valor and might of your King Charlemagne, of his son Louis, and of your other kings, who have overthrown the dominion of the heathen and extended the confines of the Holy Church! . . . O very valiant knights, offspring of an invincible lineage, recall to mind the prowess of your fathers!" That was the right way to put things before our noble ancestors. And that is how they were pleaded with by Jeanne d'Arc, who called herself "the Daughter of God" (*Fille Dieu*). Bonaparte adopted the same tone and with him the republican generals, and it is still the same spirit with which the hearts of our soldiers are kindled when they rush forward out of the trenches singing the *Marseillaise* under the benison of their chaplains.

Doubtless reason does its part in affecting and convincing us. The argument is used that France is a real and tangible masterpiece whose outline must be perfected and maintained, that Strasbourg and Metz are essential to her existence, that she needs to establish the balance to her southern population by accessions to the north and east, that she will be as if disarmed and open to attack as long as she remains deprived of her natural frontiers. But this would still leave many apathetic. To be ready to sacrifice their lives the sons of France demand that they shall not die for the cause of France alone.

There came a time when France burst the chain of her traditions and lost from sight even her memories of the past; nevertheless to her spiritual nature she still remained faithful. In each succeeding generation she has brought forth Rolands, Godfreys of Bouillon, Bayards, Turennes, Marceaus, unfamiliar as these names might have become, and at all times she is elate with sentiments which vary only in form of expression.

The epic drowses at times, but never, from the beginning, was it more fired by brotherly love and zeal for religion than

at the present hour. Many passages from the Old Testament, obscure and of small moment in themselves, do not reveal their full meaning except in the light of the New, so the feats of valor performed by knights of old and our revered ancestors seem but the prefiguration of richer and holier things of to-day. The entire history of our nation would appear to have been leading up to what we have witnessed during the past two years.

Millions of Frenchmen have entered this war with a fervor of heroism and martyrdom which formerly, in the most exalted epochs of our history, characterized only the flower of the combatants. Young or old, poor or rich, and whatever his religious faith, the French soldier of 1916 knows that his is a nation which intervenes when injustice prevails upon the earth, and in his muddy trench, gun in hand, he knows that he is carrying onward the *Gesta Dei per Francos.*

## (b) THE BOCHE PERIL

### HENRI BERGSON: LIFE AND MATTER AT WAR
(December, 1914.)

"Comprendre et ne pas s'indigner": this has been said to be the last word of philosophy. I believe none of it; and, had I to choose, I should much prefer, when in presence of crime, to give my indignation rein and not to understand. Happily, the choice has not to be made. On the contrary, there are forms of anger which, by a thorough comprehension of their objects, derive the force to sustain and renew their vigor. Our anger is of that kind. We have only to detach the inner meaning of this war, and our horror for those who made it will be increased. Moreover, nothing is easier. A little history, and a little philosophy, will suffice.

For a long period Germany devoted herself to poetry, to art, to metaphysic. She was made, so she said, for thought and imagination; "she had no feeling for the reality of things." It is true that her administration had defects, that she was divided into rival states, that anarchy at certain times seemed beyond remedy. Nevertheless, an attentive study would have revealed, beneath this disorder, the nor-

mal process of life, which is always too rank at the first and later on prunes away its excess, makes its choice and adopts a lasting form. From her municipal activity there would have issued at length a good administration which would have assured order without suppressing liberty. From the closer union of the confederated states that unity in diversity, which is the distinguishing mark of organized beings, would have arisen. But time was needed for that, as it always is needed by life, in order that its possibilities may be realized.

Now, while Germany was thus working out the task of her organic self-development there was within her, or rather by her side, a people with whom every process tended to take a mechanical form. Artificiality marked the creation of Prussia; for she was formed by clumsily sewing together, edge to edge, provinces either acquired or conquered. Her administration was mechanical; it did its work with the regularity of a well-appointed machine. Not less mechanical—extreme both in precision and in power—was the army, on which the attention of the Hohenzollerns was concentrated. Whether it was that the people had been drilled for centuries to mechanical obedience; or that an elemental instinct for conquest and plunder, absorbing to itself the life of the nation, had simplified its aims and reduced them to materialism; or that the Prussian character was originally so made—it is certain that the idea of Prussia always evoked a vision of rudeness, of rigidity, of automatism, as if everything within her went by clockwork, from the gesture of her kings to the step of her soldiers.

A day came when Germany had to choose between a rigid and ready-made system of unification, mechanically superposed from without, and the unity which comes from within by a natural effort of life. At the same time the choice was offered her between an administrative mechanism, into which she would merely have to fit herself—a complete order, doubtless, but poverty-stricken, like everything else that is artificial—and that richer and more flexible order which the wills of men, when freely associated, evolve of themselves. How would she choose?

There was a man on the spot in whom the methods of Prussia were incarnate—a genius, I admit, but an evil genius; for he was devoid of scruple, devoid of faith, devoid of pity,

and devoid of soul. He had just removed the only obstacle which could spoil his plan; he had got rid of Austria. He said to himself: "We are going to make Germany take over, along with Prussian centralization and discipline, all our ambitions and all our appetites. If she hesitates, if the confederate peoples do not arrive of their own accord at this common resolution, I know how to compel them; I will cause a breath of hatred to pass over them, all alike. I will launch them against a common enemy, an enemy we have hoodwinked and waylaid, and whom we shall try to catch unarmed. Then when the hour of triumph shall sound, I will rise up; from Germany, in her intoxication, I will snatch a covenant, which, like that of Faust with Mephistopheles, she has signed with her blood, and by which she also, like Faust, has traded her soul away for the good things of earth."

He did as he had said. The covenant was made. But, to ensure that it would never be broken, Germany must be made to feel, for ever and ever, the necessity of the armor in which she was imprisoned. Bismarck took his measures accordingly. Among the confidences which fell from his lips and were gathered up by his intimates is this revealing word: "We took nothing from Austria after Sadowa because we wanted to be able one day to be reconciled with her." So, then, in taking Alsace and a part of Lorraine, his idea was that no reconciliation with the French would be possible. He intended that the German people should believe itself in permanent danger of war, that the new Empire should remain armed to the teeth, and that Germany, instead of dissolving Prussian militarism into her own life, should reinforce it by militarizing herself.

She reinforced it; and day by day the machine grew in complexity and power. But in the process it yielded automatically a result very different from that which its constructors had foreseen. It is the story of the witch who, by a magic incantation, had won the consent of her broomstick to go to the river and fill her buckets; having no formula ready to check the work, she watched her cave fill with water until she was drowned.

The Prussian army had been organized, brought to perfection, tended with love by the Kings of Prussia, in order

that it might serve their lust of conquest. To take possession of neighbors' territory was then the sole aim; territory was almost the whole of the national wealth. But with the nineteenth century there was a new departure. The idea peculiar to that century of diverting science to the satisfaction of men's material wants evoked a development of industry, and consequently of commerce, so extraordinary that the old conception of wealth was completely overthrown. Not more than fifty years were needed to bring about this transformation. On the morrow of the war of 1870 a nation expressly made for appropriating the good things of this world had no alternative but to become industrial and commercial. Not on that account, however, would she change the essential principle of her action. On the contrary, she had but to utilize her habits of discipline, method, tenacity, minute care, precise information—and, we may add, of impertinence and spying—to which she owed the growth of her military power. She would thus equip herself with industry and commerce not less formidable than her army, and able to march, on their part also, in military order.

From that time onwards these two were seen going forward together, advancing at an even pace and reciprocally supporting each other—industry, which had answered the appeal of the spirit of conquest, on one side; on the other, the army, in which that spirit was incarnate, with the navy, which had just been added to the forces of the army. Industry was free to develop in all directions; but, from the first, war was the end in view. In enormous factories, such as the world had never seen, tens of thousands of workmen toiled in casting great guns, while by their side, in workshops and laboratories, every invention which the disinterested genius of neighboring peoples had been able to achieve was immediately captured, bent from its intended use, and converted into an engine of war. Reciprocally, the army and navy which owed their growth to the increasing wealth of the nation, repaid the debt by placing their services at the disposal of this wealth: they undertook to open roads for commerce and outlets for industry. But through this very combination the movement imposed on Prussia by her kings, and on Germany by Prussia, was bound to swerve from its course, whilst gathering speed and flinging itself

forward. Sooner or later it was bound to escape from all control and become a plunge into the abyss.

For, even though the spirit of conquest knows no limit in itself, it must limit its ambitions as long as the question is simply that of seizing a neighbor's territory. To constitute their kingdom, kings of Prussia had been obliged to undertake a long series of wars. Whether the name of the spoiler be Frederick or William, not more than one or two provinces can be annexed at a time: to take more is to weaken oneself. But suppose that the same insatiable thirst for conquest enters into the new form of wealth—what follows? Boundless ambition, which till then had spread out the coming of its gains over indefinite time, since each one of them would be worth only a definite portion of space, will now leap all at once to an object boundless as itself. Rights will be set up on every point of the globe where raw material for industry, refitting stations for ships, concessions for capitalists, or outlets for production are seen to exist. In fact, the policy which had served Prussia so well passed at a bound from the most calculating prudence to the wildest temerity. Bismarck, whose common-sense put some restraint on the logic of his principles, was still averse to colonial enterprises; he said that all the affairs of the East were not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. But Germany, retaining Bismarck's former impulse, went straight on and rushed forward along the lines of least resistance to east and west: on the one side lay the route to the Orient, on the other the empire of the sea. But in so doing she virtually declared war on the nations which Bismarck had managed to keep allied or friendly. Her ambition looked forward to the domination of the world.

Moreover, there was no moral restraint which could keep this ambition under control. Intoxicated by victory, by the prestige which victory had given her, and of which her commerce, her industry, her science even, had reaped the benefit, Germany plunged into a material prosperity such as she had never known, such as she would never have dared to dream of. She told herself that if force had wrought this miracle, if force had given her riches and honor, it was because force had within it a hidden virtue, mysterious—nay, divine. Yes, brute force with its train of trickery and lies, when it comes

with powers of attack sufficient for the conquest of the world, must needs be in direct line from heaven and a revelation of the will of God on earth. The people to whom this power of attack had come were the elect, a chosen race by whose side the others are races of bondmen. To such a race nothing is forbidden that may help in establishing its dominion. Let none speak to it of inviolable right! Right is what is written in a treaty; a treaty is what registers the will of a conqueror—that is, the direction of his force for the time being: force, then, and right are the same thing; and if force is pleased to take a new direction, the old right becomes ancient history and the treaty, which backed it with a solemn undertaking, no more than a scrap of paper. Thus Germany, struck with wonder in presence of her victories, of the brute force which had been their means, of the material prosperity which was the outcome, translated her amazement into an idea. And see how, at the call of this idea, a thousand thoughts, as if awaked from slumber, and shaking off the dust of libraries, came rushing in from every side—thoughts which Germany had suffered to sleep among her poets and philosophers, every one which could lend a seductive or striking form to a conviction already made! Henceforth German imperialism had a theory of its own. Taught in schools and universities, it easily moulded to itself a nation already broken-in to passive obedience and having no loftier ideal wherewith to oppose the official doctrine. Many persons have explained the aberrations of German policy as due to that theory. For my part, I see in it nothing more than a philosophy doomed to translate into ideas what was, in its essence, insatiable ambition and will perverted by pride. The doctrine is an effect rather than a cause; and should the day come when Germany, conscious of her moral humiliation, shall say, to excuse herself, that she had trusted herself too much to certain theories, that an error of judgment is not a crime, it will then be necessary to remind her that her philosophy was simply a translation into intellectual terms of her brutality, her appetites, and her vices. So, too, in most cases, doctrines are the means by which nations and individuals seek to explain what they are and what they do. Germany, having finally become a predatory nation, invokes Hegel as witness; just as a Germany enamored of

moral beauty would have declared herself faithful to Kant, just as a sentimental Germany would have found her tutelary genius in Jacobi or Schopenhauer. Had she leaned in any other direction and been unable to find at home the philosophy she needed, she would have procured it from abroad. Thus when she wished to convince herself that predestined races exist, she took from France, that she might hoist him into celebrity, a writer whom we have not read—Gobineau.

None the less is it true that perverse ambition, once erected into theory, feels more at ease in working itself out to the end; a part of the responsibility will then be thrown upon logic. If the German race is the elect, it will be the only race which has an unconditional right to live; the others will be tolerated races, and this toleration will be precisely what is called "the state of peace." Let war come; the annihilation of the enemy will be the end Germany has to pursue. She will not strike at combatants only; she will massacre women, children, old men; she will pillage and burn; the ideal will be to destroy towns, villages, the whole population. Such is the conclusion of the theory. Now we come to its aim and true principle.

As long as war was no more than a means to the settlement of a dispute between two nations, the conflict was localized to the two armies involved. More and more of useless violence was eliminated; innocent populations were kept outside the quarrel. Thus little by little a code of war was drawn up. From the first, however, the Prussian army, organized as it was for conquest, did not take kindly to this law. But from the time when Prussian militarism, now turned into German militarism, had become one with industrialism, it was the enemy's industry, his commerce, the sources of his wealth, his wealth itself, as well as his military power, which war must now make the end in view. His factories must be destroyed that his competition may be suppressed. Moreover, that he may be impoverished once and for all and the aggressor enriched, his towns must be put to ransom, pillaged, and burned. Above all must the war be short, not only in order that the economic life of Germany might not suffer too much, but further, and chiefly, because her military power lacked that consciousness of a right superior to force by which she could sustain and recuperate her energies. Her moral force,

being only the pride which comes from material force, would be exposed to the same vicissitudes as this latter: in proportion as the one was being expended the other would be used up. Time for moral force to become used up must not be given. The machine must deliver its blow all at once. And this it could do by terrorizing the population, and so paralyzing the nation. To achieve that end, no scruple must be suffered to embarrass the play of its wheels. Hence a system of atrocities prepared in advance—a system as sagaciously put together as the machine itself.

Such is the explanation of the spectacle before us. "Scientific barbarism," "systematic barbarism," are phrases we have heard. Yes, barbarism reinforced by the capture of civilization. Throughout the course of the history we have been following there is, as it were, the continuous clang of militarism and industrialism, of machinery and mechanism, of debased moral materialism.

Many years hence, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outline in view, this perhaps is how a philosopher will speak of it. He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts and had equipped man in less than fifty years with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived on the earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ—an artificial organ which merely prolongs the natural organs—his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being able at the same time to dilate to the dimensions of his new body. From this disproportion there issued the problems, moral, social, international, which most of the nations endeavored to solve by filling up the soulless void in the body politic by creating more liberty, more fraternity, more justice than the world had ever seen. Now, while mankind labored at this task of spiritualization, inferior powers—I was going to say infernal powers—plotted an inverse experience for mankind. What would happen if the mechanical forces, which science had brought to a state of readiness for the service of man, should themselves take possession of man in order to make his nature material as their own? What kind of a world would it be if this mechanism should seize

the human race entire, and if the peoples, instead of raising themselves to a richer and more harmonious diversity, as *persons* may do, were to fall into the uniformity of *things?* What kind of a society would that be which should mechanically obey a word of command mechanically transmitted; which should rule its science and its conscience in accordance therewith; and which should lose, along with the sense of justice, the power to discern between truth and falsehood? What would mankind be when brute force should hold the place of moral force? What new barbarism, this time final, would arise from these conditions to stifle feeling, ideas, and the whole civilization of which the old barbarism contained the germ? What would happen, in short, if the moral effort of humanity should turn in its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance should cause it to produce the mechanization of spirit instead of the spiritualization of matter? There was a people predestined to try the experiment. Prussia had been militarized by her kings; Germany had been militarized by Prussia; a powerful nation was on the spot marching forward in mechanical order. Administration and military mechanism were only waiting to make alliance with industrial mechanism. The combination once made, a formidable machine would come into existence. A touch upon the starting-gear and the other nations would be dragged in the wake of Germany, subjects to the same movement, prisoners of the same mechanism. Such would be the meaning of the war on the day when Germany should decide upon its declaration.

She decided, he will continue, but the result was very different from what had been predicted. For the moral forces, which were to submit to the forces of matter by their side, suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force. A simple idea, the heroic conception which a small people had formed of its honor, enabled it to make head against a powerful empire. At the cry of outraged justice we saw, moreover, in a nation which till then had trusted in its fleet, one million, two millions of soldiers suddenly rise from the earth. A yet greater miracle: in a nation thought to be mortally divided against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt. On the one side, there was force spread out

on the surface; on the other, there was force in the depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which uses itself up; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

Indeed, our philosopher will conclude, the machine did use itself up. For a long time it resisted; then it bent; then it broke. Alas! it had crushed under it a multitude of our children; and over the fate of this young life, which was so naturally and purely heroic, our tears will continue to fall. An implacable law decrees that spirit must encounter the resistance of matter, that life cannot advance without bruising that which lives, and that great moral results are purchased by much blood and by many tears. But this time the sacrifice was to be rich in fruit as it had been rich in beauty. That the powers of death might be matched against life in one supreme combat, destiny had gathered them all at a single point. And behold how death was conquered; how humanity was saved by material suffering from the moral downfall which would have been its end; while the peoples, joyful in their desolation, raised on high the song of deliverance from the depths of ruin and of grief!

## (c) CIVILIZATION VERSUS KULTUR

### ROMAIN ROLLAND: PRO ARIS (October, 1914.) [1]

Among the many crimes of this infamous war which are all odious to us, why have we chosen for protest the crimes against things and not against men, the destruction of works and not of lives?

Many are surprised by this, and have even reproached us for it—as if we have not as much pity as they for the bodies and hearts of the thousands of victims who are crucified! Yet over the armies which fall, there flies the vision of their love, and of *la Patrie*, to which they sacrifice themselves—over these lives which are passing away passes the holy Ark of the art and thought of centuries, borne on their shoulders.

[1] Written after the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral.

The bearers can change. May the Ark be saved! To the élite of the world falls the task of guarding it. And since the common treasure is threatened, may they rise to protect it!

I am glad to think that in the Latin countries this sacred duty has always been regarded as paramount. Our France which bleeds with so many other wounds, has suffered nothing more cruel than the attack against her Parthenon, the Cathedral of Rheims, "Our Lady of France." Letters which I have received from sorely tried families, and from soldiers who for two months have borne every hardship, show me (and I am proud of it for them and for my people) that there was no burden heavier for them to bear. It is because we put spirit above flesh. Very different is the case of the German intellectuals, who, to my reproaches for the sacrilegious acts of their devastating armies, have all replied with one voice, "Perish every *chef-d'œuvre* rather than one German soldier!"

A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life; it is a people—whose centuries vibrate like symphony in this organ of stone. It is their memories of joy, of glory, and of grief; their meditations, ironies, dreams. It is the tree of the race, whose roots plunge to the profoundest depths of its soil, and whose branches stretch with a sublime *élan* towards the sky. It is still more: its beauty which soars above the struggles of nations is the harmonious response made by the human race to the riddle of the world—this light of the spirit more necessary to souls than that of the sun.

Whoever destroys this work, murders more than a man; he murders the purest soul of a race. His crime is inexpiable, and Dante would have it punished with an eternal agony, eternally renewed. We who repudiate the vindictive spirit of so cruel a genius, do not hold a people responsible for the crimes of a few. The drama which unfolds itself before our eyes, and whose almost certain *dénouement* will be the crushing of the German hegemony, is enough for us.

What brings it home to us most nearly is that not more of those who constitute the moral and intellectual élite of Germany—that hundred noble spirits, and those thousands of brave hearts of which no great nation was ever destitute—not one really suspects the crimes of his Government; the

atrocities committed in Flanders, in the north and in the east of France during the two or three first weeks of the war; or (one can safely wager) the voluntary devastations of the towns of Belgium and the ruin of Rheims. If they came to look at the reality, I know that many of them would weep with grief and shame; and of all the shortcomings of Prussian Imperialism, the worst and the vilest is to have concealed its crime from its people. For by depriving them of the means of protesting against those crimes, it has involved them forever in the responsibility; it has abused their magnificent devotion. The intellectuals, however, are also guilty. For if one admits that the brave men, who in every country tamely feed upon the news which their papers and their leaders give them for nourishment, allow themselves to be duped, one cannot pardon those whose duty it is to seek truth in the midst of error, and to know the value of interested witnesses and passionate hallucinations. Before bursting into the midst of this furious debate upon which was staked the destruction of nations and of the treasures of the spirit, their first duty (a duty of loyalty as much as of common sense) should have been to consider the problems from both sides. By blind loyalty and culpable trustfulness they have rushed head foremost into the net which their Imperialism had spread. They believed that their first duty was, with their eyes closed, to defend the honor of their State against all accusation. They did not see that the noblest means of defending it was to disavow its faults and to cleanse their country of them. . . .

I have awaited this virile disavowal from the proudest spirits of Germany, a disavowal which would have been ennobling instead of humiliating. The letter which I wrote to one of them, the day after the brutal voice of Wolff's Agency pompously proclaimed that there remained of Louvain no more than a heap of ashes, was received by the entire élite of Germany in a spirit of enmity. They did not understand that I offered them the chance of releasing Germany from the fetters of those crimes which its Empire was forging in its name. What did I ask of them? What did I ask of you all, finer spirits of Germany?—to express at least a courageous regret for the excesses committed, and to dare to remind unbridled power that even the Fatherland

cannot save itself through crime, and that above its rights are those of the human spirit. I only asked for *one* voice—a *single* free voice. . . . None spoke. I heard only the clamor of herds, the pack of intellectuals giving tongue on the track whereon the hunter loosed them, and that insolent Manifesto, in which, without the slightest effort to justify its crimes, you have unanimously declared that they do not exist. And your theologians, your pastors, your court-preachers, have stated further that you are very just and that you thank God for having made you thus. . . . Race of Pharisees, what chastisement from on high shall scourge your sacrilegious pride! . . . Do you not suspect the evil which you have done to your own people? The megalomania, a menace to the world, of an Ostwald or an H. S. Chamberlain,[1] the criminal determination of ninety-three intellectuals not to wish to see the truth, will have cost Germany more than ten defeats.

How clumsy you are! I believe that of all your faults *maladresse* is the worst. You have not said one word since the beginning of this war which has not been more fatal for you than all the speeches of your adversaries. It is you who have light-heartedly furnished the proof or the argument of the worst accusations that have been brought against you; just as your official agencies, under the stupid illusion of terrorizing us, have been the first to launch emphatic recitals of your most sinister devastations. It is you, who when the most impartial of your adversaries were obliged, in fairness,

[1] When I wrote this, I had not yet seen the monstrous article by Thomas Mann (in the *Neue Rundschau* of November, 1914), where, in a fit of fury and injured pride, he savagely claimed for Germany, as a title to glory, all the crimes of which her adversaries accuse her. He dared to write that the present war was a war of German Kultur "against Civilization," proclaiming that German thought had no other ideal than militarism, and inscribes on his banner the following lines, the apology of force oppressing weakness:

"*Denn der Mensch verkummert im Frieden,*
*Müssige Ruh ist das Grab des Muts.*
*Das Gesetz ist der Freund des Schwachen,*
*Alles will es nur eben machen.*
*Möchte gern die Welt verflachen,*
*Aber der Krieg lässt die Kraft erscheinen. . . .*"

(*Man deteriorates in peace. Idle rest is the tomb of courage. Law is the friend of the weak, it aims at levelling all. The world would like to reduce itself to a level, but war brings out strength.*)

Even so a bull in the arena, mad with rage, rushes with lowered head on the matador's sword, and impales himself.

to limit the responsibility of these acts to a few of your leaders and armies, have angrily claimed your share. It is you who the day after the destruction of Rheims, which, in your inmost hearts, should have dismayed the best amongst you, have boasted of it in imbecile pride, instead of trying to clear yourselves. It is you, wretched creatures, you, representatives of the spirit, who have not ceased to extol force and to despise the weak, as if you did not know that the wheel of fortune turns, that this force one day will weigh afresh upon you, as in past ages, when your great men, at least, retained the consolation of not having yielded to it the sovereignty of the spirit and the sacred rights of Right! . . . What reproaches, what remorse are you heaping up for the future, O blind guides—you who are leading into the ditch your nation, which follows you like the stumbling blind men of Brueghel!

What poor arguments you have opposed to us for two months!

1. *War is war*, say you, that is to say without common measure with the rest of things, above morals and reason and all the limits of ordinary life, a kind of supernatural state before which one can only bow without discussion;

2. *Germany is Germany*, that is to say without common measure with the rest of nations. The laws which apply to others do not apply to her, and the rights which she arrogates to herself to violate Right appertain to her alone. Thus she can, without crime, tear up written promises, betray sworn oaths, violate the neutrality of peoples which she has pledged herself to defend. But she claims in return the right to find, in the nations which she outrages, "chivalrous adversaries," and that they should not be so, that they should dare to defend themselves by all the means and the arms that remain to them, she proclaims a crime! . . .

One recognizes there indeed the interested teaching of your Prussian masters! Great minds of Germany, I do not doubt your sincerity, but you are no longer capable of seeing the truth. Prussian Imperialism has crushed down over your eyes and conscience, its spiked helmet.

"*Necessity knows no law.*" . . . Here is the eleventh commandment, the message that you bring to the universe to-day, sons of Kant! . . . We have heard it more than

once in history: it is the famous doctrine of Public Safety, mother of heroisms and crimes. Every nation has recourse to it in the hour of danger, but the greatest are those who defend against it their immortal soul. Fifteen years have passed since the famous trial which saw a single innocent man opposed to the force of the State. Fifteen years have passed since we French affronted and shattered the idol of public safety, when it threatened, as our Péguy says, "the eternal safety of France."

Listen to him, whom you have killed; listen to a hero of the French conscience, writers who have the keeping of the conscience of Germany.

"*Our enemies of that time*," wrote Charles Péguy, "*spoke the language of the* raison d'Etat, *of the temporal safety of the people and the race. But we, by a profound Christian movement, by a revolutionary effort, at unity with traditional Christianity, aimed at no less than attaining the heights of sacrifice, in our anxiety for the eternal salvation of this people. We did not wish to place France in the position of having committed the unpardonable sin.*"

You do not trouble yourselves about that, thinkers of Germany. You bravely give your blood to save the mortal life, but do not bother about the life eternal. It is a terrible moment, I grant. Your fatherland as ours struggles for its life, and I understand and admire the ecstasy of sacrifice which impels your youth, as ours, to make of its body a rampart against death. "To be or not to be," do you say? No, that is not enough. To be the great Germany, to be the great France, worthy of their past, and respecting one another even while fighting, that is what I wish. I should blush for victory if my France bought it at the price for which you will pay for your temporary success. Even while the battles are being fought upon the plains of Belgium and amongst the chalky slopes of Champagne, another war is taking place upon the field of the spirit, and often victory below means defeat above. The conquest of Belgium, Malines, Louvain, and Rheims, the carillons of Flanders, will sound a sadder knell in your history than the bells of Jena; and the conquered Belgians have robbed you of your glory. You know it. You are enraged because you know it. What is the good of vainly trying to deceive yourselves? Truth

will be clear to you in the end. You have done your best to silence her—one day she will speak; she will speak by the mouth of one of your own in whom will be awakened the conscience of your race. . . . Oh, that he may soon appear and that we may hear his voice—the pure and noble voice of the redeemer who shall set you free! He who has lived in the intimacy of your old Germany, who has clasped her hand in the twisted streets of her heroic and sordid past, who has caught the breath of her centuries of trials and shames, remembers and waits: for he knows that even if she has never proved strong enough to bear victory without wavering, it is in her hours of trouble that she reforms herself, and her greatest geniuses are sons of sorrow.

*September*, 1914.

. . . . . .

Since these lines were written I have watched the birth of the anxiety which little by little is making its way into the consciences of the good people of Germany. First a secret doubt, kept under by a stubborn effort to believe the bad arguments collected by their Government to oppose it—documents fabricated to prove that Belgium had renounced her neutrality herself, false allegations (in vain repudiated four times by the French Government, by the Commander-in-Chief, by the Cardinal and the Archbishop, and by the Mayor of Rheims)—accusing the French of using the Cathedral of Rheims for military purposes. Lacking arguments, their system of defense is at times disconcerting in its naïveté.

"Is it possible," they say, "that we should be accused of wishing to destroy artistic monuments, we, the people above all others who venerate art, in whom is instilled this respect from infancy, who have the greatest number of text books and historical collections of art and the longest list of lectures on æsthetics? Is it possible to accuse of the most barbarous actions the most humane, the most affectionate, and the most homely of peoples?"

The idea never strikes them that Germany is not constituted by a single race of men, and that besides the obedient masses who are born to obey, to respect the law—all the laws—there is the race which commands, which believes itself above all laws, and which makes and unmakes them in

the name of force and necessity (*Not . . .*) It is this evil marriage of idealism and German force which leads to these disasters. The idealism proves to be a woman; a woman captive, who like so many worthy German wives, worships her lord and master, and refuses even to think that he could ever be wrong.

It is, however, necessary for the salvation of Germany that she should one day countenance the thought of divorce, or that the wife should have the courage to make her voice heard in the household. I already know several who are beginning to champion the rights of the spirit against force. Many a German voice has reached us lately in letters protesting against war and deploring with us the injustices which we deplore. I will not give their names in order not to compromise them. Not very long ago I told the "Fair"[1] which obstructed Paris that it was not France. I say to-day to the German Fair, "You are not the true Germany." There exists another Germany juster and more humane, whose ambition is not to dominate the world by force and guile, but to absorb in peace everything great in the thought of other races, and in return to reflect the harmony. With that Germany there is no dispute; we are not her enemies, we are the enemies of those who have almost succeeded in making the world forget that she still lives.

[1] *Jean-Christophe*, part V, "La Foire sur la Place." In vol. III of the English version.—TRANS.

# IV. THE BRITISH EMPIRE

The sudden outbreak of the Great War shocked rather than excited the British nation. The significant utterances of the early months of conflict were mainly set in the tone of sober self-questioning which had been struck by Kipling's almost prophetic "Recessional" seventeen years before. Particularly characteristic is the temperate handling of the moral problem, "How Can War Ever Be Right?" by Sir Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. Even the most striking poems of the period—with the exception of the flamboyant verses on "The Day" by Mr. Henry Chappell, a railway porter of Bath—are notable, like Kitchener's proclamations, for the absence of inflammatory rhetoric. The emphasis rests simply upon the duty to be performed, a duty requiring equal sacrifices from every class and imposed by a love of country almost mystic in its devotion (as in Rupert Brooke's well-known sonnet, "The Soldier").

The surprisingly immediate and generous acceptance of war burdens by the outlying parts of the Empire—even by supposedly disaffected regions like South Africa and India—early proved to be a fact of tremendous consequence. The reasons for this phenomenon, with its moral implications and its bearing on the questions of imperial policy, are treated by one of the most eminent living historians, A. F. Pollard, Professor of English history in London University.

Long before the physical strife was ended, the thinkers of the nation had begun to look beyond military results to the problems of economic reconstruction. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, writes with much suggestiveness of the relation between the forces of Militarism and Industrialism; while Arthur Henderson, Member of the War Cabinet and leader of the Labor Party, attempts to state what Victory really means in terms of human progress.

The entry of America into the war accentuated British interest in the project of an international federation. As early

as 1915, indeed, A. C. Bradley had published a thoughtful essay on "International Morality: The United States of Europe." However, the speech of Winston Churchill at the July 4 celebration of 1918 and Viscount Grey's discussion of the League of Nations have special interest as pronouncements, during the final months of the war, by two directors of British policy.

## (a) THE MORAL ISSUES OF WAR

### SIR GILBERT MURRAY: HOW CAN WAR EVER BE RIGHT? (September, 1914.)

I HAVE all my life been an advocate of Peace. I hate war, not merely for its own cruelty and folly, but because it is the enemy of all the causes that I care for most, of social progress and good government and all friendliness and gentleness of life, as well as of art and learning and literature. I have spoken and presided at more meetings than I can remember for peace and arbitration and the promotion of international friendship. I opposed the policy of war in South Africa with all my energies, and have been either outspokenly hostile or inwardly unsympathetic towards almost every war that Great Britain has waged in my lifetime. If I may speak more personally, there is none of my own work into which I have put more intense feeling than into my translation of Euripides' "Trojan Women," the first great denunciation of war in European literature. I do not regret any word that I have spoken or written in the cause of Peace, nor have I changed, so far as I know, any opinion that I have previously held on this subject. Yet I believe firmly that we were right to declare war against Germany on August 4, 1914, and that to have remained neutral in that crisis would have been a failure in public duty.

A heavy responsibility—there is no doubt of it—lies upon Great Britain. Our allies, France and Russia, Belgium and Serbia, had no choice; the war was, in various degrees, forced on all of them. We only, after deliberately surveying the situation, when Germany would have preferred for the moment not to fight us, of our free will declared war. And we were right.

How can such a thing be? It is easy enough to see that our cause is right, and the German cause, by all ordinary human standards, desperately wrong. It is hardly possible to study the official papers issued by the British, the German, and the Russian Governments, without seeing that Germany—or some party in Germany—had plotted this war beforehand; that she chose a moment when she thought her neighbors were at a disadvantage; that she prevented Austria from making a settlement even at the last moment; that in order to get more quickly at France she violated her treaty with Belgium. Evidence too strong to resist seems to show that she has carried out the violation with a purposeful cruelty that has no parallel in the wars of modern and civilized nations. Yet some people may still feel gravely doubtful. Germany's ill-doing is no reason for us to do likewise. We did our best to keep the general peace; there we were right. We failed; the German Government made war in spite of us. There we were unfortunate. It was a war already on an enormous scale, a vast network of calamity ranging over five nations; and we decided to make it larger still. There we were wrong. Could we not have stood aside, as the United States stand, ready to help refugees and sufferers, anxious to heal wounds and not make them, watchful for the first chance of putting an end to this time of horror?

"Try for a moment," an objector to our policy might say, "to realize the extent of suffering involved in one small corner of a battlefield. You have seen a man here and there badly hurt in an accident; you have seen perhaps a horse with its back broken, and you can remember how dreadful it seemed to you. In that one corner how many men, how many horses, will be lying, hurt far worse and just waiting to die? Indescribable wounds, extreme torment; and all, far further than any eye can see, multiplied and multiplied! And, for all your righteous indignation against Germany, what have these done? The horses are not to blame for anybody's foreign policy. They have only come where their masters took them. And the masters themselves . . . admitting that certain highly placed Germans, whose names we are not sure of, are as wicked as ever you like, these soldiers—peasants and working-men and shopkeepers and schoolmasters—have really done nothing in particular; at

least, perhaps they have now, but they had not up to the time when you, seeing they were involved in war and misery already, decided to make war on them also and increase their sufferings. You say that justice must be done on conspirators and public malefactors. But so far as the rights and wrongs of the war go, you are simply condemning innocent men, by thousands and thousands, to death, or even to mutilation and torture; is that the best way to satisfy your sense of justice? These innocent people, you will say, are fighting to protect the guilty parties whom you are determined to reach. Well, perhaps, at the end of the war, after millions of innocent people have suffered, you may at last, if all goes well with your arms, get at the 'guilty parties.' You will hold an inquiry, with imperfect evidence and biased judges; you will decide—in all likelihood wrongly—that a dozen very stupid and obstinate Prussians with long titles are the guilty parties, and even then you will not know what to do with them. You will probably try, and almost certainly fail, to make them somehow feel ashamed or humiliated. It is likely enough that you will merely make them into national heroes.

"And after all, this is assuming quite the best sort of war: a war in which one party is wrong and the other right, and the right wins. Suppose both are wrong; or suppose the wrong party wins? It is as likely as not; for, if the right party is helped by his good conscience, the wrong has probably taken pains to have the odds on his side before he began quarrelling. In that case all the wild expenditure of blood and treasure, all the immeasurable suffering of innocent individuals and dumb animals, all the tears of women and children in the background, have taken place not to vindicate the right, but to establish the wrong. To do a little evil that great or certain good may come is all very well; but to do almost infinite evil for a doubtful chance of attaining something which half the people concerned may think good and the other half think bad, and which in no imaginable case can ever be attained in fullness or purity . . . that is neither good morals nor good sense. Anybody not in a passion must see that it is insanity."

I sympathize with every step of this argument; yet I think it is wrong. It is judging of the war as a profit-and-loss

account, and reckoning, moreover, only the immediate material consequences. It leaves out of sight the cardinal fact that in some causes it is better to fight and be broken than to yield peacefully; that sometimes the mere act of resisting to the death is in itself a victory.

Let us try to understand this. The Greeks who fought and died at Thermopylæ had no manner of doubt that they were right so to fight and die, and all posterity has agreed with them. They probably knew they would be defeated. They probably expected that, after their defeat, the Persians would proceed easily to conquer the rest of Greece, and would treat it much more harshly because it had resisted. But such considerations did not affect them. They would not consent to their country's dishonor.

Take again a very clear modern case: the fine story of the French tourist who was captured, together with a priest and some other white people, by Moorish robbers. The Moors gave their prisoners the choice either to trample on the Cross or to be killed. The Frenchman happened to be a Freethinker and an anti-clerical. He disliked Christianity. But he was not going to trample on the Cross at the orders of a robber. He stuck to his companions and died.

This sense of honor and the respect for this sense of honor are very deep instincts in the average man. In the United States there is a rather specially strong feeling against mixture of blood, not only with the blood of colored people, but with that of the large masses of mankind who are lumped together as "dagoes" or "hunkies." Yet I have noticed that persons with a dash of Red Indian blood are not ashamed but rather proud of it. And if you look for the reason, I suspect it lies in the special reputation which the Indian has acquired, that he would never consent to be a slave. He preferred to fight till he was dead.

A deal of nonsense, no doubt, is talked about "honor" and "dishonor." They are feelings based on sentiment, not on reason; the standards by which they are judged are often conventional or shallow, and sometimes utterly false. Yet honor and dishonor are real things. I will not try to define them; but will only notice that, like religion, their characteristic is that they admit of no bargaining. Indeed, we can almost think of honor as being simply that which a free

man values more than life, and dishonor as that which he avoids more than suffering or death. And the important point for us is that there are such things.

There are some people, followers of Tolstoy, who accept this position so far as dying is concerned, but will have nothing to do with killing. Passive resistance, they say, is right; martyrdom is right; but to resist violence by violence is sin.

I was once walking with a friend and disciple of Tolstoy's in a country lane, and a little girl was running in front of us. I put to him the well-known question: "Suppose you saw a man, wicked or drunk or mad, run out and attack that child. You are a big man and carry a big stick: would you not stop him and, if necessary, knock him down?" "No," he said, "why should I commit a sin? I would try to persuade him, I would stand in his way, I would let him kill me, but I would not strike him." Some few people will always be found, less than one in a thousand, to take this view. They will say: "Let the little girl be killed or carried off; let the wicked man commit another wickedness; I, at any rate, will not add to the mass of useless violence that I see all round me."

With such persons one cannot reason, though one can often respect them. Nearly every normal man will feel that the real sin, the real dishonor, lies in allowing an abominable act to be committed under your eyes while you have the strength to prevent it. And the stronger you are, the greater your chance of success, by so much the more are you bound to intervene. If the robbers are overpoweringly strong and there is no chance of beating or baffling them, then and only then should you think of martyrdom. Martyrdom is not the best possibility. It is almost the worst. It is a counsel of despair, the last resort when there is no hope of successful resistance. The best thing—suppose once the robbers are there and intent on crime—the best thing is to overawe them at once; the next best, to defeat them after a hard struggle; the third best, to resist vainly and be martyred; the worst of all, the one evil that need never be endured, is to let them have their will without protest. (As for converting them from their evil ways, that is a process which may be hoped for afterwards.)

We have noticed that in all these cases of honor there is,

or at least there seems to be, no counting of cost, no balancing of good and evil. In ordinary conduct, we are always balancing the probable results of this course or that; but when honor or religion comes on the scene all such balancing ceases. If you argued to the Christian martyr: "Suppose you do burn the pinch of incense, what will be the harm? All your friends know you are really a Christian: they will not be misled. The idol will not be any the better for the incense, nor will your own true God be any the worse. Why should you bring misery on yourself and all your family?" Or suppose you pleaded, with the French atheist: "Why in the world should you not trample on the Cross? It is the sign of the clericalism to which you object. Even if trampling somewhat exaggerates your sentiments, the harm is small. Who will be a penny the worse for your trampling? While you will live instead of dying, and all your family be happy instead of wretched." Suppose you said to the Red Indian: "My friend, you are outnumbered by ten to one. If you will submit unconditionally to these pale-faces, and be always civil and obliging, they will probably treat you quite well. If they do not, well, you can reconsider the situation later on. No need to get yourself killed at once."

The people concerned would not condescend to meet your arguments. Perhaps they can be met, perhaps not. But it is in the very essence of religion or honor that it must outweigh all material considerations. The point of honor is the point at which a man says to some proposal, "I will not do it. I will rather die."

These things are far easier to see where one man is involved than where it is a whole nation. But they arise with nations too. In the case of a nation the material consequences are much larger, and the point of honor is apt to be less clear. But, in general, whenever one nation in dealing with another relies simply on force or fraud, and denies to its neighbor the common consideration due to human beings, a point of honor must arise.

Austria says suddenly to Serbia: "You are a wicked little State. I have annexed and governed against their will some millions of your countrymen, yet you are still full of anti-Austrian feeling, which I do not intend to allow. You will dismiss from your service all officials, politicians, and soldiers

who do not love Austria, and I will further send you from time to time lists of persons whom you are to dismiss or put to death. And if you do not agree to this within forty-eight hours, I, being vastly stronger than you, will make you." As a matter of fact, Serbia did her very best to comply with Austria's demands; she accepted about two-thirds of them, and asked for arbitration on the remaining third. But it is clear that she could not accept them all without being dishonored. That is, Serbia would have given up her freedom at the threat of force; the Serbs would no longer be a free people, and every individual Serb would have been humiliated. He would have confessed himself to be the kind of man who will yield when an Austrian bullies him. And if it is urged that under good Austrian government Serbia would become richer and safer, and the Serbian peasants get better markets, such pleas cannot be listened to. They are a price offered for slavery; and a free man will not accept slavery at any price.

Germany, again, says to Belgium (we leave out for the moment the fact of Germany's special treaty obligations), "We have no quarrel with you, but we intend for certain reasons to march across your territory and perhaps fight a battle or two there. We know that you are pledged by treaty not to allow any such thing, but we cannot help that. Consent, and we will pay you some compensation afterwards; refuse, and we shall make you wish you had never been born." At that moment Belgium was a free self-governing State. If she had yielded to Germany's demand, she would have ceased to be either. It is possible that, if Germany had been completely victorious and France quite unable to retaliate, Belgium would have suffered no great material injury; but she would have taken orders from a stranger who had no right to give them, simply because he was strong and Belgium dared not face him. Belgium refused. She has had some of her principal towns destroyed, some thousands of her soldiers killed, many more thousands of her women, children, and non-combatants outraged and beggared; but she is still free. She has still her honor.

Let us think this matter out more closely. Our Tolstoyan will say: "We speak of Belgium's honor and Serbia's honor; but who is Serbia and who is Belgium? There is no such per-

son as either. There are only great numbers of people who happen to be Serbians and Belgians, and who mostly have had nothing to do with the questions at issue. Some of them are honorable people, some dishonorable. The honor of each one of them depends very much on whether he pays his debts and tells the truth, but not in the least on whether a number of foreigners walk through his country or interfere with his Government. King Albert and his Ministers might feel humiliated if the German Government compelled them to give way against their will; but would the ordinary population? Would the ordinary peasant or shopkeeper or artisan in the districts of Visé and Liège and Louvain have felt particularly disgraced or ashamed? He would probably have made a little money and been greatly amused by the sight of the troops passing. Who will pretend that he would have suffered any injury that can for a moment be compared with what he has suffered now, in order that his Government may feel proud of itself?"

I will not raise the point that, as a matter of fact, to grant a right of way to Germany would have been equivalent to declaring war against France, so that Belgium would not, by giving up her independence, have been spared the danger of war. I will assume that nothing but honor was involved. In that form, this question goes to the root of our whole conception of citizenship and the position of man in society. And I believe that our Tolstoyan friend is profoundly wrong.

Is it true, in a healthy and well-governed State, that the average citizen is indifferent to the honor of his country? We know that it is not. True, the average citizen may often not understand what is going on, but as soon as he knows he cares. Suppose for a moment that the King, or the Prime Minister, or the President of the United States, were found to be in the pay of a foreign State, as for instance Charles II was in the pay of Louis XIV, can any one pretend that the ordinary citizens of Great Britain or America would take it quietly? that any normal man would be found saying: "Well, the King, or the President, or the Prime Minister, is behaving dishonorably, but that is a matter for him, not for me. I am an honest and honorable man, and my Government can do what it likes." The notion is absurd. The ordinary citi-

zen would feel instantly and without question that his country's honor involved his own. And woe to the society in which it were otherwise! We know of such societies in history. They are the kind which is called "corrupt," and which generally has not long to live. Belgium has proved that she is not that kind of society.

But what about Great Britain herself? At the present moment a very clear case has arisen, and we can test our own feelings. Great Britain had, by a solemn treaty more than once renewed, pledged herself to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. Belgium is a little State lying between two very strong States, France and Germany, and in danger of being overrun or maltreated by one of them unless the Great Powers guarantee her safety. The treaty, signed by Prussia, Russia, Austria, France, and Great Britain, bound all these Powers not to attack Belgium, move troops into her territory, or annex any part of it; and further, to resist by armed force any Power which should try to do any of these things. Belgium, on her part, was bound to maintain her own neutrality to the best of her power, and not to side with any State which was at war with another.

At the end of last July the exact case arose in which we had pledged ourselves to act. Germany suddenly and without excuse invaded Belgium, and Belgium appealed to us and France to defend her. Meantime she fought alone, desperately, against overwhelming odds. The issue was clear, and free from any complications. The German Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, in his speech of August 6, admitted that Germany had no grievance against Belgium, and no excuse except "necessity." She could not get to France quick enough by the direct road. Germany put her case to us, roughly, on these grounds. "True, you did sign a treaty, but what is a treaty? We ourselves signed the same treaty, and see what we are doing! Anyhow, treaty or no treaty, we have Belgium absolutely in our power. If she had done what we wanted, we would have treated her kindly; as it is we shall show her no mercy. If you will now do what we want and stay quiet, later on, at our convenience, we will consider a friendly deal with you. If you interfere, you must take the consequences. We trust you will not be so insane as to plunge your whole Empire into danger for the

sake of a 'scrap of paper.'" Our answer was: "Evacuate Belgium within twelve hours or we fight you."

I think that answer was right. Consider the situation carefully. No question arises of overhaste or lack of patience on our part. From the first moment of the crisis, we had labored night and day in every Court of Europe for any possible means of conciliation and peace. We had carefully and sincerely explained to Germany beforehand what attitude she might expect from us. We did not send our ultimatum till Belgium was already invaded. It is just the plain question put to the British Government, and, I think, to every one who feels himself a British citizen: "The exact case contemplated in your treaty has arisen: the people you swore to protect is being massacred; will you keep your word at a gigantic cost, or will you break it at the bidding of Germany?" For my own part, weighing the whole question soberly and without undue passion, I feel that in this case I would rather die than submit; and I believe that the Government, in deciding to keep its word at the cost of war, has rightly interpreted the feeling of the average British citizen.

So much for the question of honor, pure and simple; honor without regard for consequences. But, of course, situations in real political life are never so simple as that; they have many different aspects and ramifications. And in the present case, though the point of honor happens to be quite clear, it seems probable that even without it there were compelling reasons for war. I do not, of course, for a moment mean that war was going to be "profitable" to Great Britain; such a calculation would be infamous. I mean that, terrible as the consequences of our taking part in the war were sure to be, the consequences of our not doing so were likely to be even more profoundly and widely evil.

Let us leave aside, then, the definite treaty binding us to Belgium. Apart from that, we were faced with a complicated question of statesmanship, of prudence, of patriotism towards our own country and towards humanity.

Germany has for years presented a problem to Europe. Since her defeat of France in 1870, she has been extraordinarily successful, and the success seems to have intoxicated her. This is a complicated subject, which calls for far deeper knowledge than I possess. I will merely try to state, as fairly

as I can, the impression that has been forced on me by a certain amount of reading and observation. From the point of view of one who really believes that great nations ought to behave to one another as scrupulously and honorably as ordinary, law-abiding men, no Power in Europe, or out of it, is quite blameless. They all have ambitions; they all, to some extent, use spies; they all, within limits, try to outwit each other; in their diplomatic dealings they rely not only on the claims of good sense and justice, but ultimately, no doubt, on the threat of possible force. But, as a matter of degree, Germany does all these things more than other Powers. In her diplomacy, force comes at once to the front; international justice is hardly mentioned. She spends colossal sums on her secret service, so that German spies are become a by-word and a joke. In the recognized sport of international treachery, she goes frequently beyond the rules of the game. Her Emperor, her Imperial Chancellor, and other people in the highest positions of responsibility, expound her ambitions and her schemes in language which would only be used by an irresponsible journalist in England or France. They discuss, for instance, whether the time has come for conquering France once more, and how best they can "bleed her white" and reduce her to impotence. They explain that Bismarck and his generation have made Germany the strongest Power on the Continent. "The will of Germany is now respected" in Europe; it rests with the present Emperor to make it similarly respected throughout the world. "Germany's world-future lies on the sea." They discuss whether they can build up a fleet strong enough to fight and beat the British fleet without Great Britain interfering. They discuss in public how many colonies, and which, they will leave to Great Britain when the great "Day" comes. They express regret, combined, so far as one can make out, with a little genuine surprise, that the "brutal egoism of Great Britain" should raise any objection to this plan and they hope—openly and publicly—that her well-known weakness and cowardice will make her afraid to act. Since Great Britain has a vast number of Mohammedan subjects, who may possibly be stirred to disaffection, the German Emperor proclaims to "the three hundred million Mohammedans who live scattered over the globe" that whenever they need

him, the German Emperor will be their friend. And this in 1898, in the middle of profound peace! Professors in German Universities lecture on the best way of destroying the British Empire, and the officers' messes in the German Navy regularly drink the toast of "The Day." There is no need to explain what Day. The curious thing is that these plans are all expounded in public speeches and books—strange books, in which the average civilized sense of international justice or common honesty seems to have been left out of account, as well as the sense of common political prudence; in which the schemes of an accomplished burglar are expounded with the candor of a child.

And all through this period, in which she plots against her neighbors and tells them she is plotting, Germany lives in a state of alarm. Her neighbors are so unfriendly! Their attitude may be correct, but it is not trustful and cordial. The Imperial Chancellor, Von Bülow, explains in his book that there was only one time when he really breathed freely. It was in 1909, when Austria, his ally, annexed by violence and against her pledges the two Slav provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. All Europe was indignant, especially Russia, the natural protector of the Slavs, and England, the habitual champion of small nationalities. But Germany put down her foot. The Kaiser "appeared in shining armor beside his ally," and no Power dared to intervene. Germany was in the wrong. Every one knew she was in the wrong. It was just that fact that was so comforting. Her army was big enough, her navy was big enough, and for the moment the timid creature felt secure.

Lastly, we must remember that it is Germany who started the race for armaments; and that while Russia has pressed again and again for a general limitation of armies, and England made proposal after proposal for a general limitation of navies, Germany has steadily refused to entertain any such idea.

Now, for some time it was possible to minimize all these danger-signals, and, for my own part, I have always tried to minimize them. There are militarists and Jingoes in every country; our own have often been bad enough. The German sort seemed unusually blatant, but it did not follow that they carried their country with them. The Kaiser, always impul-

sive, said on the whole more friendly things than unfriendly things. At any rate, it seemed wiser and more statesmanlike to meet provocation with good temper, and to try by persistent friendliness to encourage all the more liberal and reasonable elements in German public life. This policy seemed possible until the July of the present year. Then certain facts were forced upon us. They are all detailed in the White Paper and the other diplomatic correspondence.

We suddenly found that Germany and Austria, or some conspiring parties in Germany and Austria, had arranged for a great stroke, like that of 1909 on a larger scale. It was so obviously aggressive in its nature that their ally, Italy, the third Power in the Triple Alliance, formally refused to act with them. The Alliance only applied to a defensive war. The time had been carefully chosen. England was supposed to be on the verge of a civil war in Ireland and a new mutiny in India. France had just been through a military scandal, in which it appeared that the army was short of boots and ammunition. Russia, besides a general strike and internal troubles, was re-arming her troops with a new weapon, and the process was only half through. Even the day was chosen. It was in a week when nearly all the ambassadors were away from their posts, taking their summer holiday—the English Ambassador at Berlin, the Russian Ambassadors at Berlin and Vienna, the Austrian Foreign Minister, the French Prime Minister, the Serbian Prime Minister, the Kaiser himself, and others who might have used a restraining influence on the schemes of the war party. Suddenly, without a word to any outside Power, Austria issued an ultimatum to Serbia, to be answered in forty-eight hours. Seventeen of these hours had elapsed before the other Powers were informed, and war was declared on Serbia before all the ambassadors could get back to their posts. The leading statesmen of Europe sat up all night trying for conciliation, for arbitration, even for bare delay. At the last moment, when the Austrian Foreign Minister had returned, and had consented to a basis for conversations with Russia, there seemed to be a good chance that peace might be preserved; but at that moment Germany launched her ultimatum at Russia and France, and Austria was already invading Serbia. In twenty-four hours, six European Powers were at war.

Now, the secret history of this strange intrigue is not yet known. It will not be known for fifty years or so. It is impossible to believe that the German nation would have backed up the plot, if they had understood it. It is difficult to think that the Kaiser would; and the Austrian Foreign Minister, when once he returned, tried to undo the work of his subordinates. But somehow the war parties in Germany and Austria got the upper hand for one fatal week, and have managed to drag their countries after them.

We saw, as Italy had seen, that Germany had prearranged the war. We saw her breaking her treaties and overrunning little Belgium, as her ally was trampling on little Serbia. We remembered her threats against ourselves. And at this very time, as if to deepen our suspicions, she made us what has been justly termed an "infamous proposal," that if we would condone her treaty-breaking now, she would have an "understanding" with us afterwards.

Suppose we had not been bound by our treaty to Belgium, or even our natural and informal friendship with France: what could we have done? I wish to take no low ground; I wish to face the question from the point of view of a statesman who owes a duty to his own country and a duty to Europe.

The one thing which we could not have done, in my opinion, was to repudiate our responsibility. We are a very strong Power, one of the strongest in the world, and here, under our eyes and within range of our guns, a thing was being done which menaced every living creature in Europe. The one thing that no statesman could possibly do was to say: "This is no concern of ours. We will go our ways as usual." It was perfectly possible to stand aside and proclaim our neutrality. But—apart from questions of honor—to proclaim neutrality was quite as grave a step as to proclaim war. Let no man imagine that he can escape blood-guiltiness by standing still while murder is committed before his eyes.

I will not argue here what the right decision would have been. It depends, unlike the point of honor, on a careful balancing of evidence and consequences, and scarcely any one in the country except the Government has sufficient knowledge to make the balance. For my own part, I should

have started with a strong predilection for peace, even a fragmentary peace, but should ultimately have been guided chiefly by the public men whom I most trust. But, as things fell out, our Government was not forced to make a decision on this difficult ground at all, because Germany took a further step which made the whole situation clear. Her treatment of Belgium not only roused our passionate indignation, but compelled us either to declare war or to break our pledged word. I incline, however, to think that our whole welfare is so vitally dependent on the observance of public law and the rights of nations, and would have been so terribly endangered by the presence of Germany in a conqueror's mood at Ostend and Zeebrugge, not to speak of Dunkirk and Calais, that in this case mere self-preservation called us to fight. I do not venture to lay any stress on the hopes which we may entertain for the building up of a better Europe after the war, a Europe which shall have settled its old feuds and devised some great machinery for dealing with new difficulties as they arise, on a basis of justice and concord, not of intrigue and force. By all means let us hope, let us work, for that rebuilding; but it will be a task essentially difficult when it comes; and the very beginning of it lies far away, separated from the present time and the immediate task by many terrific hazards. We have no right to soothe our consciences concerning the war with professions of the fine and generous things that we are going to do afterwards. Doubtless Germany was going to make us all good and happy when she was once sure of our obedience. For the moment we can think only of our duty, and need of self-preservation. And I believe that in this matter the two run together: our interest coincides with our honor.

It is curious how often this is the case. It is one of the old optimistic beliefs of nineteenth-century Liberalism, and one which is often ridiculed, that a nation's duty generally does coincide with its interest. No doubt one can find abundant exceptions, but I believe that in the main, for nations as for individuals, real palpable conscious dishonesty or wickedness is exceedingly unprofitable. This is a more interesting fact than it looks at first sight.

There are many poisons which are simply so nasty that, undisguised, they cannot be swallowed. No power could

induce a man or dog to sip or lap a tablespoonful of nicotine or prussic acid. You might coax the dog with future bones, you might persuade the man that the medicine was just what his health needed; but their swallowing muscles would refuse to act. Doubtless, in the scheme of nature, the disgust is a provision which saves the race. Now I cannot help suspecting that, much more faintly and more fallibly, the vehement and invincible refusal with which man's sense of honor or religion meets certain classes of proposal, which look profitable enough on the surface, is just such another warning of nature against poison. In all these cases discussed above, the Christian's martyrdom, the honorable man's refusal to desert his companions, it was not true to say, as we seemed to say, that advantage was on one side and honor on the other. Dishonor would have brought with it a subtler and more lasting disadvantage, greater in its sum than immediate death. If the Christian had sacrificed to the idol, what would his life have been afterwards? Perhaps his friends would have rejected his example and been martyred; he would be alone in his shame. Perhaps they would have followed his example, and through him the whole band of the "faithful" have betrayed Christ. Not a very enviable choice either way. Without any tall talk or high professions, would it not quite certainly be better for the whole Church and probably for the man himself that he should defy his persecutors and die? And does not the same now hold for any patriotic Belgian or Serbian who has had a voice in his country's action? The choice was not on the one hand honor and misery, on the other dishonor and a happy life. It was on the one hand honor and great physical suffering, on the other hand dishonor and a life subtly affected by that dishonor in a thousand unforeseen ways. I do not underrate the tremendous importance of mere physical suffering; I do not underrate the advantage of living as long a life as is conveniently possible. But men must die some time, and, if we dare really to confess the truth, the thing that most of us in our hearts long for, the thing which either means ultimate happiness or else is greater and dearer to men than happiness, is the power to do our duty and, when we die, to have done it. The behavior of our soldiers and sailors proves it. "*The last I saw of him was on the after bridge, doing well.*" The words

come in the official report made by the captain of one of our lost cruisers. But that is the kind of epitaph nearly all men crave for themselves, and the wisest men, I think, even for their nation.

And if we accept this there will follow further consequences. War is not all evil. It is a true tragedy, which must have nobleness and triumph in it as well as disaster. . . . This is dangerous ground. The subject lends itself to foolish bombast, especially when accompanied by a lack of true imagination. We must not begin to praise war without stopping to reflect on the hundreds of thousands of human beings involved in such horrors of pain and indignity that, if here in our ordinary hours we saw one man so treated, the memory would sicken us to the end of our lives; we must remember the horses, remember the gentle natures brutalized by hardship and filth, and the once decent persons transformed by rage and fear into devils of cruelty. But, when we have realized that, we may venture to see in this wilderness of evil some oases of extraordinary good.

These men who are engaged in what seems like a vast public crime ought, one would think, to fall to something below their average selves, below the ordinary standard of common folk. But do they? Day after day come streams of letters from the front, odd stories, fragments of diaries, and the like, full of the small, intimate facts which reveal character; and almost with one accord they show that these men have not fallen, but risen. No doubt there has been some selection in the letters; to some extent the writers repeat what they wish to have remembered, and say nothing of what they wish to forget. But, when all allowances are made, one cannot read the letters and the dispatches without a feeling of almost passionate admiration for the men about whom they tell. They were not originally a set of men chosen for their peculiar qualities. They were just our ordinary fellow citizens, the men you meet on a crowded pavement. There was nothing to suggest that their conduct in common life was better than that of their neighbors. Yet now, under the stress of war, having a duty before them that is clear and unquestioned and terrible, they are daily doing nobler things than we most of us have ever had the chance of doing, things which we hardly dare hope that we might be able to

do. I am not thinking of the rare achievements that win a V. C. or a Cross of the Legion of Honor, but of the common necessary heroism of the average men: the long endurance, the devoted obedience, the close-banded life in which self-sacrifice is the normal rule, and all men may be forgiven except the man who saves himself at the expense of his comrade. I think of the men who share their last biscuits with a starving peasant, who help wounded comrades through days and nights of horrible retreat, who give their lives to save mates or officers. Or I think again of the expressions on faces that I have seen or read about, something alert and glad and self-respecting in the eyes of those who are going to the front, and even of the wounded who are returning. "Never once," writes one correspondent, "not once since I came to France have I seen among the soldiers an angry face or heard an angry word. . . . They are always quiet, orderly, and wonderfully cheerful." And no one who has followed the war need be told of their heroism. I do not forget the thousands left on the battlefield to die, or the groaning of the wounded sounding all day between the crashes of the guns. But there is a strange deep gladness as well. "One feels an extraordinary freedom," says a young Russian officer, "in the midst of death, with the bullets whistling round. The same with all the soldiers. The wounded all want to get well and return to the fight. They fight with tears of joy in their eyes."

Human nature is a mysterious thing, and man finds his weal and woe not in the obvious places. To have something before you, clearly seen, which you know you must do, and can do, and will spend your utmost strength and perhaps your life in doing, that is one form at least of very high happiness, and one that appeals—the facts prove it—not only to saints and heroes, but to average men. Doubtless the few who are wise enough and have enough imagination may find opportunity for that same happiness in everyday life, but in war ordinary men find it. This is the inward triumph which lies at the heart of the great tragedy.

## (b) "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY"

### WINIFRED M. LETTS: THE SPIRES OF OXFORD (SEEN FROM A TRAIN)

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-gray sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
  On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded—war!
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
  The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
  To seek a bloody sod,
They gave their merry youth away
  For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
  Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
  Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
  Than even Oxford town.

### W. W. GIBSON: BETWEEN THE LINES (1916)

When consciousness came back, he found he lay
Between the opposing fires, but could not tell
On which hand were his friends; and either way
For him to turn was chancy—bullet and shell

Whistling and shrieking over him, as the glare
Of searchlights scoured the darkness to blind day.
He scrambled to his hands and knees ascare,
Dragging his wounded foot through puddled clay,
And tumbled in a hole a shell had scooped
At random in a turnip-field between
The unseen trenches where the foes lay cooped
Through that unending battle of unseen,
Dead-locked, league-stretching armies; and quite spent
He rolled upon his back within the pit,
And lay secure, thinking of all it meant—
His lying in that little hole, sore hit,
But living, while across the starry sky
Shrapnel and shell went screeching overhead—
Of all it meant that he, Tom Dodd, should lie
Among the Belgian turnips, while his bed . . .
If it were he, indeed, who'd climbed each night,
Fagged with the day's work, up the narrow stair,
And slipt his clothes off in the candle-light,
Too tired to fold them neatly in a chair
The way his mother'd taught him—too dog-tired
After the long day's serving in the shop,
Inquiring what each customer required,
Politely talking weather, fit to drop . . .

And now for fourteen days and nights, at least,
He hadn't had his clothes off, and had lain
In muddy trenches, napping like a beast
With one eye open, under sun and rain
And that unceasing hell-fire . . .
It was strange
How things turned out—the chances! You'd just got
To take your luck in life, you couldn't change
Your luck.
And so here he was lying shot
Who just six months ago had thought to spend
His days behind a counter. Still, perhaps . . .
And now, God only knew how he would end!

He'd like to know how many of the chaps
Had won back to the trench alive, when he

Had fallen wounded and been left for dead,
If any! . . .
This was different, certainly,
From selling knots of tape and reels of thread
And knots of tape and reels of thread and knots
Of tape and reels of thread and knots of tape,
Day in, day out, and answering "Have you got" 's
And "Do you keep" 's till there seemed no escape
From everlasting serving in a shop,
Inquiring what each customer required,
Politely talking weather, fit to drop,
With swollen ankles, tired . . .
But he was tired
Now. Every bone was aching, and had ached
For fourteen days and nights in that wet trench—
Just duller when he slept than when he waked—
Crouching for shelter from the steady drench
Of shell and shrapnel . . .
That old trench, it seemed
Almost like home to him. He'd slept and fed
And sung and smoked in it, while shrapnel screamed
And shells went whining harmless overhead—
Harmless, at least, as far as he . . .
But Dick—
Dick hadn't found them harmless yesterday,
At breakfast, when he'd said he couldn't stick
Eating dry bread, and crawled out the back way
And brought them butter in a lordly dish—
Butter enough for all, and held it high,
Yellow and fresh and clean as you would wish—
When plump upon the plate from out the sky
A shell fell bursting . . . Where the butter went,
God only knew! . . .
And Dick . . . He dared not think
Of what had come to Dick . . . or what it meant—
The shrieking and the whistling and the stink
He'd lived in fourteen days and nights. 'Twas luck
That he still lived . . . And queer how little then
He seemed to care that Dick . . . perhaps 'twas pluck
That hardened him—a man among the men—

Perhaps . . . Yet, only think things out a bit,
And he was rabbit-livered, blue with funk!
And he'd liked Dick . . . and yet when Dick was hit,
He hadn't turned a hair. The meanest skunk
He should have thought would feel it when his mate
Was blown to smithereens—Dick, proud as punch,
Grinning like sin, and holding up the plate—
But he had gone on munching his dry hunch,
Unwinking, till he swallowed the last crumb.
Perhaps 'twas just because he dared not let
His mind run upon Dick, who'd been his chum.
He dared not now, though he could not forget.

Dick took his luck. And life or death, 'twas luck
From first to last; and you'd just got to trust
Your luck and grin. It wasn't so much pluck
As knowing that you'd got to, when needs must,
And better to die grinning. . . .
Quiet now
Had fallen on the night. On either hand
The guns were quiet. Cool upon his brow
The quiet darkness brooded, as he scanned
The starry sky. He'd never seen before
So many stars. Although, of course, he'd known
That there were stars, somehow before the war
He'd never realized them—so thick-sown,
Millions and millions. Serving in the shop,
Stars didn't count for much; and then at nights
Strolling the pavements, dull and fit to drop,
You didn't see much but the city lights.
He'd never in his life seen so much sky
As he'd seen this last fortnight. It was queer
The things war taught you. He'd a mind to try
To count the stars—they shone so bright and clear.

One, two, three, four . . . Ah, God, but he was tired . . .
Five, six, seven, eight . . .
Yes, it was number eight.
And what was the next thing that she required?
(Too bad of customers to come so late,

At closing time!) Again within the shop
He handled knots of tape and reels of thread,
Politely talking weather, fit to drop . . .

When once again the whole sky overhead
Flared blind with searchlights, and the shriek of shell
And scream of shrapnel roused him. Drowsily
He stared about him, wondering. Then he fell
Into deep dreamless slumber.

. . . . . .

He could see
Two dark eyes peeping at him, ere he knew
He was awake, and it again was day—
An August morning, burning to clear blue.
The frightened rabbit scuttled . . .
Far away,
A sound of firing . . . Up there, in the sky
Big dragon-flies hung hovering . . . Snowballs burst
About them . . . Flies and snowballs. With a cry
He crouched to watch the airmen pass—the first
That he'd seen under fire. Lord, that was pluck—
Shells bursting all about them—and what nerve!
They took their chance, and trusted to their luck.
At such a dizzy height to dip and swerve,
Dodging the shell-fire . . .
Hell! but one was hit,
And tumbling like a pigeon, plump . . .
Thank Heaven,
It righted, and then turned; and after it
The whole flock followed safe—four, five, six, seven,
Yes, they were all there safe. He hoped they'd win
Back to their lines in safety. They deserved,
Even if they were Germans . . . 'Twas no sin
To wish them luck. Think how that beggar swerved
Just in the nick of time!
He, too, must try
To win back to the lines, though, likely as not,
He'd take the wrong turn; but he couldn't lie
Forever in that hungry hole and rot,

He'd got to take his luck, to take his chance
Of being sniped by foes or friends. He'd be
With any luck in Germany or France
Or Kingdom come, next morning . . .
Drearily
The blazing day burnt over him, shot and shell
Whistling and whining ceaselessly. But light
Faded at last, and as the darkness fell
He rose, and crawled away into the night.

### JOHN McCRAE: IN FLANDERS FIELDS (1914)[1]

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

## (c) BRITISH IMPERIALISM VERSUS GERMAN

### A. F. POLLARD: THE WAR AND THE BRITISH REALMS (January, 1916.)

Towards the end of June there appeared in the *Kölnische Zeitung* an article by Professor Schröer, an erudite student of English philology, on the effect of the war upon the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. It was an extended comment, somewhat on the lines of a lament that

[1] Lieutenant Colonel McCrae, born in Ontario, Canada, in 1872, died in France, January 28, 1918. The poem above is said to have been written during the first battle of Ypres.

was published in *Der Tag* in April. "We expected," said *Der Tag* "that British India would rise when the first shot was fired in Europe, but in reality thousands of Indians came to fight with the British against us. We anticipated that the whole British Empire would be torn in pieces, but the colonies appear to be closer than ever united with the mother country. We expected a triumphant rebellion in South Africa, yet it turned out nothing but a failure. We expected trouble in Ireland, but instead she sent her best soldiers against us. Those who led us into all these mistakes and miscalculations have laid upon themselves a heavy responsibility."

From the point of view of the genesis of the war, it would be interesting to discover by whom and with what object the German people were thus misled and deceived; but Professor Schröer's purpose is to explain the behavior of Great Britain's allies and colonies. So irrational and paradoxical does their attitude appear to the German political theorists that Herr Schröer is driven back on a supernatural interpretation, and he discovers the secret in English witchcraft! So bewitching are our *beaux yeux*, or rather our "evil eye," that our rebels fall on our neck, and our rivals, forgetting the crimes of perfidious Albion, rush to its assistance. In this war it was a case of Great Britain rushing to the assistance of Belgium, France, and Russia rather than the reverse; but we may pass over that trifle in our search for a more rational account of the phenomena than that which commends itself to the professor. We are not in England quite so convinced of our powers of fascination, whether for good or evil, and we suspect that our allies, and perhaps even our colonies, are fighting by our side not so much because they love us the more, as because they like Germany less.

In this paper I am not so much concerned with Great Britain's allies as with her colonies—their relations to the causes of the war and their probable relation to its settlement. I use the term "colonies" without prejudice: it is unpopular in the great dominions of the British Crown because it fails to express their undoubted national status; and a far better term would be "realms." The United States has set the example of a plurality in unity, and the "British Realms" would not be singular in the sphere of political terminology.

It represents a better tradition and a truer conception of facts than "British Empire." Nor is it without reluctance that I write even of probabilities in connection with the settlement after the war. In a British university which attaches great importance to political science, I recently ventured to propound the question, "Of what value is political science to political prophecy?" The question was regarded as something of a slur upon the scientific character of the study of politics, but the answers were pitched in a modestly minor key. It is clear that anyone who forms or commits to print a forecast of the effects of this war upon the correlation of British realms, runs risks which angels avoid.

So far as the causes of the war are concerned, the problem is more simple, though this simplification does not help to dispel the bewilderment of our German critics. For this war had no colonial causes. Unlike the Seven Years' War of the eighteenth century and the Boer War of 1899, it had no roots in a great rivalry in other continents than Europe; and Canadians, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, and Indians have not trooped to the colors because they were menaced within their borders. Great Britain has during the last half century had colonial difficulties with France, Russia, and the United States, and some of them have threatened to bring war within measurable distance. But she has had none such with Germany. The partition of Africa in 1890 was effected without any serious friction, and the friction that arose in Algeciras and Agadir had no reference to British colonies. When war broke out in August, 1914, there was hardly a cloud on the horizon of British dominions across the sea. The war arose over questions that were purely European, and Great Britain intervened because she could not afford to remain neutral while Germany swept away Belgian neutrality and proceeded to conquer France. What, it may be asked, was there here to stir Indian princes, Boer statesmen, or the miners and farmers of Canada and Australia?

There were, no doubt, particular causes of offense which tended to provide a common bond of antipathy to the ubiquitous German. Indian princes, with a lineage older than that of the Hohenzollerns and with a culture more humane, had during the Boxer expedition been termed and treated

as "niggers"; and more recently the German Crown Prince had, on a visit to India, behaved in such a way to his fellow guests and hosts that only his character as a guest saved him from public resentment. Australians, too, looked with no friendly eye on their neighbors in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land and the Bismarck Archipelago. But there was nothing in this to make war. Neither Canadians nor Australians were fond of the Japanese, and it needed a good deal of provocation to range Australians and Japanese, Canadians and Hindus in a common cause against the Kaiser. It has often been remarked that our primitive ancestors felt no need to state and define their customs in written codes until they were brought into contact with the habits and thoughts of strange nations. That contact revealed to their minds the contrast between them and the strangers, and also made them appreciate their own common inheritance. In some such way the pushing emissaries of *Kultur* brought home to the British realms the fact that behind all their idiosyncrasies of constitution, policy, and circumstance there was a community of spirit which only grew conscious by contrast, and can best be described in terms of contradiction. It would be vainglorious to say that the British realms are everything which the German Empire is not, but it is a sufficient source of satisfaction that they are little what that empire is. The violation of Belgium's neutrality and the wanton attack upon France lit up by a flash the gulf between British and German politics, and in the inevitable clash the British realms were united. None but a few extremists in Canada and South Africa protested that those dominions should observe a "national" neutrality while the empire was at war. Herzog, Delarey, Beyers, and de Wet cherished a blind but not incomprehensible passion for revenge in South Africa; but the handful of French nationalists in Canada, who wanted to seize the particular occasion when the British Empire and France were at one to establish their nationality by standing aloof, present a more complex psychological problem.

This community of spirit was fortified by a community of interest. There were no particular colonial interests in the war, or causes for colonial intervention; but there was a common colonial cause which is best described as naval. It left the dominions no choice. They might or they might

not approve Great Britain's scruples about scraps of paper or her refusal to regard with idle indifference the German spoliation of France. In point of fact they felt less hesitation than some of the slow-witted folk at home. But whether or no they approved of British intervention, there could be no doubt of their action when once the die was cast. For the event must decide between British and German naval supremacy, and upon that issue depended the liberty and the existence of each and all of the British realms.

It is also contended by Germany—or at least by her apologists—that her existence is likewise involved in the struggle; and one of them, a professor of physiology, has lately referred to this war as a "death grapple of the English for continued supremacy and of the Germans for existence." The phrase is a curious illustration of the extent to which men of science may go wrong, when dealing with politics, for lack of a little history. Germany does not now, and never has depended upon sea-power for existence; and no British triumph, however complete, could put an end to the German Empire. It was created by Bismarck, and maintained by him for twenty years as the greatest power in Europe without the help of a single man-of-war; and the German navy is a whim of the present Kaiser, who overthrew Bismarck to give it free indulgence. England, on the other hand, had to establish her naval supremacy by beating the Spanish Armada before she could found a single colony; without British sea-power there could have been no British Empire, and incidentally no United States of America. Sea-power is of Germany's life a thing apart; it is Britain's whole existence. The contention betrays the same mental attitude as does the German cry for a "place in the sun." I think I do Americans no injustice when I suggest that they consider the United States a very considerable "place in the sun." Britons regard their little islands in a similar light. But Germany, it appears, with an area eighty per cent and a population fifty per cent greater than that of the British Isles, is not a "place in the sun." Its people sit in darkness without hope of the sun except in realms that belong to others; the sunshine is not within them, and they seek to take it by force.

Their object is not a place in the sun, but control of the sunshine; and hence their objection to British sea-power. Their

complaint has been plausibly put by the former Secretary of State for the Colonies, Herr Dernburg. "The whole fight and all the fight," he says, "is on one side for the absolute dominion of the seven seas; on the other side for a free sea—the traditional *mare liberum*. A free sea will mean the cessation of the danger of war and the stopping of world wars. The sea should be free to all. It belongs to no nation in particular—neither to the British, nor to the Germans, nor to the Americans. The rights of nations cease with the territorial line of three miles from low tide. Any dominion exercised beyond that line is a breach and an infringement of the rights of others."

In the light of history and of the most recent events, it is difficult to share Herr Dernburg's optimistic belief that "a free sea will mean the cessation of the danger of war." For what had the freedom of the seas to do with the German wars against Denmark in 1864, against Austria in 1866, and against France in 1870, or with Austria's ultimatum to Serbia and the Kaiser's to Russia in July, 1914? Can Herr Dernburg mean that if the sea were rid of British dominion, no European state could rely on her aid and thus venture to challenge the Kaiser's dominion on land? But Herr Dernburg's following statements are unimpeachable. It is true that the sea should be free to all; it is a fact that it belongs to no particular nation, and that Great Britain's sovereignty, like that of every other nation, ceases with her territorial waters. Where, then, is the dominion of which he complains, and what is the German grievance? There is no sovereignty of the sea, and the "traditional *mare liberum*" has long been an established fact. Great Britain enjoys thereon no right and exercises no authority that is not enjoyed and exercised by all peoples that go down to the sea in ships. Germany has least of all cause to complain. Upon that freedom of the sea, enjoyed during British supremacy, she has built up a vast fabric of oceanic trade and domestic prosperity without let or hindrance; her great liners have freely used even British ports and territorial waters, and drawn not a little profit from British traffic and passengers; and she has been given a freedom of trade which she has herself denied to Great Britain.

Other peoples had explored and charted the waters of

the globe, and had given the lives of some of the noblest of their sons in the cause of discovering passages here and passages there, and revealing the hidden dangers of the deep. In the days of the merchant adventurers and chartered companies, mariners had sailed with their lives in their hands, and the risks that the trader ran made heavy demands on his profits. They cleared the waters of pirates and made the high seas a secure and familiar highway. Germany contributed nothing to the science of navigation, the discovery of new worlds, or the pacification of the ocean. She has entered into the inheritance of other men's labors and sacrifice without paying toll or fee. No German Franklin or Gilbert braved the Atlantic in sixty-ton barques or left his bones to bleach on the Arctic ice. The German has ever been the pedlar and not the pioneer of civilization, the follower of the camp and not the leader of the van. He bred neither *conquistadores* nor Pilgrim Fathers; and in these latter days, while the eagles of enterprise—Peary, Amundsen, Scott—winged their flight to the poles, the vultures swooped down upon Belgium. Is the *mare liberum* to be a sea for similar German liberties? The inhuman use Germany has made of her one submarine talent illumines the path she would tread if she possessed the ten talents of naval supremacy.

In default of German naval predominance, however, Herr Dernburg would be content with peace on the ocean and protection from British power. "To prevent wars in the future," he declares, "we must establish that the free seas shall be plied exclusively by the merchant marine of all nations. Within their territory people have the right to take such measures as they may deem necessary for their defense, but the sending of troops and war machines into the territory of others or into neutralized parts of the world must be declared a *casus belli*. . . . If that be done, the world as it is divided now would come to permanent peace."

Again, he is optimistic. In 1839 Belgium was declared by all the great powers of Europe—including Prussia—to be a "neutralized part of the world," and the breach of its neutrality was pronounced a *casus belli*. But where is the "permanent peace," and with what assurance can the violators of Belgian neutrality appeal for the neutralization of the sea? The appeal is sublime in its colossal simplicity. The

German grievance against British "dominion" on sea is that it saves other continents from the interpretations of neutrality which the Kaiser applied to Belgium and Luxemburg; a "neutral" state was to give German armies free passage for their offensive, and a "neutral" sea is to protect them during their progress. Herr Dernburg's proposed prohibition of the transport of armed forces across the sea would leave Belgium and France at the mercy of German invasion by land, while forbidding British assistance from over the water; and Germany would thus derive from a *mare liberum* the advantage of real liberty in Europe! The scheme might, indeed, from the purely insular point of view have some attractions for Britons—if only they could rely on scraps of paper. For presumably Germany would be precluded, as well as Great Britain, from the use of the seas for other than mercantile objects. Great Britain and all her dominions would thus be secure from German invasion. We imagine, too, that Herr Dernburg would extend his benevolence to the air, and give it the benefit of the neutrality with which he aims at endowing the sea. But would he voluntarily have left German colonies in Africa open to military attack from their French and British neighbors and precluded himself from the possibility of sending assistance by sea? Would he, clothed in his mantle of naval neutrality, have philosophically left Tsing-tau to be recovered by China, and Luderitz Bay by the Herreros? Possibly even these sacrifices might have been made in the hope of seeing Canada and India cut off from British assistance by the isolating sea, though one may doubt whether Herr Dernburg really desires just now to see either an American Canada or a Russian Empire of India.

It is to be feared that Herr Dernburg does not pay his readers the compliment of exaggerating their intelligence; and his naval pacifism is somewhat belated and lopsided. It would have been more useful at the time when Great Britain was suggesting in vain "naval holidays" and a limitation of armaments; and it would have been more logical had it included armies as well as navies. The world can hardly be expected to impose peace in spheres of Germany's weakness, and to leave free to her mailed fist and shining armor the spheres of her strength. We all of us hope

for a limitation of armaments, and most of us think that this war will have been fought in vain unless it results in an increase of arbitration and a restriction of force. But in view of what has happened, we are bound to be more solicitous about protecting the little nations in times of peace than about protecting German commerce from the consequences of a war which she has provoked. There is much to be said for abolishing altogether the weapons of war, but nothing at all for confining fleets to territorial waters and leaving armies free to roam at large over other people's land. Armies on land produce greater "starvation" than fleets at sea, and the Central Empires have far more effectively prevented Russia from selling her harvests to western Europe than the British fleet has excluded supplies from Germany.

Apart from this motive of neutralizing British sea-power and thus liberating German militarism from restraint, Herr Dernburg's scheme is an invitation to neutrals to assist, by means of a new-fangled law of the sea, in the dismemberment of the British Empire. He knows that the sea is the spinal cord of that empire, and that his policy of isolation would, by neutralizing its communications, leave it as invertebrate as the German Empire would be, if the roads and railways were cut which link up Prussia with Saxony and Bavaria; and his proposal is as *naïf*, as would be an international commission to neutralize the communications of the component parts of the German Empire. His suggestion helps us, however, to understand the whole-hearted co-operation of the British realms in this European war. Mahan's words have not fallen on deaf ears in British dominions. No compulsion, no suggestion even, was required from Downing Street to evoke lavish offers of service from every quarter. Had Great Britain been compelled to rely on compulsion, she would have been powerless. She could not have extracted by force a man or a dollar from Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, or India. Help was forthcoming because every dominion and colony knew that upon the supremacy of the British navy and the maintenance of these communications by sea depended the very existence of the British Empire and the freedom of each of its realms to develop its own unfettered future. That is why the old vaticinations about the disruption of the empire have proved

so signally false; that is why, even amid the horrors and venom of war, we can feel indebted to Germany. The greater the threat to British naval power, the stronger the bond of unity between British dominions. To the Kaiser and von Tirpitz we owe not a little of the modern growth of British imperial sentiment; and the disappearance of every danger would test the unity of the British realms more severely than any German ambitions. They are protected, but not held together by force; and nothing binds closer the bonds of consent than the threat of forcible dissolution.

That is the secret of British witchcraft and German bewilderment. The votaries of the gospel of might are blind to the strength of affection, and German publicists and philosophers have frankly confessed their complete inability to understand the British Empire. How we could afford, within five years of the conclusion of a bitter war, to allow the Boers far more liberty than Germany could after forty grant to Alsace-Lorraine, how we could govern three hundred millions in India with smaller forces than Germany could govern four millions across the Rhine, were questions beyond the scope of their political conception. Some even saw in that contrast a proof of British impotence, thinking no doubt that force is the only foundation of power, and ignoring the fact that military strength is a common symptom of moral weakness. The misunderstanding was naturally most comprehensive in the militarist mind; but it is not confined to militarists or even to Germany. It is not, indeed, easy to explain the British Empire to Britons themselves; and the difficulty arises from a conservative clinging to obsolete views and a failure to grasp the significance of modern developments. Some people still think of the British Empire as unchanged since the days of George the Third; and as late as 1840, the Duke of Wellington affirmed that its two fundamental principles—the responsibility of colonial executives to colonial parliaments, and imperial unity—were incompatible. The term "empire" is itself unhappy and incorrect, for nothing less like an empire than the British realms could well be conceived. Empire implies absolute rule and militarist methods; it is a scientific description of the Kaiser's Germany, but it has no relevance to the realms of George the Fifth. As "emperor" he possesses no legal or

constitutional powers whatever, and "empire" defines neither his nor any other Briton's authority. In the British Isles and colonies he is simply king, and the Act which made Queen Victoria Empress of India conferred but a high-sounding title.

The singular word obscures a vital diversity. In Professor Cramb's popular but shallow book, which attempts to transplant the teachings of Treitschke to British soil, it is laid down that the purpose of the British Empire is to give everyone of its citizens an English mind. Nothing could be more fatuous or more false. If it were true, there might be a difference in degree, but there would be none in essence, between the British and the German Empires, and British might stand in the dock with German *Kultur*. For the fundamental objection to German *Kultur* is not its barbarity, but its uniformity and its insolence, its belief in a single superior type, and its claim to force that type upon others; while the essence of the British Empire is heterogeneity, a lack of system, and the mutual forbearance of its component parts. Possibly that is why it angers as well as puzzles the German mind. To Potsdam, if not to Vienna, the British Empire must seem a loose and ramshackle affair, with no logical claim to existence in a world of scientific bureaucracy. Its function is not to impose an English mind on Irishmen, Scots, and Welshmen, Boers, Moslems, and Hindus; and we no more expect to turn Australians into Englishmen than to convert them into French-Canadians. Its function is to enable them all to develop a mind of their own. We believed, indeed, in uniformity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, just as we tried an irresponsible government—like the Kaiser's—under the Stuarts, and sought to colonize Ireland with the same methods and results as Germany is seeking to-day to settle her Polish provinces. But we—or most of us—learnt better in time; and Germany, too, will learn better when she is rid of her twentieth-century despots with their seventeenth-century notions of government. It is the German ex-Chancellor himself who quotes with approval another German statesman to the effect that the Germans are "political asses"; and Bernhardi expresses the mind of the General Staff when he says that no people are less fitted to govern themselves than the Germans.

Here lies another reason for colonial co-operation in the war. All self-governing communities are vitally interested in resistance to this German political atavism, just as English liberalism was concerned in the successful resistance of the American colonies to coercion by George the Third. Had he succeeded in that attempt, he would without doubt have also succeeded in riveting personal rule on England; and if the Kaiser wins this war, junkerdom will be supreme in Germany and in Europe for at least a generation, and countries outside Europe will either have to fight or submit to a dictation to which they have not been accustomed, and from which the British navy has so far afforded protection. For, after all, the Monroe Doctrine is not even a scrap of paper, and its value depends to-day and to-morrow either upon the British navy or upon an American navy which is willing to fight and able to conquer the German fleet. British colonies cannot, of course, rely upon the United States navy; they have no option but to rely on the British Empire if they wish to avoid the Procrustean bed of German *Kultur*. "Every state," writes Treitschke, "must have the right to merge into one the nationalities contained within itself." That is the fundamental distinction between the two empires. British naval supremacy does not mean the merging of any nationality. It does not subject British colonies or anyone else to dominion. It is their guarantee of freedom, and it is by no chance collocation of events that the century of complete British naval supremacy has witnessed the greatest growth of nationalities that the world has ever seen.

Dominion, in fact, is not the characteristic of the British Empire, but rather the absence of it. The German foible is to see dominion everywhere and to want to grasp it. Great Britain does not *own* Canada or Australia or South Africa; they are owned by the people who live there. Even the waste lands in British colonies were long ago recognized as the property of the colony and not of the mother country; and there is not an acre of land outside the British Isles from which the British government derives a farthing of revenue. The colonies do, indeed, help to support the British navy, and they have sent large contingents to its armies in this war; but all is done by free gift and not by imposition. The colonies are free to govern themselves and even to tax British

imports and exclude British subjects from their borders. Only thus could the British Empire exist, because it is based on freedom. The denial of responsible self-government to the British realms, as the Hohenzollerns have denied it to the German people, would have broken up the empire long ago. The Kaiser envies and wishes to emulate the British realms; but he declines to make that self-sacrifice of will without which there cannot be political salvation; and he does not see that it has only been through that sacrifice, through the recognition of the right of each British realm to govern itself by means of its own responsible ministers, that the British Empire maintains its unity and strength. He wills the end but not the means; he craves for British world-power, but repudiates the conditions of its existence. Germans attribute British success to scandalous good luck. Had they possessed all Great Britain's initial advantages, they would have thrown them all away through their will-to-power and their lust for absolute dominion. We believe in no power that is not based on service and guarded by responsibility; they base power on prerogative and guard it by *lèse-majesté*. Government by consent is the secret of empire which Germany will be taught by the present war. It is a simple matter of recognizing the liberties of others, and purging one's soul of the poison that any man, dynasty, or nation has the right to govern another against its will.

There is no peculiar British witchcraft in this lore of statesmanship, though we cannot forbear admiration of its working when we behold Boer generals, who were fighting us in the field fifteen years ago, turning Germans out of South Africa and then volunteering to serve with British armies in Europe. They had their choice and they made it, because they had had experience of German and British government; and not for their lives would they substitute one for the other. For one is dominion and the other is liberty. Even on the high seas British "dominion" has made and maintained *mare liberum*. In peace there is no discrimination, and ships of all nations frequent the waters with equal security. In war Great Britain does not sink neutral vessels nor take toll of neutral lives. She merely exercises the belligerent rights which all powers have used in turn and are expressly sanctioned by international consent. Britannia

rules the waves only in patriotic poems, and in the sense that she is stronger than any other naval power; her "dominion" consists in the free course of international law and in the exercise of rights which are common to all. In peace she claims no rights and does no acts of sovereignty; but when the peace is broken she cannot defend herself and others if she waives the rights, and refrains from the acts, of war.

The cause she conceives herself to be defending is the liberty of little nations and the freedom of British realms. The liberty of Belgium and Serbia is an issue which few can mistake; but the freedom of the British realms is a stumbling block to other than German intellects. An American, who has lived much among us, proclaims that he has great respect for the English people but none for the British Empire; and another writer in a work on "Alexander Hamilton" avers that "a democracy pretending to a sovereignty over other democracies is either a phantom or the most intolerable of all oppressions." The general truth of this aphorism we do not dispute, but it has no relevance to the British realms, which do not consist of a democracy pretending to a sovereignty over other democracies. Canada is no more ruled by Mr. Asquith than England is by Sir Robert Borden, and Britons never by any chance speak of colonists as their subjects. They are our fellow subjects, or rather, our partners in the sovereignty we exercise and enjoy. That sovereignty is not the dominion of one over other British realms any more than the sovereignty of the United States is the dominion of Connecticut over Texas. The concern is a joint-stock enterprise, and the Crown is the capital of the firm, John Bull and Co. John Bull is, indeed, the senior partner, but the other realms are partners too. Each has a call on the resources of the company, and each has behind it the reserves of the British Empire. The partnership is none the less real because it is undefined and because the partners have not written out and proclaimed to the world their articles of agreement. A written, inflexible constitution is only required when the tradition and habit of co-operation are weak; and the unity of the British realms is one of the spirit and not of the letter, a bond of blood and sympathy and not a parchment deed. Its terms are nowhere stated, but they are everywhere understood.

The war may provoke in impatient minds attempts at further definition. Some, who fail to discern the spirit except through material manifestations, are ever pressing for the crystallization of British unity in paper Acts of Union or Federation. But while the British realms are eager for co-operation, they will not tolerate uniformity, and nothing would tend more surely towards disintegration than efforts to impose a constitution. The essential features in their government have grown and not been made; and our cabinet systems and prime ministers were never created by Acts of Parliament. Even responsible government itself was not conferred by statute; it is a mere practice adopted step by step for convenience and adapted to the changing mood of circumstance; and the fundamentals of our constitutions are not their laws, but their customs. It is not by formal federation that the British realms will gather the fruits of their common sacrifice, or express the common aims to which the war has added impulse. The "councils" of the empire will continue to resemble those mediæval English "counsels" rather than the formal bodies into which they have been converted in imagination by mistranslation of the ambiguous Latin *concilia* of the chroniclers. The imperial conference may develop into the imperial cabinet; but it will not become a federal council, and like its prototypes throughout the empire it will remain unknown to the statute law of the British realms. It will become a custom of the constitution long before it becomes an Act of Parliament.

The material, and still more the moral, value of the assistance rendered by his junior partners to John Bull constitutes, however, an increase of their stake in the joint concern, and involves a corresponding increase of weight in the counsels of the empire and the world. This consideration will affect some of the details in the settlement. Australia will certainly not be content to relinquish the German colonies in the Pacific conquered by the arms of the Commonwealth, nor South Africa those subdued by the Union. From her own particular point of view Great Britain might have preferred an indemnity to any extension of territory; but regard for the peace of her partners will probably compel her to shoulder the financial burden of the war without relief from the compensation which Germany will have to pay for her sins

against Belgium and civilization. But these gains in the Pacific and in Africa will be trifling compared with the fruits of earlier victories and the colossal sacrifice of men and treasure in this war. Australia and New Zealand will have nothing material to show for the thousands of gallant lives they have lost at the Dardanelles, and Canada will have no territorial recompense for her heroic sacrifice in Flanders. If there are to be material gains in the reduction of armaments, the destruction of militarism, and the promised reign of peace, the British realms will share them on no more than equal terms with the rest of the world.

War might have paid a victorious Germany; it will not pay a triumphant British Empire, and we are content that it should not. It was not for profit that the British realms interposed. "Had we counted the cost?" asked the German Chancellor on the eve of our intervention. In a sense we had, in a sense we had not. In either case the cost was not the material point. The British realms stood in August, 1914, where Luther stood at the Diet of Worms—they could do no other than they did. They could not afford to fall short of the standard set by Belgium and her heroic king, and ignobly ignore his appeal against might. Nor, in the face of that example, are they anxious to boast of their virtue; compared with Belgium's temptation to peace and her sacrifice for the sake of her honor, their own temptations and sufferings have been slight. "Above all the nations stands humanity" is a famous legend in a great American university; and the merit of the British realms consists merely in this; they set enough store on humanity to strike a blow in its defense, and in its cause they did not hesitate to fight.

## (d) IDEALS OF ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION

### L. P. JACKS: MILITARISM AND INDUSTRIALISM (1915) [1]

### VI

LADIES and gentlemen, all the changes I have described run together into one and lead our minds in the same direction. They are driving the thoughts of the nation to the roots of things. They are forcing us to question the whole basis of our civilization. With the war before our eyes we are prepared to find that there is something *radically* wrong. We are beginning to suspect that the mischief is deep-seated. It is true that these suspicions had often been roused before this war broke out. A visit to the slums will rouse them any day. But the war has made this difference: it has brought us *all together* into a suspicious frame of mind; so that if anybody could make clear to us what the driving forces of civilization really are, the mind of the nation would at once challenge these forces to give an account of themselves and hold them under suspicion until they could prove their innocence.

Now there are two great forces which as everybody knows have been mightily at work in European history for the last hundred years. One is militarism, the other is industrialism. The mind of the nation is thinking deeply about both of them. Militarism we have always suspected: industrialism has borne a better character, though some of us have had our doubts. But recently there have been signs—and they have been especially prominent in Germany—that these two forces are much more intimately connected than once seemed possible. What have militarism and industrialism to do with one another? How are they related? the war has thrown a new light on that question and I will try to express some of our thoughts.

On a superficial view we are tempted to describe the relation of industrialism to militarism as one of antagonism. The two principles are simply opposed the one to the other. Industrialism, we think, makes for peace; militarism for war. Whence follows the simple conclusion that the destruction

[1] The conclusion of a lecture on "The Changing Mind of a Nation at War."

of militarism will leave the peace-making principle in control of civilization and fighting will be at an end.

I believe that thoughtful people are becoming more and more dissatisfied with this simple account of the matter.

To begin with, there is the fact, staring us in the face that an age which is saturated with industrialism has given birth to the bloodiest and most destructive war the world has ever seen. We have no need, at this point, to assert the disputable proposition that industrialism has caused the war. Let us content ourselves, with the indisputable proposition, that industrialism has not prevented the war.

If industrialism were essentially pacific this failure to prevent the war would be hard to understand. As the dominant interest of nations and individuals, and as making always for peace, how has it come to pass, we may well ask, that industrialism has been unable to restrain the forces which make for war, and for war on the most stupendous scale? We had flattered ourselves that commerce by multiplying and strengthening the ties between nations, would make it impossible for these to tear themselves asunder and engage in mutual destruction. The event has proved we were in error.

Reflecting more deeply on its failure to keep the peace, a suspicion gains ground that industrialism when unchecked by other forces may be a positive cause of war. By increasing the wealth, the ostentation, and the pride of the peoples, does it not serve to accentuate their rivalries, to deepen their jealousies, and to inflame their predatory passions? Is it not true that, wherever great treasure-chests exist, there will robbers be found also; and is the treasure less provocative of covetousness when gained by commerce, than when extorted from the labor of slaves or exacted by the ransom of conquered cities? Are two nations, rich and happy in the sort of happiness that comes from riches, more likely to be friends than two poor nations each possessing nothing which tempts the cupidity of the other?

For example, is not one of the chief causes of the present hostility between Germany and Great Britain to be found in the fact that both of them, as we say, "have done so well in business"? Is it of no significance that war broke out at the very time when each was "doing better than ever"? Elimi-

nate from the complex of conditions out of which the war arose, the circumstance that industry had made both these nations rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and may we not say without hesitation that war between them would not have taken place?

What answer shall we give to these questions? Shall we take refuge in the argument that industrialism shows these baleful tendencies only because it is imperfectly developed, and has not yet become truly international in character? Shall we plead for a finer articulation of the commercial tie, and for more industrialism rather than less? Will our dream of the millennium be the conversion of the whole human race into a Universal Joint Stock Company? Are we, in a word, to content ourselves with the suppression of militarism and trust the weal of the race to the working out of the industrial principle, unhampered by the interference of its military yoke-fellow?

Such answers show, I cannot help thinking, that we are legislating for mankind without reckoning with man, as we so often fail to do. They leave untouched the tap-root of war—that primitive instinct which the old legislation sought to restrain by the command "Thou shalt not covet."

Let us assume the extreme case and suppose that on the conclusion of the war the nations of Europe, convinced of their folly and wickedness, abandon every form of armament and determine for the future to spend not one farthing of the national wealth on armies or fortresses or fleets. What would follow?

The immediate result would be the liberation of an enormous amount of wealth hitherto set aside for military purposes. The greater part of this wealth would flow into industrial channels. It is fair to assume that industrialism would be the gainer annually to the extent of five hundred million sterling and of a labor force represented by twenty millions of men. This is a prospect that ought to make the mouths water of those who think that industrial wealth is the foundation of human good.

Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, the United States —to speak of no others—rich as they now are, would then grow enormously richer. The natural resources of the earth would be exploited to an extent of which the present economic

development, vast as it is, affords no measure. The mere circumstance that each nation might pursue its gains undisturbed by the risk of aggression from the others would bring a vast accession of confidence, and therefore of efficiency, to the labor and capital employed. The total population of the earth would grow by leaps and bounds. And under any fairly equitable scheme of distribution there would be enough wealth in the world to render every member of the human race well-off.

But would there be *peace?*

Long before the pleasing process we have imagined could work itself out every one of the great communities would be torn to pieces by civil wars. This, I mean, is what would assuredly happen if we suppose the economic process to go on without some fundamental change in the ethos of mankind.

The peace of nations depends only in part on the suppression of militarism. In yet larger measure it depends on the absence of disruptive tendencies in the nations themselves.

What these disruptive tendencies can do, or at least what they can threaten, was made sufficiently clear in Great Britain during the few months which preceded the outbreak of war. Nor were we alone in this danger. I need not enter into particulars, for the facts are well known. France, Germany, Austria, Russia—even the United States—were seething with discontent. I recall the remark made to me by an American statesman in 1912. Speaking of the prevalent social unrest he said, "We are on the eve of a greater crisis than that of our Civil War."

Internal disruption is the inevitable fate of every nation whose ethos, or ideal, rests upon a purely industrial creed. The larger the scope for pure industrialism and the fewer the checks which hold it in restraint, the more rapidly do the disruptive tendencies gather head and the more destructive do they become. It is not the poorest nations which reveal the maximum of social discontent. It is the richest. And the prime cause of this does not lie in the sense of inequality between individuals who have more and individuals who have less; that, no doubt, is a cause, but secondary. The root evil is, that a community which makes wealth its object, and pursues it on the terms laid down by

the economic machine, is living under conditions which satisfy nobody and against which all men are, by the higher human nature, born rebels. From this point of view success in the economic enterprise is even worse for a nation than failure. The greater the accumulation of wealth the more dissatisfied do men become with the conditions of a merely economic life. Industrial communities are always more restless when trade is good than when trade is bad, as though the rottenness of the system could only be revealed by its triumph. Seldom, however, does the restless spirit penetrate to the true cause of the trouble. Unaware that the trouble comes from the original vice of the whole enterprise on which we are engaged, we throw upon our fellow victims the blame for the common lot, thinking that because these suffer less than ourselves therefore they are responsible for our sufferings—like the emigrants in the sinking ship who in the blindness of their despair fell upon the first-class passengers and tore them to pieces.

In short, the common pursuit of wealth is not a *human* bond. It leads to the invention of schemes and machinery of every kind—material, political, and social; but, of itself, it can never lead to the vital organization of mankind. Nay rather, in spite of all that has been said of its unifying tendency, we cannot doubt that its final working is to disintegrate the community. Seekers of buried treasure invariably quarrel among themselves, for reasons which are manifest to a child. They may arrange the most equitable scheme for the division of the spoils, and seal their mutual loyalty with fearful oaths, but before the voyage is over the captain will be at the yardarm and the deck will be slippery with the blood of half the crew. Whether they sail under the Jolly Roger, or under the red ensign of industrial civilization, makes little difference. Whether the spoil be buried in a pirate's cavern or in the unexploited resources of the earth, it all comes to the same thing.

Nor must we forget that the disruptive tendencies of pure industrialism have hitherto been largely held in check by militarism itself. There can hardly be a doubt that for many years past the common fear of foreign aggression and the common need of being prepared for it have played a very considerable part, against contrary forces working from

within, in maintaining the cohesion of every one of the great States now at war. And if the question were raised, in which of the great communities of the modern world have the signs of economic disruption been most abundant, should we not have to point for answer to that country which is at once the wealthiest and the least menaced by foreign war, and where all classes have the largest share of this world's goods—the United States?

By this time we are all agreed about one thing: militarism—I mean the kind of militarism in which Germany has set the example—must go. Whether a nobler militarism may arise hereafter is a question; but of this kind we have had enough and more than enough. But let us be under no delusion as to the sequel. When militarism goes the check will be removed which has so far prevented industrialism from producing its bitterest fruits. If, therefore, the war merely yields the negative result of destroying militarism, we may lay our account with the certainty that there are yet greater troubles in store for the world.

But there is ground for hope in the very magnitude of the present calamity. Let me remind you of something I have already mentioned in another connection: I mean the way in which the lessons of the war are coming simultaneously to vast multitudes of persons. Apply that to the mind of Europe as a whole. All the nations involved in the struggle are learning the same lesson *at the same time*. All are engaged *together* in the bitter but salutary process of discovering their souls. A piecemeal repentance of the nations, following a series of partial conflicts, might effect very little; a simultaneous repentance, imposed by a world-war, may effect a great deal.

Whatever new wisdom, whatever vision of the weak spot in civilization are coming to ourselves as a result of the war, we may be very sure that the same wisdom, the same vision, are coming, in the same way, to our allies and to our enemies. Realizing this, may we not believe that beneath the fierce and bloody oppositions of the hour a profound principle of unity is at work?

## ARTHUR HENDERSON: VICTORY[1]

VICTORY is a word on the lips of many people. It is a word which the statesmen of the Allied countries and of the Central Empires alike use quite freely, but with a very restricted application. To most the meaning of victory is limited to a striking military success. There is a grave danger that the moral as well as the social implications of victory may be forgotten or ignored. Any victory, however spectacular and dramatic in a military sense it may be, which falls short of the realization of the ideals with which we entered the war, will not be a victory but a defeat. We strive for victory because we want to end war altogether, not merely to prove the superiority of British arms over those of Germany. We continue the struggle, dreadful though the cost of it has become, because we have to enforce reparation for a great wrong perpetrated upon a small unoffending nation, to liberate subject peoples and enable them to live under a form of government of their own choosing, and to destroy, not a great nation, but a militarist autocracy which had deliberately planned war without considering the interests either of their own people or of the European Commonwealth of which they were a part.

For the people of this country these are still the objects of the war. The ideals with which we entered the struggle have not been lowered. On the contrary the aims of the people, the ends for which they are prepared still to suffer and serve, obscured though they may be by the clamant imperialism of the dominant class, have become a rooted resolve. They will not suffer the war aims of this country to be transformed into a program of conquest and annexation. They will sanction only such territorial and political changes in Europe, Asia, and Africa as will make possible the creation of a society of free nations pledged to maintain peace, protected by mutual guarantees, extended to the small nations as well as great, against oppression and unfair attack from any warlike state. In seeking to attain these ends we ought not to rely entirely upon forces in the field; nor ought we to deceive ourselves by thinking that a military victory, however complete and overwhelming, will suffice to establish an

[1] Chapter IX of "The Aims of Labor" (1918).

international order in which there is no danger of future war. We desire a victory which cannot be won wholly by the armies in the field. Sufficient use has not been made of the moral, political, and diplomatic weapons which the Allies have at their disposal. There is a danger of substituting military success and the desire for territory for noble ideals and great principles. In thus subordinating the moral to the material we mock the sacrifice of our heroic dead and forget God, for which no military success can make amends. Long before the war had reached this present stage, a great moral offensive should have been launched, supplementing the military effort, with the object of bringing home to the hearts and minds of the enemy peoples the real truth about the war. Since conscience and reason do not end upon the frontiers of Central Europe, the democratic case, which the leaders of the popular movement in the Allied countries could present to the social democracy of Germany, would prove convincing enough to shorten the war materially. It would clarify the real issues of the war in every country. It is a grave fault on the part of those who direct Allied policy that they have so far neglected to use political and diplomatic as well as military methods to achieve victory.

When victory in the sense of the collapse of the military power in the Central Empires is at last achieved, we shall be confronted with the task of translating military success into its political, economic, and social equivalents in this country and every other. It will not be a democratic victory if it results merely in the restoration of the capitalistic *régime* which the war has discredited and destroyed. Victory for the people means something more than the continuance of the old system of production for the profit of a small owning class, on the basis of wage-slavery for the producing classes. The hard, cruel, competitive system of production must be replaced by a system of co-operation under which the status of the workers will be revolutionized, and in which the squalor and poverty, the economic insecurity and social miseries of the past will have no place. This is the great task before the statesmen and politicians of the future.

Then we must remember that the coming period of reconstruction, even more than the remaining period of the

war, will impose upon the leaders of all the civilized States new and searching tests of character and intellect. As we draw nearer to the end of the war we begin to see more clearly the magnitude of the problems that peace will bring. So vast, intricate, and fundamental have been the changes wrought during the last three and a half years that we are sometimes tempted to think the will and intelligence of men will be unequal to the task of dealing with them. Still more may we fear sometimes that the problems of reconstruction will be handled by men too impatient to think things through, too tired and cynical to respond to the glowing faith in a finer future for the world which now inspires the multitudes of common people who have striven so heroically and suffered so patiently during the war. For national leadership to fall into the hands of such men in the great new days upon which we shall presently enter would be a disaster almost as great as the war itself. If there could be anything worse than an empiric in control of state policy when peace comes, it would be the influence of a cynic upon the splendid enthusiasm and revolutionary ardor of democracy, newly awakened to a consciousness of its power and eager to build a better future for mankind.

The outstanding fact of world politics at the present time —and when peace comes this fact will be made still more clear—is that a great tide of revolutionary feeling is rising in every country. Everywhere the peoples are becoming conscious of power. They are beginning to sit in judgment upon their rulers. They are beginning to ask questions about the policies that have brought the world to the edge of secular ruin. In this war the people have shown themselves capable of heroic sacrifices and resolute endurance because they love liberty and desire peace. The hope that the issue of this war will be an increase of freedom, not only for themselves, but for those who have lived under the yoke of alien tyrannies, has sustained the people of this country throughout these years of war. It has caused them to pour out the blood of their best and bravest, to surrender hard-won liberties, to toil unremittingly in factory, field, and mine, to spend without stint the material wealth accumulated through years of peace and prosperity. These sacrifices will not have been made in vain if the territorial and political changes to

be made in Europe, Asia, and Africa embody the idea of public right, and establish an enduring peace between the nations that emperors, diplomatists, and capitalists will not be able to shake.

But the people will not choose to entrust their destinies at the Peace Conference to statesmen who have not perceived the moral significance of the struggle, and who are not prepared to make a people's peace. We want to replace the material force of arms by the moral force of right in the government of the world. For that great task of the immediate future we want national leaders who are not only responsive to the inspirations of democracy, but who are qualified to guide the mighty energies of democracy in the task of building up the new social order.

Never before have the people been confronted with problems of greater magnitude, international and national, economic and political, social and personal; but never have they had so good an opportunity of taking hold of these problems for themselves. The policies and programs of the orthodox parties have little relevance to the new situation. Political parties bound by tradition, saturated with class prejudice, out of touch with the living movements of thought and feeling among the people, cannot easily adapt themselves to the changed conditions, the new demands, the wider vision to which the war has given rise. The party of the future, upon which the chief tasks of reconstruction will devolve, will be the one which derives directly from the people themselves, and has been made the organ of the people's will, the voice of all the people—of both sexes and all classes—who work by hand or brain. Through such a party led by democratically chosen leaders who have proved their fidelity to principle and their faith in the people's cause, the best spirits of our time will be able to work as they have never been able to work in the orthodox parties of the past. Nothing but disunity and divided counsels in the democratic movement can wreck the promise of the future. For every man and woman who believes in democracy and who desires to see a new birth of freedom in this land there is a place in the people's movement and a well-defined work to do. Despite the vast complications of our task the duty of Christian citizenship has never been so clearly marked. In the past

the democratic effort has been weak because it has been divided. During the war we have learnt the meaning of co-operation for common ends. The lesson holds good for the politics of to-morrow.

In a wider sense than has hitherto been understood the politics of the future will be human politics, and the dominating party will be the party of the common people and of democracy. This is certain. The people will have it so, for the people are weary of wars. They have borne too long the inequalities and injustices inherent in an economic system based on competition instead of co-operation. They are coming together in a more powerfully organized movement to achieve a new freedom, and to establish on this earth, drenched with men's blood, torn with men's struggles, wet with human tears, a fairer ideal of life.

## (e) "THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD"

### WINSTON CHURCHILL: THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE WAR (July 4, 1918.)

We are, as the Chairman has stated, met here to-day in the City of Westminster to celebrate the hundred and forty-second anniversary of American Independence. We are met also, as he has reminded you, as brothers in arms, facing together grave injuries and perils, and passing through a period of exceptional anxiety and suffering. Therefore we seek to draw from the past history of our race inspiration and encouragement which will cheer our hearts and fortify and purify our resolution and our comradeship. A great harmony exists between the Declaration of Independence and all we are fighting for now. A similar harmony exists between the principles of that Declaration and what the British Empire has wished to stand for and has at last achieved, not only here at home, but in the great self-governing Dominions through the world. The Declaration of Independence is not only an American document; it follows on Magna Charta and the Petition of Right as the third of the great title deeds on which the liberties of the English-speaking race are founded. By it we lost an Empire, but by it we also pre-

served an Empire. By applying these principles and learning this lesson we have maintained unbroken communion with those powerful Commonwealths which our children have founded and have developed beyond the seas, and which, in this time of stress, have rallied spontaneously to our aid. The political conceptions embodied in the Declaration of Independence are the same as those which were consistently expressed at the time by Lord Chatham and Mr. Burke and by many others who had in turn received them from John Hampden and Algernon Sidney. They spring from the same source; they come from the same well of practical truth, and that well, ladies and gentlemen, is here, by the banks of the Thames in this famous Island, which we have guarded all these years, and which is the birthplace and the cradle of the British and the American race. It is English wisdom, it is that peculiar political sagacity and sense of practical truth, which animates the great document in the minds of all Americans to-day. Wherever men seek to frame polities or constitutions which are intended to safeguard the citizen, be he rich or be he poor, on the one hand from the shame of despotism, on the other from the misery of anarchy, which are devised to combine personal liberty with respect for law and love of country—wherever these desires are sincerely before the makers of constitutions or laws, it is to this original inspiration, this inspiration which was the product of English soil, which was the outcome of the Anglo-Saxon mind, that they will inevitably be drawn.

We therefore feel no sense of division in celebrating this anniversary. We join in perfect sincerity and in perfect simplicity with our American kith and kin in commemorating the auspicious and glorious establishment of their nationhood. We also, we British who have been so long in the struggle, also express our joy and gratitude for the mighty and timely aid which America has brought and is bringing to the Allied Cause. When I have seen during the last few weeks the splendor of American manhood striding forward on all the roads of France and Flanders, I have experienced emotions which words cannot describe. We have suffered so much in this country—and in gallant France they have suffered still more—that we can feel for others. There are few homes in Britain where you will not find an empty

chair and aching hearts, and we feel in our own sorrow a profound sympathy with those across the Atlantic whose dear ones have traveled so far to face dangers we know only too well. Not British hearts only, but Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and South African hearts [A voice: "And Indian, too"] beat in keen common sympathy with them. And Indian hearts as well. All who have come across the great expanses of the ocean to take part in this conflict feel in an especial degree a sympathy, an intense and comprehending sympathy, with the people of the United States, who have to wait through these months of anxiety for the news of battle.

The greatest actions of men or of nations are spontaneous and instinctive. They do not result from nice calculations of profit and loss, or long balancing of doubtful opinions. They happen as if they could not help happening. The heart, as the French say, has reasons which the reason does not know. I am persuaded that the finest and worthiest moment in the history of Britain was reached on that August night, now nearly four years ago, when we declared war on Germany. Little could we know where it would carry us, or what it would bring to us. Like the United States, we entered the war a peaceful nation, utterly unprepared for aggression in any form; like the United States, we entered the war without counting the cost, and without seeking any reward of any kind. The cost has been more terrible than our most sombre expectations would have led us to imagine, but the reward which is coming is beyond the fondest dreams and hopes we could have cherished.

What is the reward of Britain? What is the priceless, utterly unexpected reward that is coming to us surely and irresistibly in consequence of our unstudied and unhesitating response to the appeals of Belgium and of France? Territory, indemnities, commercial advantages—what are they? They are matters utterly subordinate to the moral issues and moral consequences of this war. Deep in the hearts of the people of this Island, deep in the hearts of those whom the Declaration of Independence styles "our British brethren," lay the desire to be truly reconciled before all men and before all history with their kindred across the Atlantic Ocean; to blot out the reproaches and redeem the blunders of a bygone

age, to dwell once more in spirit with our kith and kin, to stand once more in battle at their side, to create once more a true union of hearts, to begin once more to write a history in common. That was our heartfelt desire, but it seemed utterly unattainable—utterly unattainable, at any rate, in periods which the compass of our short lives enabled us to consider. One prophetic voice [1] predicted with accents of certitude the arrival of a day of struggle which would find England and the United States in battle side by side; but for most of us it seemed that this desire of union and of reconciliation in sentiment and in heart would not be achieved within our lifetime. But it has come to pass. It has come to pass already, and every day it is being emphasized and made more real and more lasting! However long the struggle may be, however cruel may be the sufferings we have to undergo, however complete may be the victory we shall win, however great may be our share in it, we seek no nobler reward than that. We seek no higher reward than this supreme reconciliation. That is the reward of Britain. That is the lion's share.

A million American soldiers are in Europe. They have arrived safely and in the nick of time. Side by side with their French and British comrades, they await at this moment the furious onslaught of the common foe, and that is an event which in the light of all that has led up to it, and in the light of all that must follow from it, seems—I say it frankly—to transcend the limits of purely mundane things. It is a wonderful event; it is a prodigious event; it is almost a miraculous event. It fills us, it fills me, with a sense of the deepest awe. Amid the carnage and confusion of the immense battlefield, amid all the grief and destruction which this war is causing and has still to cause, there comes over even the most secularly-minded of us a feeling that the world is being guided through all this chaos to something far better than we have ever yet enjoyed. We feel in the presence of a great design of which we only see a small portion, but which is developing and unfolding swiftly at this moment, and of which we are the honored servants and the necessary instruments in our own generation. No event, I say, since the beginning of the Christian era has been more likely to strengthen and restore faith in the moral governance of the

[1] Admiral Sims.

Universe than the arrival from the other end of the world of these mighty armies of deliverance. One has a feeling that it is not all a blind struggle; it is not all for nothing. Not too late is the effort; not in vain do heroes die.

There is one more thing I ought to say, and it is a grave thing to say. The essential purposes of this war do not admit of compromise. If we were fighting merely for territorial gains, or were engaged in a domestic, dynastic, or commercial quarrel, no doubt these would be matters to be adjusted by bargaining. But this war has become an open conflict between Christian civilization and scientific barbarism. The line is clearly drawn between the nations where the peoples own the governments and the nations where the governments own the peoples. Our struggle is between systems which faithfully endeavor to quell and quench the brutish, treacherous, predatory promptings of human nature, and a system which has deliberately fostered, organized, armed, and exploited these promptings to its own base aggrandizement. We are all erring mortals. No race, no country, no individual, has a monopoly of good or of evil, but face to face with the facts of this war, who can doubt that the struggle in which we are engaged is in reality a struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil? It is a struggle between right and wrong, and as such it is not capable of any solution which is not absolute. Germany must be beaten; Germany must know that she is beaten; Germany must feel that she is beaten. Her defeat must be expressed in terms and facts which will, for all time, deter others from emulating her crime, and will safeguard us against their repetition.

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, the German people have at any rate this assurance: that we claim for ourselves no natural or fundamental right that we shall not be obliged and even willing in all circumstances to secure for them. We cannot treat them as they have treated Alsace-Lorraine or Belgium or Russia, or as they would treat us all if they had the power. We cannot do it, for we are bound by the principles for which we are fighting. We must adhere to those principles. They will arm our fighting strength, and they alone will enable us to use with wisdom and with justice the victory which we shall gain. Whatever the extent of our victory, these principles will protect the German people.

The Declaration of Independence and all that it implies must cover them. When all those weapons in which German militarists have put their trust have broken in their hands, when all the preparations on which they have lavished the energies and the schemes of fifty years have failed them, the German people will find themselves protected by those simple elemental principles of right and freedom against which they will have warred so long in vain. So let us celebrate to-day not only the Declaration of Independence, but let us proclaim the true comradeship of Britain and America and their determination to stand together until the work is done, in all perils, in all difficulties, at all costs, wherever the war may lead us, right to the very end. No compromise on the main purpose; no peace till victory; no pact with unrepentant wrong—that is the Declaration of July 4th, 1918; that is the Declaration which I invite you to make in common with me, and, to quote the words which are on every American's lips to-day, "for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

## VISCOUNT GREY: THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS (May, 1918.)

There are projects that exist in a shadowy form in an atmosphere of tepid idealism, admired by those who see that if possible they would be desirable. From time to time an attempt is made to embody them in material form and make them of practical use in national or international politics. It is then discovered that what appeared as an ideal to be wholly desirable and amiable cannot be of practical use, unless we are ready to subject ourselves to some limitations or discipline that may be inconvenient, and unless we are prepared to overcome some difficulties that were not at first sight apparent. The ideal is found to have in fact a stern and disagreeable as well as an easy and amiable side to it. Thereupon a storm beats against it; those who never thought it desirable—for there are intellects to which most ideals seem dangerous and temperaments to which they are offensive—and who had previously treated it only

with contempt in the abstract, offer the fiercest opposition to it as a practical proposal: many of its supporters are paralyzed by the difficult aspects of it, which they had not previously considered, and the project recedes again into the region of shadows or abstract resolutions.

This, or something like this, has hitherto been the history of the ideal that has now become associated with the phrase "A League of Nations"; but it does not follow that the history of this or of other ideals will be the same after the war as before it. There is more at stake in this war than the existence of individual States or Empires, or the fate of a Continent; the whole of modern civilization is at stake, and whether it will perish and be submerged, as has happened to previous civilizations of older types, or whether it will live and progress, depends upon whether the nations engaged in this war, and even those that are onlookers, learn the lessons that the experience of the war may teach them. It must be with nations as with individuals; in the great trials of life they must become better or worse—they cannot stand still. They must learn and profit by experience and rise to greater heights, or else sink lower and drop eventually into the abyss. And this war is the greatest trial of which there is any record in history. If the war does not teach mankind new lessons that will so dominate the thought and feeling of those who survive it, and those who succeed the survivors, as to make new things possible, then the war will be the greatest catastrophe as well as the most grievous trial and suffering of which mankind has any record.

Therefore it does not follow that a League of Nations to secure the peace of the world will remain impossible because it has not been possible hitherto, and I propose in this paper to consider shortly, to state rather than to examine (for it would take a long time to examine thoroughly), the conditions that have not been present before and that are present now, or may soon be present, and that are essential if the League of Nations is to become effective. These conditions appear to me to be as follows:

1. The idea must be adopted with earnestness and conviction by the Executive Heads of States. It must become an essential part of their practical policy, one of their chief reasons for being or continuing to be responsible for the

policy of their States. They must not adopt it only to render lip service to other persons, whom it is inconvenient or ungracious to displease. They must lead, and not follow; they must compel if necessary, and not be compelled.

This condition was not present before the war; to what extent is it present now? It is not possible to answer this question fully, but it can be answered certainly and affirmatively as regards President Wilson, the Executive Head of the United States, and this alone is sufficient to give new life and purpose to the idea of a League of Nations. President Wilson and his country have had in this matter the great advantage of having been for more than two years and a half, before April, 1917, able to observe the war as neutrals, free from the intense anxiety and effort that absorb all the thought and energy of belligerents. They were able not only to observe, but to reflect and to draw conclusions. One of the conclusions has been that, if the world of which they form an important part is to be saved from what they consider disaster, they must enter the war against Germany; another has been that, if national liberty and peace are to be secure in future, there must be a League of Nations to secure them. It must not be supposed from this that the Governments of the Allies are less ready to draw, or have not already drawn, the same conclusion from the experience of the war; but their countries have been at war all the time. They have been fighting, it is true, for the same ideal of national and human liberty as the United States, but fighting also for the immediate preservation of national existence in Europe, and all their thought and energy have been concentrated upon resistance to imminent peril. Nevertheless, in this country at any rate, the project of a League of Nations has met with widespread and cordial acceptance. On the other hand, the military party in Germany are, and must remain, opposed to it; they resent any limitation upon the use of force by Germany as fatal to German interests, for they can conceive no development, and even no security, except one based solely upon force. Any other conception is fatal, and this exclusive conception is essential to the maintenance of the power of the military party in Germany. As long, therefore, as this rule in Germany continues, Germany will oppose a League of Nations. Nothing will change this except a con-

viction in the German people that the use of force causes at least as much suffering to themselves as to others, and that security based upon law and treaty and a sense of mutual advantage is better than the risks, dangers, and sufferings of a will to supreme power and efforts to obtain it; and this conviction must so work upon them as to displace the military party and their policy and ideals from power in Germany.

The situation, therefore, of this first condition essential to make the League of Nations practical may be summed up as follows: It is present certainly as regards the Executive Head of the United States, which is potentially the strongest and actually the least exhausted of all the belligerent States: it either is or will at the end of the war be found to be present as regards the Governments of other countries fighting on the same side as the United States. Even among their enemies Austria has publicly shown a disposition to accept the proposal, and probably welcomes it genuinely though secretly as a safeguard for her future, not only against old enemies, but against Prussian domination.

All small States, belligerent or neutral, must naturally desire in their own interest everything that will safeguard small States as well as great from aggression and war.

There remains the opposition of Germany, where recent military success and the ascendancy of Prussian militarism have reduced the advocates of anything but force to silence. Germany has to be convinced that force does not pay, that the aims and policy of her military rulers inflict intolerable and also unnecessary suffering upon her; and that when the world is free from the menace of these military rulers, with their sharp swords, shining armor, and mailed fists, Germany will find peaceful development assured and preferable to expansion by war, and will realize that the condition of true security for one nation is a sense of security on the part of all nations. Till Germany feels this to be true, there can be no League of Nations in the sense intended by President Wilson. A League such as he desires must include Germany, and should include no nation that is not thoroughly convinced of the advantage and necessity of such a League, and is therefore not prepared to make the efforts, and, if need be, the sacrifices necessary to maintain it.

2. The second condition essential to the foundation and maintenance of a League of Nations is that the Governments and Peoples of the States willing to found it understand clearly that it will impose some limitation upon the national action of each, and may entail some inconvenient obligation. The smaller and weaker nations will have rights that must be respected and upheld by the League. The stronger nations must forgo the right to make their interests prevail against the weaker by force: and all the States must forgo the right in any dispute to resort to force before other methods of settlement by conference, conciliation, or, if need be, arbitration, have been tried. This is the limitation.

The obligation is that if any nation will not observe this limitation upon its national action; if it breaks the agreement which is the basis of the League, rejects all peaceful methods of settlement and resorts to force, the other nations must one and all use their combined force against it. The economic pressure that such a League could use would in itself be very powerful, and the action of some of the smaller States composing the League could perhaps not go beyond economic pressure, but those States that have power must be ready to use all the force, economic, military, or naval, that they possess. It must be clearly understood and accepted that defection from or violation of the agreement by one or more States does not absolve all or any of the others from the obligation to enforce the agreement.

Anything less than this is of no value. How worthless it may be can be seen by reading the debate in the House of Lords in 1867 upon the Treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Luxemburg. It was there explained that we entered only into a collective guarantee; by this it was apparently meant that if any one of the guaranteeing Powers violated the neutrality of Luxemburg, or even if any one of them declined to take active steps to defend it, Great Britain and the other guarantors were thereby absolved from taking any action whatever. This was contrasted at the time with the Belgian Treaty, which entailed a separate guarantee.

Hitherto the Nations of the world have made reserves in Arbitration or Conciliation agreements, showing that they were not prepared to accept the limitations upon national action that are essential to secure an effective League of

Nations. An exception is the Conciliation Treaty between Great Britain and the United States negotiated before the war, but the statement made above is generally true.

The Nations have also carefully abstained from undertaking any obligation to use force to uphold the benevolent rules and agreements of general application that have been recorded at Hague Conferences; such obligation has been confined to local objects like the Neutrality of Belgium or to alliances between particular Powers made to protect or serve their special interests.

Are the Nations of the world prepared now, or will they be ready after this war, to look steadily and clearly at this aspect of the League of Nations, at the limitations and obligations that it will impose, and to say whole-hearted and convinced as they have never been before, "We will accept and undertake them"?

Individuals in civilized States have long ago accepted an analogous limitation and obligation as regards disputes between individuals; these are settled by law, and any individual who, instead of appealing to law, resorts to force to give effect to what he considers his rights, finds himself at once opposed and restrained by the force of the State—that is, in democratic countries, by the combined force of the other individuals. And we not only accept this arrangement, but uphold it as essential to prevent oppression of one by another, to secure each person in a quiet life, and to guarantee to each the greatest liberty that is consistent with the equal liberty of neighbors. That at any rate is part of the theory and object of democratic government, and if it is not perfectly attained most of the proposals for improving it look rather to increased than to diminished State control.

But in less civilized parts of the world individuals have not reached the point of view from which this order of things seems desirable. There is a story of a native chief in Africa, who protested to a British official against having to pay any taxes. The British official explained, no doubt in the best modern manner, that these taxes were used to keep order in the country, with the result that men and women and the flocks and herds and possessions of every tribe were safe, and each could live in its own territory without fear or disturbance, and that the payment of taxes was for the good of

all. The effect of this explanation was to make the chief very angry. Before the British came, he said, he could raid a neighbor, return with captives and captures of all sorts and be received in triumph by the women and the rest of his tribe when he returned. The need for protecting his own tribe from similar raids he was willing to undertake himself. "Now," he said, "you come here and tell me that I ought to like to pay taxes to be prevented from doing this, and that makes me mad."

The analogy between States and individuals or groups of individuals is not perfect, but there is sufficient analogy to make it not quite irrelevant to ask, whether after this war the view held by great States of the relations desirable between themselves will be that of the African chief or that of individuals in what we call civilized Nations. Nothing but experience convinced individuals that law was better than anarchy to settle the relations between themselves. And the sanction that maintains law is the application of force with the support of the great majority of individuals behind it. Is it possible that the experience of this war will produce a settled opinion of the same sort to regulate the relations of States with each other and safeguard the world from war, which is in fact anarchy?

What does the experience of this war amount to? Our minds cannot grasp it all. Thought is crushed by the accumulated suffering that the war has caused and is still causing. We cannot utter all that we feel, and if it were not that our feelings are in a way stunned by the very violence of the catastrophe, as physical nerves are to some extent numbed by great blows, the human heart could not bear up and live under the trial of this war. Great must be the effect of all this: greater after even than during the war on the working of men's minds, and on human nature itself; but this is not what I intend to urge here. I will urge only one point and one that is for the head rather than the heart.

We are now in the fourth year of the war: the application of scientific knowledge and the inventions of science during the war have made it more and more terrible and destructive each year. The Germans have abrogated all previously accepted rules of warfare. The use of poisonous gas, the firing from the sea upon open undefended towns, the in-

discriminate bombing of big cities from the air were all introduced into the war by Germany. It was long before the Allies adopted any of these practices even as reprisals; but the Germans have forced a ruthless and unlimited application of scientific discovery to the destruction of human life, combatant and noncombatant. They have shown the world that now and henceforth war means this and nothing less than this. If there is to be another war in twenty or thirty years' time, what will it be like? If there is to be concentrated preparation for more war, the researches of science will be devoted henceforth to discovering methods by which the human race can be destroyed. These discoveries cannot be confined to one nation and their object of wholesale destruction will be much more completely achieved hereafter even than in this war. The Germans are not blind to this, but as far as I can see their rulers propose to avoid future wars by establishing the domination of Germany for ever. Peace can never be secured by the domination of one country securing its power and prosperity by the submission and disadvantage of others, and the German idea of a world peace secured by the power of German militarism is impracticable as well as unfair and abhorrent to other Nations. It is as intolerable and impossible in the world as despotism would be here or in the United States. In opposition to this idea of Germany, the Allies should set forth, as President Wilson has already set forth, the idea of a peace secured by mutual regard between States for the rights of each and a determination to stamp out any attempt at war, as they would a plague that threatened the destruction of all.

When those who accept this idea and this sort of peace can in word and deed speak for Germany, we shall be within sight of a good peace.

The establishment and maintenance of a League of Nations, such as President Wilson has advocated, is more important and essential to a secure peace than any of the actual terms of peace that may conclude the war: it will transcend them all. The best of them will be worth little, unless the future relations of States are to be on a basis that will prevent a recurrence of militarism in any State.

"Learn by experience or suffer" is the rule of life. We have all of us seen individuals becoming more and more a misery

to themselves and others, because they cannot understand or will not accept this rule. Is it not applicable to Nations as well? And if so, have not Nations come to a great crisis in which for them the rule "Learn or perish" will prove inexorable? All must learn the lesson of this war. The United States and the Allies cannot save the world from militarism unless Germany learns the lesson thoroughly and completely; and they will not save the world, or even themselves, by complete victory over Germany until they too have learnt and can apply the lesson that militarism has become the deadly enemy of mankind.

# V. ITALY

THE shabby political compromises forced upon Italy between 1870 and 1914 by external pressure and internal vested interests served to disguise the constant aspiration of the people after freedom and unfettered nationality. In the Address to the Italians, produced at the close of his long career, Mazzini (1805–1872) packed the ripest fruit of that democratic idealism which in 1848 had made Italy the leader in the cause of Continental liberty. Few things have been written which focus more wisdom upon two subjects of paramount present-day importance: the brotherhood of nations and the proper mean between autocracy and bolshevism.

The particular obstacle to Italian freedom, both in internal and in international affairs, has been Austria. Mr. Roselli pictures with special reference to what was till lately "Italia Irredenta" the character of the tyranny which in Mazzini's time afflicted also Milan, Brescia, and Venice.

## (a) DEMOCRATIC ASPIRATIONS

### GIUSEPPE MAZZINI: TO THE ITALIANS (1871)

WE believe that to make politics an *art*, and sever them from morality, as the royal statesmen and diplomatists desired, is a sin before God and destructive to the peoples. The *end* of politics is the application of the moral Law to the civil constitution of a Nation in its double activity, domestic and foreign. The *end* of economics is the application of the same Law to the organization of Labor in its double aspect, production and distribution. All that *makes* for that *end* is Good and must be promoted; all that contradicts it or gives it no help must be opposed till it succumb. People and Government must proceed united, like thought and action

in individuals, towards the accomplishment of that mission. And what is true for one Nation is true as between Nations. Nations are the individuals of Humanity. The internal national organization is the instrument with which the Nation accomplishes its mission in the world. Nationalities are sacred, and providentially constituted to represent, within Humanity, the division or distribution of labor for the advantage of the peoples, as the division and distribution of labor within the limits of the state should be organized for the greatest benefit of all the citizens. If they do not look to that *end* they are useless and fall. If they persist in evil, which is egotism, they perish: nor do they rise again unless they make Atonement and return to Good.

But to staunch the two sources of our worst wounds—the dissension between the Government and the governed, and the selfishness that dominates individuals,—we must constitute a Government that represents the mind, the tendencies, the duties of the Nation, and we must determine the National ideal, the origin and standard of our duties. The former is a problem of form to be solved, in any practical way, by the initiative of the whole country; the latter must be solved by the delegates of the nation, who shall make a NATIONAL CONTRACT, and found a system of national and compulsory Public Education, which the Contract shall determine.

For both, the preliminary and essential question, is to recognize and proclaim where the Sovereignty resides.

Two schools, both foreign, both founded on that dismemberment of the unity of human nature to which we have drawn attention, now hold the field, and solve in their several ways the philosophico-religious, political, and economic questions that are exciting interest in Europe.

The first places sovereignty in the *individual*, in the *Ego*. With no conception of Law, and hence none of collective duty, it finds, wherever it turns, a partial, temporary expression of life, the doctrine of *Rights* supreme, inviolable; it bases all organization on this latter doctrine. The spontaneous action of the individual, whether it leads to a power that is only *de facto*, or whether it instinctively reaches a standard of justice and truth, always bears, in its eyes, the mark of a *Sovereignty*. According to the disciples of this

school, self-interest, or if that be insufficient, the action of the preponderant force, is sufficient to prevent the inevitable conflicts among all these petty local *sovereignties* from degenerating into civil war. This school leads, in Religion, to *protestantism* with the more timid, who stop halfway; to *materialism* with those whose logic is more thorough. In politics it leads to *federalism*, to the almost absolute independence of local interests, to absolute liberty of education, to systematic distrust of all governmental control, and in international life to *non-intervention*. In economics it leads to *unlimited* competition, to the recognition of every acquired right without considering whether it is fatal to the progress of the majority, to the unrestricted doctrine of *laissez faire*. It accepts liberty alone among human faculties as the basis of civil society. The State is regarded as merely an aggregation of *individuals*, without any common *ideal* except the satisfaction of personal *interests;* the Nation as an aggregation of Communes, all sovereign and arbiters of their own development; and Government as a necessary evil, to be limited as much as possible, and confined to the exercise of a coercive force in cases of mutual robbery or slaughter.

The other School is opposed to the first on every point. It places sovereignty exclusively in the *collective* will, in the "We," and inevitably concentrates it slowly in the hands of a few, if not of a single man. The State is everything: the individual practically nothing. The social ideal is absolutely binding, and must be accepted by him. The Nation absorbs all independent local life in a strong centralized government. The ideal that directs the Nation is supposed, theoretically, to be founded on the *good;* practically it is neither confirmed, nor elaborated, nor modified by the intervention of the free examination or consent of the citizens. According to their system, the best are, and ought to be, called to apply it, but not by the people; they, the majority at least, have no part in the choice of the few who are already declared to be the most capable of the nation. *Association* is predetermined and ordained; but by authority and on a uniform and fixed plan. The instruments of Labor and Production are one by one handed over to the State. The conditions of distribution are decided by authority. This school leads, in religion, to *Catholicism* with the timid; to *Pantheism* with the strong-minded.

In politics it leads to despotism, whether of one, or a few, or many, is immaterial. In economics it leads to the search—the probably fruitless search—for a limited degree of material prosperity, at the cost of all possibility of progress or of increased production, at the cost of every stimulus to the growth of activity, the inventiveness, the initiative of the individuals. Just as Liberty is everything to the former School, so is Authority to this.

We reject those two Schools, which, under whatever name they appear, only continue the *dualism* of the doctrine which we declare dead. The republican form of government, as we understand it, places the center of movement in a higher sphere, in which the two much-abused terms, Liberty and Authority, shall not conflict, but harmonize with one another.

The problem that is agitating the world is not the rejection of authority, for without authority moral anarchy, and therefore sooner or later material anarchy, are inevitable. It is the rejection of all lifeless authority which is founded on the mere fact of its existence in the past, or on privileges of birth, riches, or aught else, and maintained without the free discussion and assent of the citizens, and closed to all progress in the future. It is not the rejection of liberty, whose absence makes tyranny inevitable. It is the restoration of the idea contained in that word to its true meaning—*the power to choose, according to our tendencies, capacity, and circumstances, the means to be employed to reach the end.* It is the rejection of that liberty which is an *end* to itself, and which abandons society and the mission of humanity to the caprice of the impulses and passions of individuals. *Authority* and *Liberty*, conceived as we state them, are equally sacred to us, and should be reconciled in every question awaiting settlement. *All things in Liberty and for Association;* this is the republican formula. Liberty and Association, Conscience and Tradition, Individual and Nation, the "*I*" and the "*We*" are inseparable elements of human nature, all of them essential to its orderly development. Only in order to co-ordinate them and direct them to a purpose, some point of union is required which is *superior* to all. Hence practical necessity leads us inevitably back to the high principles that we enunciated in theory in an earlier part of our work.

Sovereignty exists neither in the "*I*" nor the "*We*"; it exists in God, the source of Life; in the PROGRESS that defines life; in the Moral Law that defines Duty.

In other terms, Sovereignty is in the IDEAL. We are called to do its work.

The knowledge of the *ideal* is given to us—so far as it is understood by the age in which we live—by our intelligence when it is inspired by the love of Good, and proceeds from the Tradition of Humanity to question its own *conscience*, and reconciles these two sole criteria of Truth.

But the knowledge of the *ideal* needs an *interpreter* who may forthwith indicate the means that may best attain to it, and direct its application to the various branches of activity. And as this *interpreter* must embrace within itself the "*I*" and the "*We*," Authority and Liberty, State and Individual; and as, moreover, it must be *progressive*, it cannot be a man or any order of men selected by chance, or by the prerogative of a privilege unprogressive by its very nature, or birth, or riches, or aught else. Given the principles contained in the contract of faith and brotherhood, this interpreter can only be the People, the Nation.

## (b) THE CASE AGAINST AUSTRIA

### BRUNO ROSELLI: ITALY'S UNREDEEMED CHILDREN
(April, 1917.)

THE first *irredento*, or unredeemed Italian, with whom I ever came in contact was old Professor Dante Maccher, who taught me physics in college. He was a hopeless teacher, and my scientific debt of gratitude to him is meager indeed. But if I am a good marksman—and it looks as if that would soon turn out to be a useful accomplishment—I owe it to him; because he loved target-shooting much more than the teaching of science, and it was notorious that any student who could not understand physics was sure of an excellent grade if he only knew how to shoot well. The professor made no secret of this criterion; and during the exciting days of an intercollegiate rifle-shooting contest, he would stand by us as we were putting the cartridge-carrier into the magazine,

and say: "Remember that all your knowledge of ballistics will not be worth a *soldo* if you can't drive those six bullets home!"

We used to laugh at this example of senile belligerency; now we laugh no more. You may remember that all England used to laugh in much the same spirit at another old man, whose name was Lord Roberts; and she also has since learned not to laugh. Professor Maccher is now seventy-two, and a lieutenant of Italian engineers at the front. I have no doubt that Italy need not regret having added his name to the glorious list of those veterans—*irredenti* or nationalists—whose enthusiasm was such that they simply could not be left at home because of old age, and are actually sharing with their younger brothers the dangers and discomforts of Alpine warfare.

From that time until recently, I have never had a chance to make a first-hand study of those elusive brothers of ours whom we fondly call *irredenti*. And this for various reasons: in their own lands, because they justly suspect a government spy or *agent provocateur* in any expansive stranger; in Italy, because—with the exception of political refugees—we used to see very few such people, since Austria discouraged their trips to the Motherland to the extent of frequently closing her frontiers forever to a Trentino or Triestino who went into Italy to study art or to complete his education; and in America, because, contrary to the usual custom of Italians there, I have always made it a point to cultivate primarily, if not exclusively, the society of Americans. But ever since my last arrival in Italy I have seen so many of these war refugees as to make me wonder whether the statistics giving as barely one million the total Italian population of Austria-Hungary were not below, instead of above, the reality. Here at Vallombrosa the hotel lobbies, and the woods dear to John Milton, echo with the soft accents of that Venetian dialect which would seem to have been created merely to express joy; and groups of grave women and children walk between the rows of centennial firs like a funeral procession advancing through the nave of an ancient cathedral. They are the *irredenti*—the homeless, long-suffering, wandering, voluntary exiles of the Italian provinces of Austria.

Painfully panting, the funicular train which has climbed from sea level to three thousand feet pulls into the station. The conductor shouts "Viva!" and throws a bundle of newspapers to the several hundred people who have gathered around, having come from all over the mountain for the printed confirmation of an eagerly awaited piece of war news, received a few hours ago by telephone. Scores of people struggle to seize the precious sheets; and some, emerging with shreds of newspapers in their hands, read breathlessly the fateful words of the official war bulletin, in which General Cadorna, the most laconic of Italians, describes in six words the crowning achievement of fourteen months of warfare: "To-day our troops have entered Gorizia."

There is general shouting of *ooohs* and *aaahs*, the cheaper and equally noisy Italian substitute for fire-crackers; then the crowd returns to hotels and cottages, all talking at once. Everywhere in our hotel there is an infernal din—everywhere but in the dimly lighted music-room, where the *irredenti* have gathered around an old gentleman who, with pure Venetian accent, reads slowly and with evident emotion the bulletin and the brief official comments. His listeners must be about twenty-five in number; only one man among them; the rest women, holding close to themselves their attentive children of various ages, as a mother (woman or animal) will always do in grave moments. When the old man finishes in a whisper, there is no outward expression whatever of any feeling: no comment, no exclamation, no sigh. One lady weeps slowly. The children stare at the paper, with open mouths and blank expressions; all except one, who has caught up his own sailor hat, and is looking with wonder at the name "Gorizia" printed upon it in golden letters. Finally the biggest of the children, who is about thirteen, breaks the silence by asking aloud what the adult members of the group are all asking in their secret hearts: "And now, where will they go next?" His mother answers the question with a kiss.

These *irredenti* are not all from the same city, or even province: Trento, Riva, Fiume, Trieste, Zara, are represented here. Some of them are from noble families, and some from the merchant class. Two of the ladies use only the old Venetian dialect, and have considerable difficulty in understand-

ing pure Italian. Six at least are Jews. Yet the great news has brought them all with one accord to this quiet corner of the hotel, where they can gather in church-like seclusion and meditation, and be away from the boisterous rejoicing of those who look upon the taking of Gorizia as they would look upon the taking of a foreign city, without realizing what horrors are involved in the *re-taking by force of a city friendly to the invader.*

Yes, what city will be the next? Where will it happen next that people of Italian blood and leanings, compelled to remain in a town as a protection against the enemy's bombardment, will be killed by the shells of the army of liberation? What city will next suffer the insults, the looting, the outrages of the Austrian army which defends it, and which is well aware that every person in town is an unarmed enemy? Where next will the Austrians, before evacuating the city, dig well-concealed holes in the streets, in order that an Italian platoon may be precipitated upon bayonets set point up at the bottom of the trap? Where next will they place, behind half-closed doors, contact bombs ready to explode when the Italian soldiers appointed to search the houses open such doors? Where next will they loosen the supports of balconies so that anyone stepping forth to put out an Italian flag may fall into the street? What city will first be emptied of its remaining complement of growing boys and then set ablaze as soon as the military have evacuated it? Will it be Trento? The old man who is the center of the group built its light and power plant, its street railway, most of its modern factories. Will it be Riva? That young married woman with untimely white hair has her husband there, a professor of mathematics in the high school, who did not succeed in following his wife across the border. Will it be Trieste? That lady in deep mourning has there a splendid collection of old masters, which she did not dare sell before escaping, lest people should suspect the fact that she and her two sons of military age were about to run away into Italy, to give their services to hospital and field work.

If you should ask these people whether they want their cities to be joined to the Motherland, they would all answer with a most emphatic and sincere "yes." But could you blame them if, when they heard that the Italian tricolor had

been hoisted upon the smoking ruins of Gorizia, they cherished in their hearts—without even daring to formulate it specifically—the hope that their own particular city would *not* be the next?

The long conversations which I have held with these refugees, and the constant scrutiny to which I have subjected them, leave me entirely satisfied as to the *Italianità* of the unredeemed, from no matter what province. I mean that their natures are Italian pure and unalloyed, and that their political leanings are genuinely, spontaneously, in favor of an uncompromising union with Italy. Mark you that their union with Austria was a complex affair, which gave some of their lands an outward look of political autonomy. Thus the Austrian Emperor was not officially the Emperor, but merely the "Signore" of Trieste; the inland post and telegraph tariff of the Italian provinces of Austria applied also to letters and telegrams addressed to certain parts of Italy; boys from the coastal districts, when of military age, were not incorporated into the regular Austrian army, but into special regiments of the national guard doing military duty only in their home cities. Yet I know that these ancient privileges and charters will be gladly torn up at the feet of United Italy, and that the descendants of a people whose bishops buried their flags under the main altars of the cathedrals when Napoleon sold their unwilling lands to Austria in 1797, are asking for no better lot than pure and simple incorporation into the Kingdom of Italy.

One of the unredeemed ladies is being "paged." The waiter brings her a telegram, which she opens with ill-concealed emotion. "The scoundrels!" she cries out. Then, reading aloud: "Just notified through Switzerland all your property confiscated, your children condemned as deserters and traitors to death by hanging if caught. Accusations seem to have been proved by secret agent named Decarlo."

"The train inspector!" "The *protégé* of our patriotic societies!" "The man who brought us the Italian news!"—From these exclamations it is evident that half the *irredenti* know him; the others are anxious to hear. The dispossessed lady explains, white-hot with rage:

"You Trentini and Dalmatians can't know this hyena who thirsts for the blood of my children; but there is no real

Italian from Trieste or any nearby place who does not know that dog, son of a dog—may the most glorious Saint Mark curse him! He was a *regnicolo*,[1] who came to us with a long story of persecution at the hands of his fellow townsmen from Apulia, who believed that he had the evil eye. We don't believe in the evil eye in Trieste; and when we found that he knew so many things which we had not been permitted to know about recent Italian history and politics, we opened our homes to him and flocked to hear him talk. He was soon admitted to all our athletic, choral, literary, and charitable clubs: and you know what that means in our city. He obtained all our passwords and all our secrets. Why, before leaving Trieste I even took the rascal to our family vault in the cemetery, and showed him the special empty tomb in which he was to hide (as so many Triestini afterwards did) and wait for the Italians, in case he could not escape."

The lady sobbed, then bit her lip and continued:

"We secured for him the delicate position of train inspector on the Südbahn express from Venice to Trieste. He was to bring us the news of Italy's gradual progress on the path leading to war. He must have made twenty thousand *corone* between the time when Austria went to war and the time when Italy joined the Allies. He would bring from Italy piles of the "Corriere della Sera" and other forbidden publications, carefully concealed beneath the woodwork of the floor of a car. Each paper—or rather each reading without the privilege of keeping the sheet—cost three, four, finally five *corone* as the man's supposed risk grew. Each reading was to last half an hour at most, after which we were to give the paper to certain pseudo-pedlars who turned it over to somebody else. In addition, we had to pay large amounts of hush money: he had been found out, he would be hanged unless he gave huge sums to people higher up. And to think that all along he was probably selling our names and secrets to the police! He loved my two Titians: now they are probably his. And how well I can remember his remark that every time he saw the broad stretch of the beautiful city

[1] Word made by the Italians of Austria, from the word *regno* (kingdom); literally, one from a kingdom; actually, an Italian from the Kingdom of Italy, as opposed to *irredento*, an Italian from Austria.

from our dining-room window, he wished he could do as Nero did, when he set Rome afire in order to see a devastation of unequalled grandeur! O my poor city, he will have his wish, and we shall never see you again!"

I wanted to go to the disconsolate lady, and say to her: "Why not try and forget your native city? You *irredenti* need not suffer so much. Why should a Trentino return to Trento, or a Triestino to Trieste, when the war is over, since nothing would await him there but horrible sights, smoking ruins, and the remembrance of days of uninterrupted sorrow? Why not begin life anew somewhere else—why not found somewhere else other cities by the same names, which may reproduce the appearance and the atmosphere of their namesakes, yet correct their most undesirable features?"

But I saw that all my reasoning would be of no avail. That scheme seems plausible enough on paper; but it can never become a reality. Even if the new city were an improvement on the old—who would care? It sounds like a paradox, but an Italian loves his city precisely because it is *not* what he would like it to be: any mother feels very much that way about her own child. An Italian city is not merely an assemblage of buildings warmed and hallowed by human life. It consists of structures laid by Pelasgians, beautified by Romans, destroyed by Huns, rebuilt by free republicans of the mediæval communes, blood-stained by Renaissance tyrants, gilded over by the baroque civilization, turned into stables by Napoleon's cavalry and into power plants by our industrial age. Mythology, history, art, religion, poetry, spread over it protecting wings which no explosive shell can damage or put to flight. Pestilence, earthquake, fire, famine, war, are but pages in its undying history; just as dams, embankments, artificial lakes, irrigation canals, and man-made waterfalls are but later chapters in the history of a river whose flow human beings can curb and divert, but not stop. Avezzano is being rebuilt almost exactly on the ruins created by last year's earthquake; and the new Messina rises only a few hundred yards from the houses whose collapse killed almost 100,000 of her inhabitants. A similar fate of destruction and of resurrection on the same spot, hallowed by suffering, awaits the unredeemed cities.

Before the marble tomb containing Dante's remains at

Ravenna, there was hung several years ago a golden lamp, which burns day and night. It was the gift of Trento, Trieste, Gorizia, Pola, and Zara,—the most violently Italian, perhaps, of all unredeemed cities; and it bears five massive figures of chained women, symbolizing the donors of this pledge of undying faith in the leadership of the divine poet. Yet each of these five cities, united in the abhorrence of the Austrian yoke, has a different racial, cultural, and even political problem to meet. The Austrian government, most astute in applying the rule of the *divide et impera* to its motley empire, so skilfully laid its plans that by a slow and steady process of denationalization it made great progress in its programme of strangling, without producing an open struggle, the Italianism of its Italian provinces.

At the present time, the unredeemed provinces are divided into two separate zones by that portion of the Kingdom of Italy which is known as the Veneto. To its left is the Trentino, a deep wedge with its base at the Alps and its apex in the North Italian plain; to its right are Istria and Dalmatia. If the farmers and mountaineers of the former zone, and the seafaring and commercial populations of the latter, had been able to come in touch with each other by means of common cultural organizations and of an Italian university, a university using only the Italian language, the results would have made Austria tremble. Therefore it was decided that the Trentino should be a satellite of Germany, and the Adriatic territory a satellite of that Near East towards which the Teutons have been pressing since the day when the "Drang-nach-Osten" cry was first uttered. German farmers were made to settle in the Trentino; many large German hotels were built there, extensively advertised in Berlin and Vienna, and patronized exclusively by Teutons; the Tiroler Volksbund, the German and Austrian Schul-Vereins, the Alldeutscher Volksbund, dotted the country with free German schools and daily papers in German, and even gave substantial financial help to all impecunious Germans in the region. Furthermore, an iniquitous protective tariff practically closed the Italian markets to all produce of the Trentino, and directed its course northward, making Germans the only customers.

A different fate befell the Adriatic lands. In those regions,

where the Venetian Republic had left upon populations already Italian an unmistakable imprint evident in every detail of custom, speech, and architecture, the cities are still thoroughly Italian. But in the surrounding country, only the moneyed and cultured classes are Italian: the peasants are Slavs, who, however, owing to their inferior civilization, spoke, up to a few years ago, the Italian language and adopted the Italian customs. Austria, realizing that any attempt to introduce Germans there would fail, inaugurated the policy of striking the nationalist chord in the Slav peasantry, explaining to them that they were the equals of the Italians, and encouraging their languages and other forms of racial expression. When that was done, from the interior of the country, from beyond the Julian and Dalmatian Alps, Austria brought to the Italian cities large numbers of Slav laborers, providing them with free transportation and with steady employment. The Italians did not immediately realize the extent of the danger, since those new workmen, who had been herded into suburban colonies, created an economic but not a political problem in the cities. But Austria had been far-seeing: no sooner had the Slav newcomers become permanent settlers, than the governors of the coastal districts formed "greater cities" by enlarging the boundaries of the various towns so as to include the Slav suburbs. Then religion was made to play an underground political rôle by means of corrupt priests, who were induced to represent Italy as a nation of atheists. Under all these influences, the municipal elections in a number of cities soon brought to power only a minority of the Italian element, and a motley majority speaking many tongues and animated by conflicting interests, but all ready to unite in humiliating the Italians. Meanwhile, Italy, bound and gagged by the treaty of Triple Alliance, was powerless to interfere and even to protest. But the year 1914 arrived; and Austria lit the fuse which was to set all Europe ablaze.

Who were to be the first to feel the meaning of that tragedy? The unredeemed provinces. Their boys were the ones who fought the first winter campaign against Russia. "Our loyal sons of Italian race have been given the high honor of holding the front line in fighting our Russian enemies," ran the Austrian official *rêsumê* of winter opera-

tions. The Austrian general staff must have thought that by means of such "high honors" the problem of *irredentismo* would soon be solved. But it was not. Here in Rome there stands a Colosseum where the pagans thought they had wiped out all Christianity in blood and fire; but that light flamed up clearer than ever. An ideal cannot be strangled.

With what hearts those Italians in Austrian uniforms must have fought! It is said that their Viennese or Hungarian officers often told them: "Fight bravely, and your province will get what she longs for." What did that sibylline statement mean? Was their bravery to be rewarded by their provinces being turned over to Italy after the war? And if so, how could Italy endure the shame of fighting her own wars of independence by means of a foreign army made up of her own flesh and blood? Poor boys! Little did they know that Italy was gaining time and feverishly preparing to enter the struggle on the only side consistent with her ideals of freedom and justice. Spring came, and with it categorical Austrian statements as to the future of the *irredenti*. The Trentini were given to understand by Austria that they would be ceded to Italy as the price of that country's neutrality: news which they accepted with mingled shame and joy. The Triestini, on the contrary, were firmly told that a definitive end to their political aspirations must come—and they rebelled, their souls filled with hate for Austria and with contempt for Italy. The streets were charged by cavalry; much blood of old men, women, and children was shed. Then, dramatically, the unexpected. Italy denounces the treaty of Triple Alliance, the frontier is closed, the cables are cut, mail is stopped, the railroad bridges are blown up, regiments pour in from North and East, cities are darkened, thousands of law-abiding citizens of Italian race are rushed in freight cars to concentration camps, and, on May 25, 1915, the first booming of distant guns is heard among the peaks of the Trentino and on the Adriatic coast.

Are they thinking of all this, are they living again those tragic days preceded and followed by days not much less tragic, these *irredenti* who still crowd silently around the old man with dreamy eyes, as the early Christians must have crowded around their spiritual leaders on the eve of martyrdom? I was still looking at them in reverent silence, when

my eye was caught by a bit of brilliant color just outside the door—red feathers, white gloves and military frogs, gold epaulets: the unmistakable uniform of the Italian *carabiniere* or gendarme, gorgeous remnant of days of Spanish domination in Italy. There were two of them, discreetly trying to see the entire group of the *irredenti* from the doorsill, while somebody from the outside was talking to them in an agitated whisper which was becoming more and more audible with the growing excitement of the speaker, whom I could not at first see.

As I approached the group, I found that the third person was a Calabrian lawyer, guest of the house. He was in a boiling rage, and turned to me for approval: "It is an outrage, and I hope that these *carabinieri* whom I have called in will see to it that it stops. Look at that group! *Irredenti* all of them to the last. Their young men are all in the Italian army, and these women claim that they loathe Austria and love Italy. Yet when Gorizia is taken, instead of joining the crowd which is shouting and waving flags, they avoid our eyes, and shun our company, and behave in a most suspicious way. I tell you, they are only pretending to be Italian, and came here merely to escape Austrian horse-chestnut bread! Why, this very morning the lady who flaunts that huge Trieste coat of arms as a brooch, in speaking of the unreliability of anti-aircraft guns, actually said, 'The Trieste Museum was wrecked by our own guns'—and she meant the Austrian guns! Why don't you *carabinieri* lock her up at once?"

The *carabinieri* did not comply. These representatives of the most wonderful police body I have ever seen, as much beloved and trusted by the population as are the Canadian mounted police, consulted each other in an undertone, thanked the gentleman for calling their attention to a group of people who behaved with more reserve than other Italians, and stated that if anything actually detrimental to the country's interests should take place, they would be pleased to hear about it. Then they straightened up, touched their strange, theatrical, preposterous headgear, and gravely went away, leaving me to struggle with the southern lawyer.

Had he ever been in America? No? Well, if he had, he would have known how loosely the personal pronoun "our"

is used by the immigrant classes there. How often have I heard a naturalized citizen of the United States—a real one, one who has renounced his previous allegiance without any mental reservations—say again and again "our schools" or "our coal mines" or "our churches," meaning the schools, coal mines, and churches of his native, instead of those of his adopted, land! The mixture of ideas in a country of many races is a natural thing, and must be excused. Many a patriotic Swiss from the Ticino will say: "We Italians are the best of the Swiss." Indeed, before the war began, a Triestino might have told his Emperor: "We Italians are the best of your subjects"—and it would have sounded like a permissible, nay, like an ultra-loyal statement, since the word "Italian" was naturally allowed, while the word "Italy" was tabooed. And the mixture of races and interests and influences in the border lands, where the inhabitants have to wage unceasingly the double war against a natural process of internationalization, on the one hand, and an organized campaign of denationalization, on the other, engenders a confusion in the minds of the inhabitants, whose speech and manners and appearance proclaim the strange contrast—all but their feelings, which cling tenaciously to the ancestral root. This last is an essential point; and Germany knows now what a mistake she made when she overlooked it in dealing with the Belgian problem; when, in other words, she supposed that Belgian national feeling must be more or less a thing of the past in an internationalized and bilingual land, which was a sort of hallway of three countries, and where all languages were spoken and all coins accepted. Yet when the supreme moment came Belgians rallied by that most tragic of flags.

Take the example of Signora Maurogordato, that beautiful brunette whose eyes are fixed upon the bird's-eye view of Trieste as seen from an Italian airship, which has just appeared in "Illustrazione Italiana." Her people were typical examples of the ubiquitous Levantine: they lived everywhere and nowhere on the shores of the Mediterranean. Her father, although of Italian ancestry, was a Greek citizen born in Kavala, a Balkan city over which Turkish, Bulgarian, and Greek flags have flown during the last few years. But he soon moved to Trieste, where he took

up Austrian citizenship and married an *irredenta.* A child was born there, who went to a public school, where she spoke German with her teachers and Venetian dialect with her schoolmates; at home she spoke Greek with her father and Italian with her mother. When the storm broke out in Europe and everybody ran home for shelter, she hastened to Italy, the land which she had never seen—but which was the only place where the soul of that cosmopolitan personality could say, "I belong."

"Come, children. Come and sing." The lady whose husband is (or was) a professor at Riva has risen with an inspired gesture. Her large black eyes have feline sparks, strangely contrasting with her white curls. She briskly goes to the piano, followed by all the children. One or two chords, and then—

> On the peaks—on the peaks of the Trentino
> We shall plant—we shall plant our dear Tricolor;
> O Trieste—O Trieste, thou beloved,
> Soon will freedom—soon will freedom come to thee!

I have heard boys off for the front, and wounded soldiers in hospital wards sing that beautiful "Hymn of Freedom"; but the fateful words, coming firmly, and unmingled with adult voices, from the lips of a dozen unredeemed children whose eyes were moist and whose cheeks were pale with emotion, sent through my veins a shiver as keen as a blade.

That song had sent me to jail once. Don't frown, timorous reader. I have never been to jail again; and for that one visit there, I am not sorry. It happened during Triple Alliance days, when Italy paid for the high honor of being mentioned in history in connection with two powerful countries, by playing the part of traveling companion, apparently the equal and actually the servant of the rich and great. Austria was then in the thick of her anti-Italian campaign; and the chief occupation of the Italian government consisted in preventing Italian public opinion from turning its attention to that systematic persecution. Newspaper editorials about it were suppressed by the censor; the Austrian consulates were guarded day and night by policemen in plain clothes; the Chamber of Deputies was a constant pandemonium, as the various representatives united in

inveighing against Austrian policies only to be ousted by the special officers policing the building, while the speaker repeated the stereotyped announcement: "Italy cannot officially criticise the internal policies of an allied country."

In the midst of it all, the International Convention of Alpine Clubs met at Riva, on the Austrian side of Lake Garda. There were delegations from the French, Swiss, and Italian Alpine Clubs, and they were all asked to bring their social insignia. When the lake boat landed the Italian delegation at Riva, the other delegations were on the pier, and waved their flags as a salute. Naturally enough, the Italian flag-bearer (a civil engineer from Milan, who is now a Senator of the Kingdom) responded to the salute by unfurling and waving the Italian flag. Then the inhabitants of that unredeemed city, for whom it is a crime even to wear red and white flowers with green leaves in their buttonholes, sent up a frantic yell, ran to the pier, and wildly waved their handkerchiefs, shouting "Viva l'Italia!" The police did quick work. They arrested several scores of people, including the entire Italian delegation, which consisted mainly of professional men. Some were soon released; but the flag-bearer spent a whole week in prison, and was only set free through the intervention of a "neutral" diplomat.

I was then a high-school student in Florence. We boys heard at once of the fresh outrage, through an "underground railway"; and our blood boiled. Could not something be done? Some of us had a great idea. The Austrian Consulate was on the second floor of a big palace, whose first floor was occupied by the family of one of our boys named Guidi. The plot was laid. Early in the afternoon, five or six of us went quietly, with books under our arms, to the apartment of our chum. A few minutes later another small group followed; they all talked nonchalantly about school affairs—about some professor with a funny new hat or an odd necktie. More and more groups arrived, rang the outer bell, were admitted; the plain-clothes men must have thought that the boys were about to found a school organization, or were getting up a scheme for an outing. But we were getting up something different; and at the appointed moment we all rushed out into the street, waving the large Italian flag of the Guidi family, and yelling the inspiring words of

the then forbidden "Hymn of Freedom." Passers-by, dazed at first, joined us, while the few plain-clothes men struggled hard around the waving flag, which they only captured in rags—when the reserves came. Several of us were handcuffed; I was not, but a big policeman held me so firmly by the collar that I could not free myself, and had to follow my captor to headquarters. For two long hours we waited in a jail cell—a sorry-looking lot, but proud.

Then we were called out, and confronted by a police judge and by our principal. The former, alternating fearful shouts with benevolent smiles and even an occasional wink, said that some of us had undoubtedly been guilty of a very serious offense, as we had voiced our disapproval of an allied country. Unfortunately it had been impossible to prove who in the crowd had been guilty of the offense, and therefore he could do nothing against us; he hoped, however, that our principal would inflict a severe punishment upon all the classes which had participated in such a plot. The principal—a veteran of Garibaldi's campaigns—told us that his fatherly love for us had been so wounded by our behavior, that he found no words fit to condemn to a sufficient degree the crime committed; but he surely would do so later, as soon as the sting had passed. Judging from outward signs, it has not passed yet.

The hotel piano is being covered; the children have sung patriotic songs steadily for a half hour, and their little lungs cannot keep up with their big enthusiasm. They have sung well, and I cannot help thinking that the same number of "redeemed" children would probably have broken down long before, because any kind of choral singing is distasteful to the Italian, and a chorus is soon sure to split itself into a small percentage of soloists and a large percentage of quitters. War-time animosity does not make me blind to the fact that these children owe their choral ability and their musical discipline to their having been brought up under a Teuton government.

Wishing to show my appreciation to my special little friends, Fiorello and Marcello Rivolin, eight-year-old twins from Fiume, I take one on each knee. "Do you know, *còccoli*, that I went to jail once for singing that 'Hymn of Freedom'?" I expect to be asked why; but I am to be dis-

appointed. How can unredeemed children be surprised at the idea of political imprisonment? I am the one to be surprised! Fiorello asks gravely: "And did your back hurt you much afterwards?" What can he mean? I appeal to the child's mother, who has come to claim her offspring.

"Oh, I can see what the child means," replies the lady, with a bitter smile. "He thinks that the Italian police dealt with you as the Austrian police dealt with my younger sister."

"Did you ever hear," she went on, "of a Dr. Tazzoli, a priest who was hanged by the Austrians in 1852 at Belfiore, with nine others, because of their love of liberty? Well, Dr. Tazzoli was my great-uncle. I am only mentioning that to show you how our family must naturally feel towards Austria. My sister went to a private school, in order to avoid the public schools where everything is taught with a decided Austrian bias. But the Supervisor of Education discovered that the Austrian national hymn was never sung in that school, and sent an angry note to its principal, ordering the hated hymn to be sung each day before any classes met. There was no escape from that; and all the girls—getting whatever comfort they could from the fact that they would sing the words in Italian, one of the eight official languages of the empire—submitted, with one exception, to the inevitable. The exception was my sister. She said she would not soil her lips with the hated words. The following morning, when the class began to sing the opening words, 'Viva il nostro Imperador' (Long live our Emperor), she filled the room with a lusty 'Viva il nostro Impiccador' (Long live our Hangman). There was an uproar. The teachers were terrified. They implored the girls not to speak of the affair; but within two hours the police had arrested my sister. My father begged that he be allowed to pay a pecuniary penalty, the principal pleaded on the grounds of youth and thoughtlessness; but the police were adamant, and on the following day my seventeen-year-old sister, stripped to the waist, received twenty stripes on her back. Fiorello is right; her back *did* ache when she left prison, and has never quite ceased aching since. As soon as Italy declared war on Austria, she was sent to a concentration camp somewhere in the Danubian swamps; and when last I heard from her, three months ago, she said that

she was very ill, and asked me never to forget any page of her life. O my God, how much longer must we *irredenti* go on being punished so frightfully for the love we bear to our country!"

Great land beyond the seas, answer this question for us, for we are able to see only one-half of the world's horizon.

# VI. RUSSIA

The problems of Russian character and Russian destiny, long anxiously discussed by the intellectuals of that country, have become a vital interest to the world. A searching analysis of the national temper and an optimistic prophecy of the harmonizing rôle which Russia is destined to play among the nations are found in the novelist Dostoevsky's study of the first great Russian poet: Pushkin. Tolstoy's deprecation of patriotism and government is another remarkable document, pessimistic as compared with Dostoevsky, and very significant of the trend which reaction against autocratic and militaristic authority would take.

The deep love of the Russian land and something of the temperament of the oppressed bourgeois class and Jewish race appear in the emigrant's war-time remembrance of his native village, Kartúshkiya-Beróza. Meantime, Andréev, the greatest living writer of the country, portrays in the disillusionment following the Revolution the heroisms and infirmities of the chief factor in the situation, the Russian Soldier.

## (a) RUSSIAN CHARACTER AND RUSSIAN DESTINY

### F. DOSTOEVSKY: SPEECH DELIVERED ON 8TH JUNE, 1880, AT THE MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF LOVERS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE

In Aleko[1] Pushkin had already discovered, and portrayed with genius, the unhappy wanderer in his native land, the Russian sufferer of history, whose appearance in our society, uprooted from among the people, was a historic necessity. The type is true and perfectly rendered, it is an eternal type, long since settled in our Russian land. These homeless Rus-

[1] The aristocratic hero of Pushkin's early poem, "The Gipsies."

sian wanderers are wandering still, and the time will be long before they disappear. If they in our day no longer go to gipsy camps to seek their universal ideals in the wild life of the Gipsies and their consolation away from the confused and pointless life of our Russian intellectuals, in the bosom of nature, they launch into Socialism, which did not exist in Aleko's day, they march with a new faith into another field, and there work zealously, believing, like Aleko, that they will by their fantastic occupations obtain their aims and happiness, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind. For the Russian wanderer can find his own peace only in the happiness of all men; he will not be more cheaply satisfied, at least while it is still a matter of theory. It is the same Russian man who appears at a different time. This man, I repeat, was born just at the beginning of the second century after Peter's great reforms, in an intellectual society, uprooted from among the people. Oh, the vast majority of intellectual Russians in Pushkin's time were serving then as they are serving now, as civil servants, in government appointments, in railways or in banks, or earning money in whatever way, or engaged in the sciences, delivering lectures —all this in a regular, leisurely, peaceful manner, receiving salaries, playing whist, without any longing to escape into gipsy camps or other places more in accordance with our modern times. They go only so far as to play the liberal, "with a tinge of European Socialism," to which Socialism is given a certain benign Russian character—but it is only a matter of time: What if one has not yet begun to be disturbed, while another has already come up against a bolted door and violently beaten his head against it? The same fate awaits all men in their turn, unless they walk in the saving road of humble communion with the people. But suppose that this fate does not await them all: let "the chosen" suffice, let only a tenth part be disturbed lest the vast majority remaining should find no rest through them. Aleko, of course, is still unable to express his anguish rightly: with him everything is still somehow abstract; he has only a yearning after nature, a grudge against high society, aspirations for all men, lamentations for the truth, which some one has somewhere lost, and he can by no means find. Wherein is this truth, where and in what she could appear, and when exactly she

was lost, he, of course, cannot say, but he suffers sincerely. In the meantime a fantastic and impatient person seeks for salvation above all in external phenomena; and so it should be. Truth is as it were somewhere outside himself, perhaps in some other European land, with their firm and historical political organizations and their established social and civil life. And he will never understand that the truth is first of all within himself. How could he understand this? For a whole century he has not been himself in his own land. He has forgotten how to work, he has no culture, he has grown up like a convent schoolgirl within closed walls, he has fulfilled strange and unaccountable duties according as he belonged to one or another of the fourteen classes into which educated Russian society is divided. For the time being he is only a blade of grass, torn from the roots and blown through the air. And he feels it, and suffers for it, suffers often acutely! Well, what if, perhaps belonging by birth to the nobility and probably possessing serfs, he allowed himself a nobleman's liberty, the pleasant fancy of being charmed by men who live "without laws," and began to lead a performing bear in a gipsy camp? Of course, a woman, "a wild woman," as a certain poet says, would be most likely to give him hope of a way out of his anguish, and with an easy-going, but passionate belief, he throws himself into the arms of Zemphira. "Here is my way of escape; here I can find my happiness, here in the bosom of nature far from the world, here with people who have neither civilization nor law." And what happens? He cannot endure his first collision with the conditions of this wild nature, and his hands are stained with blood. The wretched dreamer was not only unfitted for universal harmony, but even for Gipsies, and they drive him away—without vengeance, without malice, with simple dignity.

> Leave us, proud man,
> We are wild and without law,
> We torture not, neither do we punish.

This is, of course, all fantastic, but the proud man is real, his image sharply caught. Pushkin was the first to seize the type, and we should remember this. Should anything happen in the least degree not to his liking, he is ready to torment cruelly and punish for the wrong done to him, or, more com-

fortable still, he will remember that he belongs to one of the fourteen classes, and will himself call upon—this has happened often—the torturing and punishing law, if only his private wrong may be revenged. No, this poem of genius is not an imitation! Here already is whispered the Russian solution of the question, "the accursed question," in accordance with the faith and justice of the people.

. . . . . .

No, I will say deliberately, there never had been a poet with a universal sympathy like Pushkin's. And it is not his sympathy alone, but his amazing profundity, the reincarnation of his spirit in the spirit of foreign nations, a reincarnation almost perfect and therefore also miraculous, because the phenomenon has never been repeated in any poet in all the world. It is only in Pushkin; and by this, I repeat, he is a phenomenon never seen and never heard of before, and in my opinion, a prophetic phenomenon, because—because herein was expressed the national spirit of his poetry, the national spirit in its future development, the national spirit of our future, which is already implicit in the present, and it was expressed prophetically. For what is the power of the spirit of Russian nationality if not its aspiration after the final goal of universality and omni-humanity? No sooner had he become a completely national poet, no sooner had he come into contact with the national power, than he already anticipated the great future of that power. In this he was a seer, in this a prophet.

For what is the reform of Peter the Great to us, not merely for the future, but in that which has been and has already been plainly manifested to us? What did that reform mean to us? Surely it was not only the adoption of European clothes, customs, inventions and science. Let us examine how it was, let us look more steadily. Yes, it is very probable that at the outset Peter began his reform in this narrowly utilitarian sense, but in the course of time, as his idea developed, Peter undoubtedly obeyed some hidden instinct which drew him and his work to future purposes, undoubtedly more vast than narrow utilitarianism. Just as the Russian people did not accept the reform in the utilitarian spirit alone; but undoubtedly with a presentiment which almost instantly fore-

warned them of a distant and incomparably higher goal than mere utilitarianism. I repeat, the people felt that purpose unconsciously, but felt it directly and quite vitally. Surely we then turned at once to the most vital reunion, to the unity of all mankind! Not in a spirit of enmity (as one might have thought it would have been) but in friendliness and perfect love, we received into our soul the geniuses of foreign nations, all alike without preference of race, able by instinct from almost the very first step to discern, to discount distinctions, to excuse and reconcile them, and therein we already showed our readiness and inclination, which had only just become manifest to ourselves, for a common and universal union with all the races of the great Aryan family. Yes, beyond all doubt, the destiny of a Russian is pan-European and universal. To become a true Russian, to become a Russian fully (in the end of all, I repeat) means only to become the brother of all men, to become, if you will, a universal man. All our Slavophilism and Westernism is only a great misunderstanding, even though historically necessary. To a true Russian, Europe and the destiny of all the mighty Aryan family is as dear as Russia herself, as the destiny of his own native country, because our destiny is universality, won not by the sword, but by the strength of brotherhood and our fraternal aspiration to reunite mankind. If you go deep into our history since Peter's reform, you will already find traces and indications of this idea, of this dream of mine, if you will, in the character of our intercourse with European nations, even in the policy of the state. For what has Russian policy been doing for these two centuries if not serving Europe, perhaps, far more than she has served herself. I do not believe this came to pass through the incapacity of our statesmen. The nations of Europe know how dear they are to us. And in course of time I believe that we—not we, of course, but our children to come—will all without exception understand that to be a true Russian does indeed mean to aspire finally to reconcile the contradictions of Europe, to show the end of European yearning in our Russian soul, omni-human and all-uniting, to include within our soul by brotherly love all our brethren, and at last, it may be, to pronounce the final Word of the great general harmony, of the final brotherly communion of all nations in accordance with the law of the

gospel of Christ! I know, I know too well, that my words may appear ecstatic, exaggerated and fantastic. Let them be so, I do not repent having uttered them. They ought to be uttered, above all now, at the moment that we honor our great genius who by his artistic power embodied this idea. The idea has been expressed many times before. I say nothing new. But chiefly it will appear presumptuous. "Is this our destiny, the destiny of our poor, brutal land? Are we predestined among mankind to utter the new word?"

Do I speak of economic glory, of the glory of the sword or of science? I speak only of the brotherhood of man; I say that to this universal, omni-human union the heart of Russia, perhaps more than all other nations, is chiefly predestined; I see its traces in our history, our men of genius, in the artistic genius of Pushkin. Let our country be poor, but this poor land "Christ traversed with blessing, in the garb of a serf." Why then should we not contain His final word? Was not He Himself born in a manger? I say again, we at least can already point to Pushkin, to the universality and omnihumanity of his genius. He surely could contain the genius of foreign lands in his soul as his own. In art at least, in artistic creation, he undeniably revealed this universality of the aspiration of the Russian spirit, and therein is a great promise. If our thought is a dream, then in Pushkin at least, this dream has solid foundation. Had he lived longer, he would perhaps have revealed great and immortal embodiments of the Russian soul, which would then have been intelligible to our European brethren; he would have attracted them much more and closer than they are attracted now, perhaps he would have succeeded in explaining to them all the truth of our aspirations; and they would understand us more than they do now, they would have begun to have insight into us, and would have ceased to look at us so suspiciously and presumptuously as they still do. Had Pushkin lived longer, then among us too there would perhaps be fewer misunderstandings and quarrels than we see now. But God saw otherwise. Pushkin died in the full maturity of his powers,[1] and undeniably bore away with him a great secret into the grave. And now we, without him, are seeking to divine his secret.

[1] Pushkin, born 1799, was slain in a duel in 1837.

## (b) THE SEEDS OF BOLSHEVISM

### COUNT TOLSTOY: PATRIOTISM AND GOVERNMENT (1900)

### III

Patriotism, as a feeling of exclusive love for one's own people, and as a doctrine of the virtue of sacrificing one's tranquillity, one's property, and even one's life, in defense of one's own people from slaughter and outrage by their enemies, was the highest idea of the period when each nation considered it feasible and just, for its own advantage, to subject to slaughter and outrage the people of other nations.

But, already some 2,000 years ago, humanity, in the person of the highest representatives of its wisdom, began to recognize the higher idea of a brotherhood of man; and that idea, penetrating man's consciousness more and more, has in our time attained most varied forms of realization. Thanks to improved means of communication, and to the unity of industry, of trade, of the arts, and of science, men are to-day so bound one to another that the danger of conquest, massacre, or outrage by a neighboring people, has quite disappeared, and all peoples (the peoples, but not the Governments) live together in peaceful, mutually advantageous, and friendly commercial, industrial, artistic, and scientific relations, which they have no need and no desire to disturb. One would think, therefore, that the antiquated feeling of patriotism—being superfluous and incompatible with the consciousness we have reached of the existence of brotherhood among men of different nationalities—should dwindle more and more until it completely disappears. Yet the very opposite of this occurs: this harmful and antiquated feeling not only continues to exist, but burns more and more fiercely.

The peoples, without any reasonable ground, and contrary alike to their conception of right and to their own advantage, not only sympathize with Governments in their attacks on other nations, in their seizures of foreign possessions, and in defending by force what they have already stolen, but

even themselves demand such attacks, seizures, and defenses: are glad of them, and take pride in them. The small oppressed nationalities which have fallen under the power of the great States—the Poles, Irish, Bohemians, Finns, or Armenians—resenting the patriotism of their conquerors, which is the cause of their oppression, catch from them the infection of this feeling of patriotism—which has ceased to be necessary, and is now obsolete, unmeaning, and harmful—and catch it to such a degree that all their activity is concentrated upon it, and they, themselves suffering from the patriotism of the stronger nations, are ready, for the sake of patriotism, to perpetrate on other peoples the very same deeds that their oppressors have perpetrated and are perpetrating on them.

This occurs because the ruling classes (including not only the actual rulers with their officials, but all the classes who enjoy an exceptionally advantageous position: the capitalists, journalists, and most of the artists and scientists) can retain their position—exceptionally advantageous in comparison with that of the laboring masses—thanks only to the Government organization, which rests on patriotism. They have in their hands all the most powerful means of influencing the people, and always sedulously support patriotic feelings in themselves and in others, more especially as those feelings which uphold the Government's power are those that are always best rewarded by that power.

Every official prospers the more in his career, the more patriotic he is; so also the army man gets promotion in time of war—the war is produced by patriotism.

Patriotism and its result—wars—give an enormous revenue to the newspaper trade, and profits to many other trades. Every writer, teacher, and professor is more secure in his place the more he preaches patriotism. Every Emperor and King obtains the more fame the more he is addicted to patriotism.

The ruling classes have in their hands the army, money, the schools, the churches, and the press. In the schools they kindle patriotism in the children by means of histories describing their own people as the best of all peoples and always in the right. Among adults they kindle it by spectacles, jubilees, monuments, and by a lying patriotic press. Above

all, they inflame patriotism in this way: perpetrating every kind of injustice and harshness against other nations, they provoke in them enmity towards their own people, and then in turn exploit that enmity to embitter their people against the foreigner.

The intensification of this terrible feeling of patriotism has gone on among the European peoples in a rapidly increasing progression, and in our time has reached the utmost limits, beyond which there is no room for it to extend.

## IV

Within the memory of people not yet old, an occurrence took place showing most obviously the amazing intoxication caused by patriotism among the people of Christendom.

The ruling classes of Germany excited the patriotism of the masses of their people to such a degree that, in the second half of the nineteenth century, a law was proposed in accordance with which all the men had to become soldiers: all the sons, husbands, fathers, learned men, and godly men, had to learn to murder, to become submissive slaves of those above them in military rank, and be absolutely ready to kill whomsoever they were ordered to kill; to kill men of oppressed nationalities, and their own working-men standing up for their rights, and even their own fathers and brothers—as was publicly proclaimed by that most impudent of potentates, William II.

That horrible measure, outraging all man's best feelings in the grossest manner, was, under the influence of patriotism, acquiesced in without murmur by the people of Germany. It resulted in their victory over the French. That victory yet further excited the patriotism of Germany, and, by reaction, that of France, Russia, and the other Powers; and the men of the European countries unresistingly submitted to the introduction of general military service—i. e., to a state of slavery involving a degree of humiliation and submission incomparably worse than any slavery of the ancient world. After this servile submission of the masses to the calls of patriotism, the audacity, cruelty, and insanity of the Governments knew no bounds. A competition in the usurpation of other peoples' lands in Asia, Africa, and America began—

evoked partly by whim, partly by vanity, and partly by covetousness—and was accompanied by ever greater and greater distrust and enmity between the Governments.

The destruction of the inhabitants on the lands seized was accepted as a quite natural proceeding. The only question was, who should be first in seizing other peoples' land and destroying the inhabitants? All the Governments not only most evidently infringed, and are infringing, the elementary demands of justice in relation to the conquered peoples, and in relation to one another, but they were guilty, and continue to be guilty, of every kind of cheating, swindling, bribing, fraud, spying, robbery, and murder; and the peoples not only sympathized, and still sympathize, with them in all this, but they rejoice when it is their own Government and not another Government that commits such crimes.

The mutual enmity between the different peoples and States has reached latterly such amazing dimensions that, notwithstanding the fact that there is no reason why one State should attack another, everyone knows that all the Governments stand with their claws out and showing their teeth, and only waiting for someone to be in trouble, or become weak, in order to tear him to pieces with as little risk as possible.

All the peoples of the so-called Christian world have been reduced by patriotism to such a state of brutality, that not only those who are obliged to kill or be killed desire slaughter and rejoice in murder, but all the people of Europe and America, living peaceably in their homes exposed to no danger, are, at each war—thanks to easy means of communication and to the press—in the position of the spectators in a Roman circus, and, like them, delight in the slaughter, and raise the bloodthirsty cry, "*Pollice verso*."[1]

Not adults only, but also children, pure, wise children, rejoice, according to their nationality, when they hear that the number killed and lacerated by lyddite or other shells on some particular day was not 700 but 1,000 Englishmen or Boers.

And parents (I know such cases) encourage their children in such brutality.

[1] *Pollice verso* ("thumb down") was the sign given in the Roman amphitheaters by the spectators who wished a defeated gladiator to be slain.

But that is not all. Every increase in the army of one nation (and each nation, being in danger, seeks to increase its army for patriotic reasons) obliges its neighbors to increase their armies, also from patriotism, and this evokes a fresh increase by the first nation.

And the same thing occurs with fortifications and navies: one State has built ten ironclads, a neighbor builds eleven; then the first builds twelve, and so on to infinity.

"I'll pinch you." "And I'll punch your head." "And I'll stab you with a dagger." "And I'll bludgeon you." "And I'll shoot you." . . . Only bad children, drunken men, or animals, quarrel or fight so, but yet it is just what is going on among the highest representatives of the most enlightened Governments, the very men who undertake to direct the education and the morality of their subjects.

## V

The position is becoming worse and worse, and there is no stopping this descent towards evident perdition.

The one way of escape believed in by credulous people has now been closed by recent events. I refer to the Hague Conference, and to the war between England and the Transvaal which immediately followed it.

If people who think little, or but superficially, were able to comfort themselves with the idea that international courts of arbitration would supersede wars and ever-increasing armaments, the Hague Conference and the war that followed it demonstrated in the most palpable manner the impossibility of finding a solution of the difficulty in that way. After the Hague Conference, it became obvious that as long as Governments with armies exist, the termination of armaments and of wars is impossible. That an agreement should become possible, it is necessary that the parties to it should *trust* each other. And in order that the Powers should trust each other, they must lay down their arms, as is done by the bearers of a flag of truce when they meet for a conference.

So long as Governments, distrusting one another, not only do not disband or decrease their armies, but always increase them in correspondence with augmentations made by their neighbors, and by means of spies watch every movement of

troops, knowing that each of the Powers will attack its neighbor as soon as it sees its way to do so, no agreement is possible, and every conference is either a stupidity, or a pastime, or a fraud, or an impertinence, or all of these together.

It was particularly becoming for the Russian rather than any other Government to be the *enfant terrible* of the Hague Conference. No one at home being allowed to reply to all its evidently mendacious manifestations and rescripts, the Russian Government is so spoilt, that—having without the least scruple ruined its own people with armaments, strangled Poland, plundered Turkestan and China, and being specially engaged in suffocating Finland—it proposed disarmament to the Governments, in full assurance that it would be trusted!

But strange, unexpected, and indecent as such a proposal was—especially at the very time when orders were being given to increase its army—the words publicly uttered in the hearing of the people were such, that for the sake of appearances the Governments of the other Powers could not decline the comical and evidently insincere consultation; and so the delegates met—knowing in advance that nothing would come of it—and for several weeks (during which they drew good salaries) though they were laughing in their sleeves, they all conscientiously pretended to be much occupied in arranging peace among the nations.

The Hague Conference, followed up as it was by the terrible bloodshed of the Transvaal War, which no one attempted, or is now attempting, to stop, was, nevertheless, of some use, though not at all in the way expected of it—it was useful because it showed in the most obvious manner that the evils from which the peoples are suffering cannot be cured by Governments. That Governments, even if they wished to, can terminate neither armaments nor wars.

Governments, to have a reason for existing, must defend their people from other people's attack. But not one people wishes to attack, or does attack, another. And therefore Governments, far from wishing for peace, carefully excite the anger of other nations against themselves. And having excited other people's anger against themselves, and stirred up the patriotism of their own people, each Government then assures its people that it is in danger and must be defended.

And having the power in their hands, the Governments can both irritate other nations and excite patriotism at home, and they carefully do both the one and the other; nor can they act otherwise, for their existence depends on thus acting.

If, in former times, Governments were necessary to defend their people from other people's attacks, now, on the contrary, Governments artificially disturb the peace that exists between the nations, and provoke enmity among them.

When it was necessary to plough in order to sow, ploughing was wise; but evidently it is absurd and harmful to go on ploughing after the seed has been sown. But this is just what the Governments are obliging their people to do: to infringe the unity which exists, and which nothing would infringe if it were not for the Governments.

## VI

In reality what are these Governments, without which people think they could not exist?

There may have been a time when such Governments were necessary, and when the evil of supporting a Government was less than that of being defenseless against organized neighbors; but now such Governments have become unnecessary, and are a far greater evil than all the dangers with which they frighten their subjects.

Not only military Governments, but Governments in general, could be, I will not say useful, but at least harmless, only if they consisted of immaculate, holy people, as is theoretically the case among the Chinese. But then Governments, by the nature of their activity, which consists in committing acts of violence,[1] are always composed of elements the most contrary to holiness—of the most audacious, unscrupulous, and perverted people.

A Government, therefore, and especially a Government entrusted with military power, is the most dangerous organization possible.

[1] The word *government* is frequently used in an indefinite sense as almost equivalent to management or direction; but in the sense in which the word is used in the present article, the characteristic feature of a Government is that it claims a moral right to inflict physical penalties, and by its decree to make murder a good action.

The Government, in the widest sense, including capitalists and the Press, is nothing else than an organization which places the greater part of the people in the power of a smaller part, who dominate them; that smaller part is subject to a yet smaller part, and that again to a yet smaller, and so on, reaching at last a few people, or one single man, who by means of military force has power over all the rest. So that all this organization resembles a cone, of which all the parts are completely in the power of those people, or of that one person, who happen to be at the apex.

The apex of the cone is seized by those who are more cunning, audacious, and unscrupulous than the rest, or by someone who happens to be the heir of those who were audacious and unscrupulous.

To-day it may be Borís Godunóf,[1] and to-morrow Gregory Otrépyef.[2] To-day the licentious Catherine, who with her paramours has murdered her husband; to-morrow Pougatchéf; [3] then Paul the madman, Nicholas I, or Alexander III.

To-day it may be Napoleon, to-morrow a Bourbon or an Orléans, a Boulanger or a Panama Company; to-day it may be Gladstone, to-morrow Salisbury, Chamberlain, or Rhodes.

And to such Governments is allowed full power, not only over property and lives, but even over the spiritual and moral development, the education, and the religious guidance of everybody.

People construct such a terrible machine of power, they allow any one to seize it who can (and the chances always are that it will be seized by the most morally worthless)—they slavishly submit to him, and are then surprised that evil comes of it. They are afraid of Anarchists' bombs, and are not afraid of this terrible organization which is always threatening them with the greatest calamities.

People found it useful to tie themselves together in order to resist their enemies, as the Circassians [4] did when resisting

[1] Borís Godunôf, brother-in-law of the weak Tsar Fyôdor Ivânovitch, succeeded in becoming Tsar, and reigned in Moscow from 1598 to 1605.

[2] Gregory Otrépyef was a pretender who, passing himself off as Dimitry, son of Ivân the Terrible, reigned in Moscow in 1605 and 1606.

[3] Pougatchéf was the leader of a most formidable insurrection in 1773–1775, and was executed in Moscow in 1775.

[4] The Circassians, when surrounded, used to tie themselves together leg to leg, that none might escape, but all die fighting. Instances of this kind occurred when their country was being annexed by Russia.

attacks. But the danger is quite past, and yet people go on tying themselves together.

They carefully tie themselves up so that one man can have them all at his mercy; then they throw away the end of the rope that ties them, and leave it trailing for some rascal or fool to seize and to do them whatever harm he likes.

Really, what are people doing but just that—when they set up, submit to, and maintain an organized and military Government?

## (c) THE RUSSIAN BOURGEOISIE

### ALTER BRODY: KARTÚSHKIYA-BERÓZA[1]

It is twelve years since I have been there—in that little town by the river where I was born. It all comes back to me now, as I read in the newspaper:—

"*The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames.*"

*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!* Sweet-sounding, time-scented name—smelling of wide-extending marshes of hay, of cornfields, of apple-orchards, of cherry trees in full blossom; smelling of all the pleasant recollections of my childhood, of grandmother's kitchen, grandmother's freshly baked dainties, grandmother's plum-pudding—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I see before me a lane running between two rows of straggling cottages. I cannot remember the name of the lane; I do not know whether it has any name at all, but I remember it was broad and unpaved and shaded with wide-branching chestnuts, and entered the market-place just a few houses after my grandfather's—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see it even now, my grandfather's house—on the lane, to the right, as you come from the market-place—a big, hospitable frame building, big like my grandfather's own heart and hospitable like grandmother's smile. I can see it even now, with the white-pillared porch in the center and the sharp-gabled roof pierced with little windows, and the great

[1] First published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1916. A slightly different version, arranged as free verse, is found in Cunliffe's "Poems of The Great War."

quadrangular garden behind it, and the tall fence surrounding the garden, and the old well in the corner of the garden with the bucket-lift rising high over the fence—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see him even now, my grandfather—bending over me, tall and sad-eyed and thoughtful—lifting me up and seating me on his knees, lovingly, and listening to all my childish questions and confessions; pardoning, admonishing, remonstrating; satisfying my questioning soul with good-humored indulgence.

And my grandmother—dear little woman! I could never dissociate her from plum-puddings and apple-dumplings and raisin-cakes and almond-cakes and crisp potato pancakes, and the smell of fish frying on the fire. Then there is my cousin Miriam, who lived in the yellow house across the lane—a freckle-faced little girl with a puckered-up nose and eyes like black cherries. I was very romantic about her.

And then there is my curse, my rival at school, my arch-enemy—Jacob, the synagogue sexton's boy, on whom I was always warring. God knows on what battlefield he must be lying now! There is Nathan and Joseph and Berel and Solomon and Ephraim, the baker's boy; Baruch, Gershen and Mendel, and long-legged, sandy-haired Emanuel who fell into the pond with me that time, while we were skating on the ice—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I can see myself even now in the lane on a summer's day, cap in hand, chasing after dragon-flies. Suddenly, nearby, sounds the noise of drums and bugles—I know what that means! Breathlessly I dash up the lane. It is the regiment quartered in the barracks at the end of the town, in its annual parade on the highway—how I should like to be one of those gray-coated heroes! I watch them eager-eyed, and run after them until they reach the Gentile quarter—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza!*

I am in the market-place at a fair. It is a heaving mass of carts and horses and oxen; the oxen are lowing, the horses neighing, the peasants cursing in a dozen different dialects. I am in grandfather's store on the lower end of the market-place, right opposite the public well: the store is full of peasants and peasant women bargaining at the top of their voices. The men are clad in rough sheepskin coats and fur

caps, their women are gay in bright-colored cottons, with red kerchiefs round their heads. My grandfather stands behind the counter measuring out rope to some peasants; grandmother is cutting a strip of linen for a peasant woman, chaffering with another one at the same time about the price of a pair of sandals—and I am sitting there, behind the counter, on a sack of flour, playing with my black-eyed little cousin—*Kartúshkiya-Beróza* . . .

It comes back to me suddenly that I am sitting here with a newspaper in my hand, reading:—

"*The Germans have seized the bridge-head at Kartúshkiya-Beróza; the Russians are retreating in good order across the marshes; the town is in flames!*"

## (d) THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF REVOLUTION

### LEONID ANDRÉEV: TO THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER (January, 1918.)

Soldier, what hast thou been under Nicholas the Second? Thou hast been a slave of the autocrat. Conscience, honor, love for the people, were beaten out of thee in merciless training by whip and stick.

"Kill thy father and thy mother if they raise their hands against me," commanded the autocrat,—and thou becamest a parricide.

"Kill thy brother and thy sister, thy dearest friend and everyone who raises a hand against me," commanded the autocrat,—and thou didst kill thy brother and thy dearest friend, and becamest like Cain, shedding the blood of thy kin.

When the gray coats appeared in the streets and the rifles and bayonets glittered—we knew what that meant: it was death stalking! It meant death to those innocent and hungry ones who thirsted for brighter life and raised their voices bravely against the tyrant. It meant death, destruction, peril, tears, and horror. Thou wast terrible, Soldier!

But thou wast brave in the field, Russian Soldier. . . . Thou wast a martyr, but thou wast never a traitor, nor a coward, Soldier!

The Russian people loved thee secretly for this and waited

for thy awakening. . . . They called to thee: "Come to us, beloved brother! Come to thy people. The people are waiting for thee!"

Soldier, what hast thou been in the days of the Revolution?

Thou hast been our love, our happiness, our pride. We did not know as yet who thou wast. We were still in dread of the gray coats, we still mistrusted the dashing cossacks. And dost thou remember, Soldier, how the heart of the people leaped when the first blow of the cossack's saber fell not on the head of his brother but on that of the policeman-executioner? Dost thou remember it?

But still we were not able to believe. Already our hearts were overcome with joy, happiness took our breath away, but still we did not believe. How is it possible to believe all at once in freedom?

Yet the soldiers are bringing it with them! They are coming, stalwart, brave, beautiful, in their armed power. They are coming to give their life for freedom. As yet they themselves do not know whether they are all awakened. The Tsar's hirelings shoot at them from the roofs and from behind street corners. The soldiers expect only death, yet they are coming, stalwart, brave, beautiful!

Then we believed them. The throne of the Romanovs cracked with a noise heard throughout the world. For the first time in our life soldiers' bullets sang a new song—not the song of death, of shame, and of degradation, but the wonderful song of freedom and of joy. . . .

And what hast thou become now, Soldier?

When, cursing, drunken, thou didst come tearing down peaceful streets in thy automobiles, threatening women and children with guns, bragging, debauching, swearing the basest of oaths—didst thou hear the answer of the people? "Be accursed! Be accursed!" Thou didst shoot in mad frenzy, and the people yelled fearlessly to thee: "Be accursed!"

Scoundrel! With quick-firing guns didst thou threaten; yet invalids, old men, and women grabbed at thy rifle with their bare hands and tore it away from thee. And thou didst give it away, overcome with shame, helpless, sweating, ugly.

Soldier! How many didst thou kill in those days? How

many orphans hast thou made? How many bereaved mothers hast thou left inconsolable? Dost thou hear the words that their lips whisper? The lips from which thou hast banished forever the smile of happiness?—"Murderer, Murderer!"

But what of mothers? What of orphans? A moment came unforeseen and still more terrible. Thou hast betrayed Russia. Thou hast thrown thy native land that nourished thee under the feet of the enemy, thou Soldier, our sole defense!

Everything is entrusted to thee: the life and welfare of Russia; our fields and forests; our peaceful rivers; our villages and cities; our temples and those who are praying in them.

And all this thou hast betrayed, Soldier!—the quiet fields, and the young, buoyant liberty. Behind thy back grain was ripening in the fields—Russia's sacred treasury; now the Germans will reap it. Under thy protection the people were working in their villages; now they are running along all the highways, leaving dead in their wake. Children and old men are weeping—they have no roof over their heads, no home, only death staring into their faces.

Ah! how thou didst run from the enemy, Russian Soldier! Never before has the world seen such a rout, such a mob of traitors. It knew the one Judas, while here were tens of thousands of Judases running past each other, galloping, throwing down rifles, quarrelling, and still boasting of their "meetings." What are they hurrying for? They hurry to betray their native land. They do not even wait for the Germans to shoot, so great is their haste to betray Russia, so ready are they to deliver her almost by force into the hands of the astounded enemy.

And what hast thou done to thy officers, Soldier? See, what piles of them lie in the fields appealing to the all-merciful and all-forgiving God, with their still, sightless eyes! They called thee—thou didst not obey. They went alone to their death—and they died. They died, Soldier!

And what hast thou done to thy comrades? Traitor! Dost thou see their bodies? Dost thou see the ditches where careless German hands have thrown them? It is thou who didst kill them!

But look ahead of thee, Soldier! Dost thou see that terrible structure that is being erected in Russia?

It is the scaffold.

And for whom is it? For thee, Soldier! For thee, traitor and coward, who hast betrayed Russia and her liberty. Thou seest, but thou dost not understand as yet. Thou dost not understand our sorrow.

Was Russia not happy in having destroyed the scaffold as it seemed forever, and in giving its accursed memory to oblivion? But now it grows again, unwelcome, sinister, evil, like the shadows of night.

Thou hast torn the body of Russia. Now thou desirest to tear her heart and soul—thou, Soldier.

Thou, Soldier, whom we loved and whom we still love.

Arise!—Look at thy country which is calling in distress.

Awake!—If cruel fate has no laurels of victory in store for thee, put the crown of thorns on thy head. Through it thou shalt find expiation, through it thou shalt regain our love.

Russia is dying, Russia is calling to thee:

"Arise, dear Soldier!"

# VII. SERBIA AND THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS

Serbia and Bohemia have histories much alike. In each country a period of splendid independence was snuffed out by a single crushing battle which led to centuries of oppression. What Kossovo (June 15, 1389) was for Serbia, White Mountain (Nov. 8, 1620) was for Bohemia. In both countries the national spirit was kept alive by popular poetry. The Serbian ballad literature is said to be unsurpassed in Europe: it deals particularly with the epic story of the death of Prince Lazarus and his nobles at Kossovo and with the less tragic adventures of Prince Marko of Prilep. In a lecture delivered before British soldiers in 1916, after the apparently final ruin of his nation, Father Velimirovic indicates the place which these ballads hold in the life of the people and explains on sentimental grounds the Serbian interest in Macedonia.

The Bohemian poems quoted are in their English form memorials of the revolution of 1848, having been translated at that time by A. H. Wratislaw, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. On the other hand, the official "Appeal to the Powers of the Entente" by M. Edouard Benes dates from 1917, and in its confident tone reveals the writer's pride in the romantic recent achievements of Czecho-Slovak troops.

## (a) SERBIAN NATIONAL POETRY

### THE BATTLE OF KOSSOVO[1]

I

The Sultan Murad o'er Kossovo comes
With banners and drums.

[1] This very effective poem of "Owen Meredith" (1st Earl of Lytton, 1831–1891) is by no means a literal translation, but rather a combination of several Serbian

There, all in characters fair,
He wrote a letter; and there
Bade his estaffettes despatch
To bear it to Krouchevatch,
To the white-wall'd town of the Tzar,
To the hands of Prince Lazar.
"Listen, Lazarus, chief of the Serbs, to me!
That which never hath been, that which never shall be,
Is that two lords one land should sway,
And the same rayas two tributes pay.
Send to me, therefore, the tributes and keys,
The golden keys of each white town;
And send me a seven years' tribute with these.
But if this thou wilt not do,
Then come thou down over Kossovo:
On the field of Kossovo come thou down,
That we may divide the land with our swords,
These are my words."

When Lazarus this letter had read,
Bitter, bitter were the tears he shed.

II

A grey bird, a falcon, comes flying apace
From Jerusalem, from the Holy Place;
And he bears a light swallow abroad.
It is not a grey bird, a falcon, God wot!
But the Saint Elias; and it is not
A light swallow he bears from afar,
But a letter from the Mother of God
To the Tzar who in Kossovo stays.
And the letter is dropt on the knees of the Tzar;
And these are the words that it says:—

"Lazarus, Prince of a race that I love,
Which empire choosest thou?
That of the heaven above?
Or that of the earth below?

ballads, known to the poet chiefly through the French version of Dozon. For further information regarding Serbian national poetry see "Heroic Ballads of Serbia" by Noyes and Bacon (1913).

If thou choose thee an earthly realm,
Saddle horse, belt, spur, and away!
Warriors, bind ye both saber and helm,
And rush on the Turks, and they
With their army whole shall perish.
But if rather a heavenly crown thou cherish,
At Kossovo build ye a temple fair.
There no foundations of marble lay,
But only silk of the scarlet dye.
Range ye the army in battle array,
And let each and all full solemnly
Partake of the blessed sacrament there.
For then of a certainty know
Ye shall utterly perish, both thou,
And thine army all; and the Turk shall be
Lord of the land that is under thee."

When the Tzar he read these words,
His thoughts were as long and as sharp as swords.
"God of my fathers, what shall I choose?
If a heavenly empire, then must I lose
All that is dearest to me upon earth;
But if that the heavenly here I refuse,
What then is the earthly worth?
It is but a day,
It passeth away,
And the glory of earth full soon is o'er,
And the glory of God is more and more."

"What is this world's renown?"
(His heart was heavy, his soul was stirr'd.)
"Shall an earthly empire be preferr'd
To an everlasting crown?
At Kossovo build me a temple fair:
Lay no foundations of marble down,
But only silk of the scarlet dye."
Then he sent for the Servian Patriarch:
With him twelve bishops to Kossovo went.
It was at the lifting of the dark:
They ranged the army in battle array,
And the army all full solemnly

Received the blessed sacrament,
And hardly was this done, when lo!
The Turks came rushing on Kossovo.

. . . . . .

VII

All when the misty morn was low,
And the rain was raining heavily
Two ravens came from Kossovo,
Flying along a lurid sky:
One after one, they perched upon
The palace of the great Lazar,
And sat upon the turret wall.
One 'gan croak, and one 'gan call,
"Is this the palace of the Tzar?
And is there never a soul inside?"

Was never a soul within the hall,
To answer to the ravens' call,
Save Militza.[1] She espied
The two black birds on the turret wall,
That all in the wind and rain did croak,
And thus the ravens she bespoke:
"In God's great name, black ravens, say,
Whence came ye on the wind to-day?
Is it from the plain of Kossovo?
Hath the bloody battle broke?
Saw ye the two armies there?
Have they met? And, friend or foe,
Which hath vanquisht? How do they fare?"

And the two black fowls replied:
"In God's great name, Militza, dame,
From Kossovo at dawn we came.
A bloody battle we espied:
We saw the two great armies there,
They have met, and ill they fare.

Fallen, fallen, fallen are
The Turkish and the Christian Tzar.

[1] The Queen.

Of the Turks is nothing left
Of the Serbs a remnant rests,
Hackt and hewn, carved and cleft,
Broken shields, and bloody breasts."
And lo! while yet the ravens spoke,
Up came the servant, Miloutine:
And he held his right hand, cleft
By a ghastly saber stroke,
Bruis'd and bloody, in his left;
Gasht with gashes seventeen
Yawn'd his body where he stood,
And his horse was dripping blood.

"O sorrow, sorrow, bitter woe
And sorrow, Miloutine!" she said;
"For now I know my lord is dead.
For, were he living, well I know,
Thou hadst not left at Kossovo
Thy lord forsaken to the foe."
And Miloutine spake, breathing hard:
"Get me from horse: on cool greensward
Lay me, lay me, mistress mine:
A little water from the well
To bathe my wounds in water cold,
For they are deep and manifold;
And touch my lip with rosy wine,
That I may speak before I die.
I would not die before I tell
The tale of how they fought and fell."

She got him from his bloody steed,
And wiped the death-drops from his brow,
And in the fresh grass laid him low;
And washt his wounds in water cold,
For they were deep and manifold;
Full ghastly did they gape and bleed:
She stanch'd them with her garment's fold,
And lightly held his body up,
And bathed his lips with rosy wine,
And all the while her tears down ran,
And dropt into the golden cup;

And still she question'd of the war:
"O tell me, tell me, Miloutine,
Where fell the glorious Prince Lazar?
Where are fallen my brothers nine?
Where my father, Youg Bogdan?
Where Milosch, where Vouk Brankovitch?
And where Strahinia Banovitch?"
Then when the servant, Miloutine,
Three draughts had drain'd of rosy wine,
Although his eyes were waxing dim,
A little strength came back to him.
He stood up on his feet, and, pale
And ghastly, thus began the tale:

"They will never return again,
Never return! ye shall see them no more;
Nor ever meet them within the door,
Nor hold their hands. Their hands are cold,
Their bodies bleach in bloody mould.
They are slain! all of them slain!
And the maidens shall mourn, and the mothers deplore.
Heaps of dead heroes on battle plain.
Where they fell, there they remain,
Corpses stiff in their gore.
But their glory shall never grow old.
Fallen, fallen, in mighty war,
Fallen, fighting about the Tzar,
Fallen, where fell our lord Lazar!
Never more be there voice of cheer!
Never more be there song or dance!
Muffled be moon and star!
For broken now is the lance,
Shiver'd both shield and spear,
And shatter'd the scimitar.
And cleft is the golden crown,
And the sun of Servia is down,
O'erthrown, o'erthrown, o'erthrown,
The roof and top of our renown,
Dead is the great Lazar!

"Have ye seen when the howling storm-wind takes
The topmost pine on a hoary rock,

Tugs at it, and tears, and shakes, and breaks,
And tumbles it into the ocean?
So when this bloody day began,—
In the roaring battle's opening shock,
Down went the grey-hair'd Youg Bogdan.
And following him, the noblest man
That ever wore the silver crown
Of age, grown grey in old renown,
One after one, and side by side
Fighting, thy nine brothers died:
Each by other, brother brother
Following, till death took them all.
But of these nine the last to fall
Was Bocko. Him, myself, I saw,
Three awful hours—a sight of awe,
Here, and there, and everywhere,
And all at once, made manifest,
Like a wild meteor in a troubled air,
Whose motion never may be guessed.
For over all the lurid rack
Of smoking battle, blazed and burn'd,
And stream'd and flasht,
Like flame before the wind upturn'd,
The great imperial ensign splasht
With blood of Turks: where'er he dasht
Amongst their bruised battalions, I
Saw them before him reel and fly:
As when a falcon from on high,
Pounce on a settle-down of doves,
That murmurs make in myrrhy groves,
Comes flying all across the sky,
And scatters them with instant fright;
So flew the Turks to left and right,
Broken before him. Milosch fell,
Pursued by myriads down the dell,
Upon Sitnitza's rushy brink,
Whose chilly waves will roll, I think,
So long as time itself doth roll,
Red with remorse that they roll o'er him.
Christ have mercy on his soul,
And blessed be the womb that bore him.

Not alone he fell. Before him
Twelve thousand Turkish soldiers fell,
Slaughter'd in the savage dell.
His right hand was wet and red
With the blood that he had shed,
And in that red right hand he had
(Shorn from the shoulder sharp) the head
Of the Turkish Tzar, Murad.

"There resteth to Servia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Servia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation,
Of the mourning heart of a widow'd nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation!
Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land—
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reapt by a human hand—
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo—
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain.

"And as for what ye inquire
Of Vouk,—when the worm and mole
Are at work on his bones, may his soul
Eternally singe in hell-fire!
Curst be the womb that bore him!
Curst be his father before him!
Curst be the race and the name of him!
And foul as his sin be the fame of him!
For blacker traitor never drew sword—
False to his faith, to his land, to his lord!
And doubt ye, doubt ye, the tale I tell?
Ask of the dead, for the dead know well;

Let them answer ye, each from his mouldy bed,
For there is no falsehood among the dead:
And there be twelve thousand dead men know,
Who betray'd the Tzar at Kossovo."

## (b) SERBIA AND MACEDONIA

### NICHOLAS VELIMIROVIC: THE HOME OF THE SERBIAN SOUL (1916)

THE home of the Serbian soul is Macedonia. It must have been once a charming country worthy of the great men like Philip and Alexander, worthy of Saint Paul's mission to it, worthy of Byzantium's effort to save it from the Slavs, worthy of all the Turkish sacrifices to conquer it, worthy of several Serbian kings who gave their lives defending it. It was a rich and beautiful spot on this earth. It was the center of the Serbian mediæval state and power, the very heart of the Serbian glory from the time when the Serbs became Christians till the tragedy of Kossovo, and after this tragedy till the death of King Marko of Prilep in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Even during the time of slavery under the Turks, Macedonia was the source of all the spiritual and moral inspirations and supports of the enslaved nation. It happened only accidentally that the northern part of Serbia was liberated a hundred years ago while Macedonia remained still in chains. In the north, in the dense forests and the mountains around Belgrade and Kraguievaz, the guerilla war started a great insurrection which succeeded.

This guerilla war meant a gradual destruction of the Turkish dominions in the whole northern part: in Shumadija, Bosnia, Croatia and Dalmatia. But I say the guerilla war in Shumadija, around Belgrade and Kraguievaz, was a success. Karageorge liberated a part of the Serbian country in the north, and this part was finally recognized by the great powers of Europe and called *Serbia.* But neither Karageorge nor anybody in Serbia has forgotten Macedonia. Macedonia was not only a part of our history, but it has become a part of our soul. The principal and the greater part of our national poetry, which means our Shakespeare and which

meant our Bible, describes Serbian Macedonia, her heroes, her historic events, her struggle with the Turks, her slavery, and her customs and hopes. Serbian children know the names of the towns like Skoplje (Uskub), Prilep, Ochrida, and the heroes' names, Urosh, Stephen, Lilutin, Dushan, Marko and Ugljesha, before they learn in the school to write these names. Our national poetry is our national education, our education is our soul. Macedonia represents a great part of our poetry, which means that she forms a great part of our soul. To say Macedonia does not belong to Serbia means the same as to say, the Serbian soul does not belong to the Serbians. Could you imagine England without Stratford, the birthplace of Shakespeare? I don't think you could. So we cannot imagine a Serbia without Prilep, the source, yea, the birthplace of our national poetry. Every people must have some sacred soil in their country, a part more sacred than other parts, which binds them more to their fatherland, which excites their enthusiasm, and which obliges them to defend and to die for it. I was born in Northern Serbia, in a town which has been very important in our modern history. But I must tell you that it was not Valevo, my birthplace, which inspired me to be a Serb in soul, but rather Prilep, Skoplje and Ochrida, the places where our spirit and our virtues of old flourished, together with Kossovo, where our national body was destroyed. Valevo has been very little mentioned in our national poetry, Valevo and even Belgrade, in comparison with Macedonia. Northern Serbia has been in our Middle Ages more a part of our body than of our soul. But Macedonia. . . . A Bulgarian diplomat formerly in Rome once ironically told a Serbian sculptor in a discussion about Macedonia: "We Bulgars know that King Marko of Prilep is a Serbian. Well, give us Prilep, that is what we want, and keep King Marko for yourselves!" That is the true Bulgarian spirit. The Greeks have understood us better. They have many brothers of their own in Monastir and Ochrida, and still they recognized the Serbian rights in the central and northern parts of Macedonia, claiming for themselves only the southern part, and giving to the Bulgars the eastern part of it. Yet they could claim Macedonia not with less rights than the Bulgars did. Why? Because Macedonia never was the center of a Greek Empire, as it never

was the center of a Bulgarian Empire. It was a provincial country of the old Byzantine Empire. It was a country temporarily conquered by the Bulgars, the center of the Bulgarian kingdom being Tirnovo and its neighborhood. But it was quite a center of all the best things that we Serbs created and possessed in our past. Our national soul cannot live without this part of our national body. I remember a conversation in Nish between a French sailor and a Serbian writer. The French sailor said: "But you will perish if you do not give Macedonia to the Bulgars?" The Serbian writer replied quietly: "Let us perish for the sake of our soul." An English gentleman asked me the other day: "Why have you been obstinate in not yielding Macedonia to the Bulgars, while we even are ready to yield to the Greeks, offering them Cyprus?" "Yes," I said, "we can well appreciate your sacrifice, but still Prilep for us is rather what Stratford—and not Cyprus—is for you. And even I, not being an Englishman, could never agree that you should offer Shakespeare's birthplace to anybody in the world."

Perhaps the Bulgars would not have attacked us in this war if we had given Macedonia to them, although it is not certain, because the frontiers of their ambitions are in Constantinople, Salonica and on the Adriatic. Still Serbia could not barter her soul like Faust with Mephistophiles. Five hundred years ago the Serbs and Greeks defended Macedonia from the Turkish invasion. In 1912 it was Serbia with Greece again who liberated Macedonia from the Turkish yoke. Bulgaria never defended Macedonia from the Turks. Her first fighting for Macedonia was in 1913 against Serbs, Greeks and Roumanians. And Serbia sacrificed not only many things and many lives for Macedonia, but twice even her independence —once five hundred years ago, and for the second time at the present moment. Yes, Serbia is now killed because of Macedonia. Indeed, all Serbia's fighting and suffering have been because of Macedonia. She fought against the Turks because of Macedonia. She fought against the Bulgars because of Macedonia. And she now is losing her independence becuase of Macedonia. Because she could not give Macedonia, which means her glory, her history, her poetry, her soul, she is now trodden down and killed. Serbia could not live without Macedonia. Serbia did what she could—she died

for Macedonia. And if one day, God willing, from this blessed island (Great Britain) should sound the trumpet for the Resurrection for all the dead, killed by the German sword, I hope Serbia will rise from her grave together with Macedonia, as one body and one soul.

## (c) BOHEMIAN LONGINGS FOR FREEDOM

### BOLESLAW JABLONSKY: THE THREE AGES

THERE was a time, when in each nation's ear
  The name of Czechs right gloriously sounded;
By heroes borne, by dukes unknown to fear,
  Its fame and praise all Europe thro' redounded.

There was a time Bohemians proudly bore
  The splendid, glorious, mighty Czeskish name;
When ev'ry muse and science to adore
  To all Bohemia's sons was pride and fame.

There was a time, when from a throne on high
  The "sweet Bohemian tongue" [1] was heard to sound;
Entrancing music, heav'nly harmony,
  In princely palaces it spread around.

O then the Czech was proud a Czech to be!
  Proud to maintain the honor of his race!
Bloom'd in the Lion's land prosperity,[2]
  Such as but patriot nations e'er can grace!

That time passed by; an age of ill came on,
  An age Bohemia's people doom'd to quell;
Its moral forces faintness seiz'd upon,
  Itself in intellectual bondage fell.

The Czech his mother-country ceased to love,
  He ceased himself to treasure as before;
No more his sires' remember'd exploits move,
  Their glories to deserve he strives no more.

[1] The expression of the Emperor Charles IV.
[2] The Lion with two tails is the emblem of Bohemia.

The Czech denied his country, blood and tongue;
  All that his fathers priz'd from home was thrown;
Speech, customs, loses foreigners among,
  And doth the brethren of his blood disown.

Then sank Bohemia's sun in cheerlessness,
  Her Genius 'gan weep with drooping head,
Fled from the land the nation's happiness,
  And all the fam'd Bohemian Muses fled.

O then what pangs the patriot's bosom rend,
  Thus past the golden ages of his home!
O then how mourn'd the people's real friend,
  The nation sinking in so foul a tomb!

But lo! God's Angel calls, "Arise again!"
  "Up from your graves," his trumpet sounds, "arise!"
"Spires of the patriot's temple, gleam again!
  Nation, thy resurrection solemnize!"

Thus speaks the patriot Angel gloriously,
  And lo! what thousands from their graves upstart!
Each joying that his life again is free,
  All utt'ring thanks to God with grateful heart!

Th' ancestral spirit in its wondrous might
  Inspireth all the corners of the land;
The words "He is arisen" glad recite
  The priests who in their country's temple stand.

Then rise up all! ye sleepers till to-day!
  The day-star is aris'n—the dawn doth glow!—
The nightingales are singing—why delay?—
  Shame on the man who is the laggard now!

O brethren, for your nation live again!
  Be lifeless members of its corpse no more!
It and your mother-land confess again!
  Be faithful sons and brethren as of yore!

Your language, customs, rights, ye Czechs, revere!
And prove indeed ye are Bohemians born!
So shall th' ancestral glories re-appear,
Your own lov'd land in splendor to adorn!

## THE PATRIOT'S LAMENT

Mountain, mountain, thou art high!
Hear'st thou not our wailing cry?
See'st thou not the streams that slow
From the eyes of patriots flow?

Wherefore shines the sun on thee,
That thy top doth glitter free,
And thy meadows ev'ry May
To our sorrow blossom gay?

Hear how sounds Vltava's shore! [1]
Hear the distant thunders roar!
'Tis our lips in whispers low
Cursing thee for evermore.

Doth the true Czech thee espy,
Terror-struck he draweth nigh,
Anguish dire his bosom fires,
That he sleeps not with his sires.

Cursed mountain, mountain white!
Upon thee was crush'd our might;
What in thee lies cover'd o'er
Ages cannot back restore.

When the glorious times were set,
Men must needs the tombs forget;
Where their fathers' blood was spilt,
There the lads a church have built.

Storm, why shatter'st thou it not?
Tempest, why destroy'st it not?
Nation, why in glorious war
Driv'st thou not thy shame afar?

[1] Vltava, the river Moldau, upon which Prague is situated.

But in vain our calls resound,
Still the mountain sleepeth sound,
Firm the church abideth there,
And from tempests nought doth fear.

Mountain, mountain, thou art high!
See'st thou life and vengeance nigh?
When thy church in ruins lies,
Slawa from her grave shall rise.

## WINARICKY: THE MADJAROMANIA

Hungarians, Hungarians!
Why do ye these wrongs?
Why strive from our people
To wrench out their tongues?
This not the wild Tatars
Endeavor'd to do.
Than they to be fiercer
Is't pleasing to you?

## HEJ SLOVANE!

Hey Slavonians! our Slavonic language still is living,
Long as our true loyal heart is for our nation striving.
Lives, lives, the Slavonic spirit, and 'twill live for ever;
Hell and thunder! vain against us all your rage shall shiver!

Language is the gift of God, our God who sways the thunder,
In this world may none our language from us put asunder.
Though as many devils come, as earth with people swarmeth,
God is with us, and Perun 'gainst our opponents stormeth.

Fearful may the tempest o'er us hover, rocks may crumble,
Oaks may split, and all around may yawning earthquakes tremble:
Like a castle's walls we'll stand, a firm and stedfast nation,—
May black earth the scoundrel swallow who deserts his station!

## (d) A CZECHO-SLOVAK INDICTMENT OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

### EDOUARD BENES: APPEAL TO THE POWERS OF THE ENTENTE (1917) [1]

In face of the war the Czechs never hesitated, not waiting, as some of the neutrals have done, to see its probable result. Their whole past history indicated which side they should take. It was, in fact, this war, the fatal end of the history of the Austro-Hungarians, this fight to the death against the Allied nations, that constituted for the Czechs the necessary, logical, and fateful hour of their history.

There could be no possible doubt. Two years previously the heart of every Czech beat high on hearing the announcement of the glorious victories of his brothers the Serbs, and the entire nation hastened with the greatest enthusiasm to bring help to the brotherly Yugo-Slav nation. And now the two governments of Vienna and Budapest throw us into a tragic conflict by sending our soldiers to Serbia, Slavs to kill Slavs for the benefit of the Germans and the Magyars. We could not fight against our Serbian and Russian brothers, nor could we contribute towards the crushing of the French and English, for whom we have always entertained much love and respect.

Not only our feelings, our honor even was at stake.

Surrounded on all sides by our enemies, invaded by the Prussian army, strangled, persecuted, and crushed, we responded to the call of our hearts. Knowing the Habsburgs, we know what awaits us if, after war, Europe leaves us in the hands of our enemies. We rebelled as only one can rebel to-day, knowing that the fate reserved for us by the Prussians, the Austro-Magyars, and the Habsburgs, will be that of our ancestors after the battle of the White Mountain. True, the note of the allied powers of 10th January, 1917, in answer to President Wilson's message, stating the objects of the Quadruple Entente in this war, speaks first of the Czecho-Slovaks, and gives a guarantee of their liberation. But without waiting for this, we have already ranged our-

[1] Chapter X of "Bohemia's Case for Independence."

selves on the side of the Allies—the nation of John Hus, the nation of Comenius, Kollar, Palacky,[1] could not act otherwise.

Thus we do not come to France and England to implore Europe to save us from being crushed under the Pan-German yoke. Whatever we have done, we have accomplished our duty. We come to show our deeds, our conduct, our past history, what our traditions have been, what struggles we have come through, and what are our actual desires. We wish to show Europe by undeniable proofs, that Austro-Magyars were incapable of acting differently, that a contrary line of conduct was for them unthinkable. We wish to make it understood, that all the cruelties of the present war will certainly be repeated, that the Austrians and Magyars, the Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns, will unite on the first occasion finally to crush and enslave us. Why should they not, having persisted in the attempt for 1200 years? How could they suddenly become just, equitable, moderate, and mild, when for centuries they have been violent, criminal, and barbarous oppressors? If Europe is to-day astonished and revolted at the disheartening sight which the coalition of the Central Empires gives us, we Czechs are in no way surprised. In truth, we feel some sorrow to find that Western Europe knows Vienna and Budapest so little, and that the sentimental legends about the old Emperor of Schoenbrunn and the illusions about the chivalrous policy of the Magyars have been believed by the simple-minded public.

We would have it understood that the only means of breaking the power of the Central Empires is completely to destroy the Austro-Magyar kernel, on which they base their policy. Europe must finally understand the history of this Empire and this dynasty. A State which has played such a part in history must disappear from the map of Europe!

Finally, we wish to make it clearly understood that Austria, to save her traditions and ancient character, cannot do otherwise than give herself up to Prussia. A Pan-German

[1] John Hus (1373?–1415), reformer and martyr; Comenius (1592–1671), last Bishop of the Moravian and Bohemian Brethren, writer on education and theology; Kollar (1723–1783), a linguistic scholar and statesman; Palacky (1798–1876), Czech patriot and politician.

Empire is the final end of the evolution of the Central European situation. There is, therefore, no means but to destroy Austria-Hungary, to arrest the *Drang nach Osten* of Prussia, and to break forever the German hegemony in Europe. Moreover, an impassable barrier must be established against the Prussians to reduce them to their proper strength so that they may easily be kept in check if they should ever recommence their sinister schemes of to-day. This barrier—as we have already mentioned—may easily be realized. An independent Bohemia, supported in the north by a united and autonomous Poland, and in the south by the Yugo-Slav Empire, would form this impassable Slav barrier. The destruction of Austria which would follow, the reduction of the Magyars to their proper territory, comprising 8,000,000 inhabitants of exclusively Magyar nationality, and their separation from the Germans by Slav territories would forever render impossible a recurrence of the present world catastrophe.

This is what we would impress on the Powers of the Entente. We Czecho-Slovaks, who have borne so many bitter struggles and sufferings, to-day have full right to lead a complete and independent national existence. Our tenacity, our patience, our perseverance, and our incessant labors are the sure proofs that we will not fail in our mission.

But we have a wider conception of life. The fate of a nation who throughout its existence must fight without cessation against three formidable foes is indeed heart-rending. We are sick of this vain struggle, we aim at higher things and ardently desire to continue in the traditions of our great ancestors; it is our heartfelt desire to throw all our energies into the great work for the advancement of civilization and the amelioration of social conditions.

That is why to-day we appeal to all those who are interested in the work of the reconstruction of Europe, "Dismember Austria-Hungary! Remove from the Habsburgs the possibility of continuing to play their sinister part! Liberate the Austrian Slavs! Unite the Czecho-Slovaks and the Yugo-Slavs! Understand that after all it is in your interest, in the interest of Europe, and in the interest of humanity."

# VIII. AMERICA

The sinking of the *Lusitania* (May 7, 1915) rendered articulate the American people's disgust at Prussian methods in war. Joyce Kilmer's finely imaginative poem, published in the *New York Times*, illustrates well the deep horror which this atrocity excited. About the same time Owen Wister, a veteran man of letters intimately acquainted with German life and warmly attached to it, produced in "The Pentecost of Calamity" an admirably even-tempered and convincing analysis of what he calls the Prussianizing of Germany.

Sympathy with Germany's two chief adversaries expressed itself with increasing clearness: the sense of the common Anglo-Saxon heritage, for example, in Professor Helen Gray Cone's reply to the "Song of Hate" against England; impatience to repay the debt which America owed to French idealism in Alan Seeger's matchless elegiac ode on the American volunteers fallen for France.

The diplomatic correspondence of this country early reached a high level of thought and eloquence, as in Mr. Lansing's reply to the Austrian protest against American traffic in munitions and in the note which explained that the United States would hold the German government to "a strict accountability" for the death of American citizens. More important still are the later documents, which are here quoted: Mr. Wilson's War Message to Congress, his statement of the "fourteen articles," and the Baltimore speech in which he voiced America's answer to the great German offensive of March, 1918. Vachel Lindsay's poem, "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," catches well the underlying sentiments of the nation during this period: horror over the inhumanities of militarism and earnest longing for a just world-peace.

Two forward-looking essays discuss vital questions of reconstruction, political and economic respectively. Professor Abbott raises the issue of the difference between the ideals

of liberty and equality, and suggests wherein governmental efficiency consists. Mr. William Allen White justifies by graphic illustration the shift in economic values which the war produced.

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## (a) THE PROTEST AGAINST PRUSSIANISM

### JOYCE KILMER: THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

With drooping sail and pennant
  That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
  Beside a sunless beach.
Their mighty masts and funnels
  Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
  Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
  That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
  Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded
  And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
  Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
  That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
  The grim *Titanic* lay.
And through the leagues above her
  She looked, aghast, and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
  Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
  From ruined stern to prow;
What was this thing of terror
  That broke their vigil now?

Down through the startled ocean
  A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
  But red, like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
  Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
  From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
  And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
  And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her,
  "And who art thou?" she said;
"Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
  Arrayed in living red?
We are the ships of sorrow
  Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
  Obscure and still and white."

"Nay," said the scarlet visitor,
  "Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship,
  I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
  By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
  Ye wear your robes of white.

"But never crashing iceberg
  Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
  The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
  My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
  A deed without a name.

"I went not forth to battle,
  I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
  The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
  And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
  Became a shameful place!

"My wrong cries out for vengeance,
  The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
  Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
  Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
  I am the brand of Cain."

When God's great voice assembles
  The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
  In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
  Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver.
  But one—shall be like blood.

## OWEN WISTER: THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY (1915)

### IX

We can hardly emphasize too much, or sufficiently underline, the moral effect of 1870 on the German nature, the influence it had on the German mind. It is essential to a clear understanding of the full Prussianizing process that now set in. On the German's innate docility and credulity many have dwelt, but few on what 1870 did to this. Only with Bismarck's quick, tremendous victory over France as the final explanation is the abject and servile faith that the Germans thenceforth put in Prussia rendered conceivable to reason. They blindly swallowed the sham that Bismarck gave them

as universal suffrage. They swallowed extreme political and military restraint. They swallowed a rigid compulsion in schools, which led to the excess in child suicide I have mentioned. They swallowed a state of life where outside the indicated limits almost nothing was permitted and almost everything was forbidden.

But all this proscription is merely material and has been attended by great material welfare. Intellectual speculation was apparently unfettered; but he who dared philosophize about Liberty and the Divine Right of Kings found it was not. Prussia put its uniform not only on German bodies but on their brains. Literature and music grew correspondingly sterilized. Drama, fiction, poetry and the comic papers became invaded by a new violence and a new, heavy obscenity. Impatience with the noble German classics was bred by Prussia. What wonder, since freedom was their essence?

Beethoven, after Napoleon made himself Emperor, tore off the dedication of his "Eroica" symphony to Napoleon. And Goethe had said: "Napoleon affords us an example of the danger of elevating oneself to the Absolute and sacrificing everything to the carrying out of an idea." Goethe fell frankly out of date in Berlin. Symphony orchestras could no longer properly interpret Mozart and Beethoven. A strange blend of frivolity and bestiality began to pervade the whole realm of German art. Scientific eminence degenerated *pari passu*. No originator of the dimensions of Helmholtz was produced, but a herd of diligent and thorough workers-out of the ideas got from England—like the aniline dyes—or from France—like the Wassermann tests—and seldom credited to their sources. So poor grew the academic tone at Berlin that a Munich professor declined an offer of promotion thither.

For forty years German school children and university students sat in the thickening fumes that exhaled from Berlin, spread everywhere by professors chosen at the fountainhead. Any professor or editor who dared speak anything not dictated by Prussia, for German credulity to write down on its slate, was dealt with as a heretic.

Out of the fumes emerged three colossal shapes—the Super-man, the Super-race and the Super-state: the new Trinity of German worship.

## X

Thus was Germany shut in from the world. Even her Socialist-Democrats abjectly conformed. China built a stone wall, Germany a wall of the mind.

To assert that any great nation has in these modern days deliberately built around herself such a wall, may seem an extreme statement, and I will therefore support it with an instance—only one instance out of many, out of hundreds; it will suffice to indicate the sort of information about the world lying outside the wall that Germany has carefully prepared for the children in her schools. I quote from the letter of an American parent recently living in Berlin, who placed his children in a school there: "The text books were unique. I suppose there was not in any book of physics or chemistry that they studied an admission that a citizen of some other country had taken any forward step; every step was by some line of argument assigned to a German. As you might expect, the history of the modern world is the work of German Heroes. The oddest example, however, was the geography used by Katherine. (His daughter, aged thirteen.) This contained maps indicating the Deutsche Gebiete (the German 'spheres of influence' in foreign lands) in striking colors. In North and South America, including the United States and Canada, there are said to be three classes of inhabitants—negroes, Indians and Germans. For the United States there is a black belt for negroes and a middle-west section for Indians; but the rest is Deutsche Gebiete. Canada is occupied mainly by Indians. The matter was brought to my attention because one of Katherine's girl friends asked her whether she was of negro or Indian blood; and when she replied she was neither her friend pointed out that this was impossible for she surely was not German." Information less laughable about the morals taught in the German schools I forbear to quote.

During forty years Germany sat within her wall, learning and repeating Prussian incantations. It recalls those savage rites where the participants, by shouting and by concerted rhythmic movements, work themselves into a frothing state. This has befallen Germany. Within her wall of moral isolation her sight has grown distorted, her sense of proportion is

lost; a set of reeling delusions possesses her—her own greatness, her mission of *Kultur*, her contempt for the rest of mankind, her grievance that mankind is in league to cramp and suppress her.

These delusions have been attended by their proper Nemesis: Germany has misunderstood us all—everybody and everything outside her wall.

Like the bewitched dwarfs in certain old magic tales, whose talk reveals their evil without their knowing it, Germans constantly utter words of the most naïf and grotesque self-betrayal—as when the German ambassador was being escorted away from England and was urged by his escort not to be so downcast; the war being no fault of his. He answered in sincere sadness:

"Oh, you don't realize! My future is broken. I was sent to watch England and tell my Emperor the right moment for him to strike, when England's internal disturbances would make it impossible for her to fight us. I told him the moment had come." [1]

Or again, when a German in Brussels said to an American:

"We were sincerely sorry for Belgium; but we feel it is better for that country to suffer, even to disappear, than for our Empire, so much larger and more important, to be torpedoed by our treacherous enemies."

Or again, when Doctor Dernburg shows us why Germany had to murder eleven hundred passengers:

"It has been the custom heretofore to take off passengers and crew. . . . But a submarine . . . cannot do it. The submarine is a frail craft and may easily be rammed, and a speedy ship is capable of running away from it."

No more than the dwarf has Germany any conception what such candid words reveal of herself to ears outside her Teutonic wall—that she has walked back to the morality of the Stone Age and made ancient warfare more hideous through the devices of modern science.

Thus her Nemesis is to misunderstand the world. She blundered as to what Belgium would do, what France would do, what Russia would do; and she most desperately blundered as to what England would do. And she expected American sympathy.

[1] Contrast this with Lichnowsky's memorandum, above.

Summarized thus, the Prussianizing of Germany seems fantastic; fantastic, too, and not of the real world, the utter credulity, the abject, fervent faith of the hypnotized young men. Yet here are a young German's recent words. I have seen his letter, written to a friend of mine. He was tutor to my friend's children. Delightful, of admirable education, there was no sign in him of hypnotism. He went home to fight. There he inhaled afresh the Prussian fumes. Presently his letter came, just such a letter as one would wish from an ardent, sincere, patriotic youth—for the first pages. Then the fumes show their work and he suddenly breaks out in the following intellectual vertigo:

"Individual life has become worthless; even the uneducated men feel that something greater than individual happiness is at stake, and the educated know that it is the culture of Europe. By her shameless lies and cold-blooded hypocrisy England has forfeited her claim to the title of a country of culture. France has passed her prime anyway, your country is too far behind in its development, the other countries are too small to carry on the heritage of Greek culture and Christian faith—the two main components of every higher culture to-day; so *we* have to do it, and we *shall* do it—even if we and millions more of us should have to die."

There you have it! A cultivated student, a noble nature, a character of promise, Prussianized, with millions like him, into a gibbering maniac, and flung into a caldron of blood! Could tragedy be deeper? Goethe's young Wilhelm Meister thus images the ruin of Hamlet's mind and how it came about: "An oak tree is planted in a costly vase, which should only have borne beautiful flowers in its bosom; the roots expand and the vase is shattered." Thus has Prussia, planted in Germany, cracked the Empire.

## XI

And now we are ready for the Prussian Creed. The following is an embodiment, a composite statement, of Prussianism, compiled sentence by sentence from the utterances of Prussians, the Kaiser and his generals, professors, editors, and Nietzsche, part of it said in cold blood, years before this

war, and all of it a declaration of faith now being ratified by action:

"We Hohenzollerns take our crown from God alone. On me the Spirit of God has descended. I regard my whole . . . task as appointed by heaven. Who opposes me I shall crush to pieces. Nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention . . . of . . . the German Emperor. He who listens to public opinion runs a danger of inflicting immense harm on . . . the State. When one occupies certain positions in the world one ought to make dupes rather than friends. Christian morality cannot be political. Treaties are only a disguise to conceal other political aims. Remember that the German people are the chosen of God.

"Might is right and . . . is decided by war. Every youth who enters a beer-drinking and dueling club will receive the true direction of his life. War in itself is a good thing. God will see to it that war always recurs. The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral. The peace of Europe is only a secondary matter for us. The sight of suffering does one good; the infliction of suffering does one more good. This war must be conducted as ruthlessly as possible.

"The Belgians should not be shot *dead*. They should be . . . so left as to make impossible all hope of recovery. The troops are to treat the Belgian civil population with unrelenting severity and frightfulness. Weak nations have not the same right to live as powerful . . . nations. The world has no longer need of little nationalities. We Germans have little esteem and less respect . . . for Holland. We need to enlarge our colonial possessions; such territorial acquisitions we can only realize at the cost of other states.

"Russia must no longer be our frontier. The Polish press should be annihilated . . . likewise the French and Danish. . . . The Poles should be allowed . . . three privileges: to pay taxes, serve in the army, and shut their jaws. France must be so completely crushed that she will never again cross our path. You must remember that we have not come to make war on the French people, but to bring them the higher Civilization. The French have shown themselves decadent and without respect for the Divine law. Against England we fight for booty. Our real enemy is England. We have

to . . . crush absolutely perfidious Albion . . . subdue her to such an extent that her influence all over the world is broken forever.

"German should replace English as the world language. English, the bastard tongue . . . must be swept into the remotest corners . . . until it has returned to its original elements of an insignificant pirate dialect. The German language acts as a blessing which, coming direct from the hand of God, sinks into the heart like a precious balm. To us, more than any other nation, is intrusted the true structure of human existence. Our own country, by employing military power, has attained a degree of Culture which it could never have reached by peaceful means.

"The civilization of mankind suffers every time a German becomes an American. Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. We willed it. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. We are morally and intellectually superior beyond all comparison. . . . We must . . . fight with Russian beasts, English mercenaries and Belgian fanatics. We have nothing to apologize for. It is no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world, be destroyed. . . . The ugliest stone placed to mark the burial of a German grenadier is a more glorious monument than all the cathedrals of Europe put together. No respect for the tombs of Shakespeare, Newton and Faraday.

"They call us barbarians. What of it? The German claim must be: . . . Education to hate. . . . Organization of hatred. . . . Education to the desire for hatred. Let us abolish unripe and false shame. . . . To us is given faith, hope and hatred; but hatred is the greatest among them."

## XII

Can the splendid land of Goethe unlearn its Prussian lesson and regain its own noble sanity, or has it too long inhaled the fumes? There is no saying yet. Still they sit inside their wall. Like a trained chorus they still repeat that England made the war, that Louvain was not destroyed, that Rheims was not bombarded, that their Fatherland is the unoffending

victim of world-jealousy. When travelers ask what proofs they have, the trained chorus has but one reply: "Our government officials tell us so." Berlin, Cologne, Munich—all their cities—give this answer to the traveler. Nothing that we know do they know. It is kept from them. Their brains still wear the Prussian uniform and go mechanically through the Prussian drill. Will adversity lift this curse?

Something happened at Louvain—a little thing, but let it give us hope. In the house of a professor at the University some German soldiers were quartered, friendly, considerate, doing no harm. Suddenly one day, in obedience to new orders, they fell on this home, burned books, wrecked rooms, destroyed the house and all its possessions. Its master is dead. His wife, looking on with her helpless children, saw a soldier give an apple to a child.

"Thank you," she said; "you, at least, have a heart."

"No, madam," said the German; "it is broken."

Goethe said: "He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. . . . We are become too humane to enjoy the triumphs of Cæsar." Ninety years after he said this Germany took the Belgian women from their ruined villages—some of these women being so infirm that for months they had not been out-of-doors—and loaded them on trains like cattle, and during several weeks exposed them publicly to the jeers and scoffs and insults of German crowds through city after city.

Perhaps the German soldier whose heart was broken by Louvain will be one of a legion, and thus, perhaps, through thousands of broken German hearts, Germany may become herself again. She has hurled calamity on a continent. She has struck to pieces a Europe whose very unpreparedness answers her ridiculous falsehood that she was attacked first. Never shall Europe be again as it was. Our brains, could they take in the whole of this war, would burst.

But Calamity has its Pentecost. When its mighty wind rushed over Belgium and France, and its tongues of fire sat on each of them, they, too, like the apostles in the New Testament, began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance. Their words and deeds have filled the world with a splendor the world had lost. The flesh, that has dominated our day and generation, fell away in the presence of the Spirit. I have

heard Belgians bless the martyrdom and awakening of their nation. They have said:

"Do not talk of our suffering; talk of our glory. We have found ourselves."

Frenchmen have said to me: "For forty-four years we have been unhappy, in darkness, without health, without faith, believing the true France dead. Resurrection has come to us." I heard the French Ambassador, Jules Jusserand, say in a noble speech: "George Eliot profoundly observes that to every man comes a crisis when in a moment, without chance for reflection, he must decide and act instantly. What determines his decision? His whole past, the daily choices between good and evil that he has made throughout his previous years—these determine his decision. Such a crisis fell in a moment on France; she acted instantly, true to her historic honor and courage."

Every day deeds of faith, love and renunciation are done by the score and the hundred which will never be recorded, and every one of which is noble enough to make an immortal song. All over the broken map of Europe, through stricken thousands of square miles, such deeds are being done by Servians, Russians, Poles, Belgians, French and English,—yes, and Germans too,—the souls of men and women rising above their bodies, flinging them away for the sake of a cause. Think of one incident only, only one of the white-hot gleams of the Spirit that have reached us from the raging furnace. Out from the burning cathedral of Rheims they were dragging the wounded German prisoners lying helpless inside on straw that had begun to burn. In front of the church the French mob was about to shoot or tear to pieces those crippled, defenseless enemies. You and I might well want to kill an enemy who had set fire to Mount Vernon, the house of the Father of our Country.

For more than seven hundred years that great church of Rheims had been the sacred shrine of France. One minute more and those Germans lying or crawling outside the church door would have been destroyed by the furious people. But above the crash of rafters and glass, the fall of statues, the thunder of bombarding cannon, and the cries of French execration, rose one man's voice. There on the steps of the ruined church stood a priest. He lifted his arms and said:

"Stop; remember the ancient ways and chivalry of France. It is not Frenchmen who trample on a maimed and fallen foe. Let us not descend to the level of our enemies."

It was enough. The French remembered France. Those Germans were conveyed in safety to their appointed shelter—and far away, across the lands and oceans, hearts throbbed and eyes grew wet that had never looked on Rheims.

These are the tongues of fire; this is the Pentecost of Calamity. Often it must have made brothers again of those who found themselves prone on the battlefield, neighbors awaiting the grave. In Flanders a French officer of cavalry, shot through the chest, lay dying, but with life enough still to write his story to the lady of his heart. He wrote thus:

There are two other men lying near me, and I do not think there is much hope for them either. One is an officer of a Scottish regiment and the other a private in the uhlans. They were struck down after me, and when I came to myself I found them bending over me, rendering first aid. The Britisher was pouring water down my throat from his flask, while the German was endeavoring to stanch my wound with an antiseptic preparation served out to their troops by the medical corps. The Highlander had one of his legs shattered, and the German had several pieces of shrapnel buried in his side.

"In spite of their own sufferings, they were trying to help me; and when I was fully conscious again the German gave us a morphia injection and took one himself. His medical corps had also provided him with the injection and the needle, together with printed instructions for their use. After the injection, feeling wonderfully at ease, we spoke of the lives we had lived before the war. We all spoke English, and we talked of the women we had left at home. Both the German and the Britisher had been married only a year. . . .

"I wondered—and I suppose the others did—why we had fought each other at all. I looked at the Highlander, who was falling to sleep, exhausted, and, in spite of his drawn face and mud-stained uniform, he looked the embodiment of freedom. Then I thought of the Tricolor of France and all that France had done for liberty. Then I watched the German, who had ceased to speak. He had taken a prayer book from his knapsack, and was trying to read a service

for soldiers wounded in battle. And . . . while I watched him I realized what we were fighting for. . . . He was dying in vain, while the Britisher and myself, by our deaths, would probably contribute something toward the cause of civilization and peace."

Thus wrote this young French officer of cavalry to the lady of his heart, the American lady to whom he was engaged. The Red Cross found the letter at his side. Through it she learned the manner of his death. This, too, is the Pentecost of Calamity.

## XIII

And what do the women say—the women who lose such men? Thus do they decline to attend at The Hague the Peace Congress of foolish women who have lost nobody:

"How would it be possible, in an hour like this, for us to meet women of the enemy's countries? . . . Have they disavowed the . . . crimes of their government? Have they protested against the violation of Belgium's neutrality? Against offenses to the law of nations? Against the crimes of their army and navy? If their voices had been raised it was too feebly for the echo of their protest to reach us across our violated and devastated territories. . . ."

And one celebrated lady writes to a delegate at The Hague:

"Madam, are you really English? . . . I confess I understand better Englishwomen who wish to fight. . . . To ask Frenchwomen in such an hour to come and talk of arbitration and mediation and discourse of an armistice is to ask them to deny their nation. . . . All that Frenchwomen could desire is to awake and acclaim in their children, their husbands and brothers, and in their very fathers, the conviction that defensive war is a thing so holy that all must be abandoned, forgotten, sacrificed, and death must be faced heroically to defend and save that which is most sacred . . . our country. . . . It would be to deny my dead to look for anything beside that which is and ought to be!—if the God of right and justice, the enemy of the devil and of force and crazy pride, is the true God."

Thus awakened and transfigured by Calamity do men and women rise in their full spiritual nature, efface themselves, and utter sacred words. Calamity, when the *Lusitania*

went down, wrung from the lips of an awakened German, Kuno Francke, this noble burst of patriotism:

*Ends Europe so? Then, in Thy mercy, God,*
*Out of the foundering planet's gruesome night*
*Pluck Thou my people's soul. From rage and craze*
*Of the staled Earth, O lift Thou it aloft,*
*Re-youthed, and through transfiguration cleansed;*
*So beaming shall it light the newer time,*
*And heavenly, on a world refreshed, unfold.*
*Soul of my race, thou sinkest not to dust.*

If Germany's tragedy be, as I think, the deepest of all, the hope is that she, too, will be touched by the Pentecost of Calamity, and pluck her soul from Prussia, to whom she gave it in 1870. Thus shall the curse be lifted.

## (b) SYMPATHY WITH ENGLAND

### HELEN G. CONE: A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND (1915)

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
*England!*

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
*England.*

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendor eternal,
*England!*

## (c) "THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY"

### WOODROW WILSON: THE WAR MESSAGE (April 2, 1917.)

Gentlemen of the Congress: I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the 3d of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Im-

perial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft, in conformity with its promise, then given to us, that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside, under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ, as it is employing them, without throwing to the wind all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be.

The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the Nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws, when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks, as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity, indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The

intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our Nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those Governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs.

It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible.

It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines.

It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States, already provided for by law in case of war, of at least five hundred thousand men who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation, because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits, which will now be necessary, entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people, so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished, we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon whom the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the Nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world, what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the Nation has been altered or clouded

by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22d of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the 3d of February and on the 26th of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic Governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their Governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized States.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days, when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellowmen as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor States with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily

impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the Nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their naïve majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a league of honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our National unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues, which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country, have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and

even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government, accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us, and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world. We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish

to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the Governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified endorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare, adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only an armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them for the time being to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

We shall happily still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their

neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are most of them as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

## WOODROW WILSON: THE PROGRAM OF THE WORLD'S PEACE (January 8, 1918.)

Once more, as repeatedly before, the spokesmen of the Central Empires have indicated their desire to discuss the objects of the war and the possible bases of a general peace. Parleys have been in progress at Brest-Litovsk between Russian representatives and representatives of the Central Powers to which the attention of all the belligerents has been invited for the purpose of ascertaining whether it may be possible to extend these parleys into a general conference with regard to terms of peace and settlement.

The Russian representatives presented not only a perfectly definite statement of the principles upon which they would be willing to conclude peace, but also an equally definite programme of the concrete application of those principles.

The representatives of the Central Powers, on their part, presented an outline of settlement which, if much less definite, seemed susceptible of liberal interpretation until their specific programme of practical terms was added.

That programme proposed no concessions at all, either to the sovereignty of Russia or to the preferences of the population with whose fortunes it dealt, but meant, in a word, that the Central Empires were to keep every foot of territory their armed forces had occupied—every province, every city, every point of vantage—as a permanent addition to their territories and their power.

It is a reasonable conjecture that the general principles of settlement which they at first suggested originated with the more liberal statesmen of Germany and Austria, the men who have begun to feel the force of their own people's thought and purpose, while the concrete terms of actual settlement came from the military leaders, who have no thought but to keep what they have got. The negotiations have been broken off. The Russian representatives were sincere and in earnest. They cannot entertain such proposals of conquest and domination.

The whole incident is full of significance. It is also full of perplexity. With whom are the Russian representatives dealing? For whom are the representatives of the Central Empires speaking? Are they speaking for the majorities of their respective parliaments or for the minority parties—that military and imperialistic minority which has so far dominated their whole policy and controlled the affairs of Turkey and the Balkan States, which have felt obliged to become their associates in this war?

The Russian representatives have insisted, very justly, very wisely, and in the true spirit of democracy, that the conferences they have been holding with the Teutonic and Turkish statesmen should be held within open, not closed, doors, and all the world has been audience, as was desired.

To whom have we been listening, then? To those who

speak the spirit and intention of the resolutions of the German Reichstag of the 9th of July last, the spirit and intention of the liberal leaders and parties of Germany, or to those who resist and defy that spirit and intention and insist upon conquest and subjugation? Or are we listening in fact to both, unreconciled and in open and hopeless contradiction? These are very serious and pregnant questions. Upon the answer to them depends the peace of the world.

But whatever the results of the parleys at Brest-Litovsk, whatever the confusions of counsel and of purpose in the utterances of the spokesmen of the Central Empires, they have again attempted to acquaint the world with their objects in the war and have again challenged their adversaries to say what their objects are and what sort of settlement they would deem just and satisfactory.

There is no good reason why that challenge should not be responded to, and responded to with the utmost candor. We did not wait for it. Not once, but again and again, we have laid our whole thought and purpose before the world, not in general terms only, but each time with sufficient definition to make it clear what sort of definitive terms of settlement must necessarily spring out of them.

Within the last week Mr. Lloyd George has spoken with admirable candor and in admirable spirit for the people and Government of Great Britain. There is no confusion of counsel among the adversaries of the Central Powers, no uncertainty of principle, no vagueness of detail.

The only secrecy of counsel, the only lack of fearless frankness, the only failure to make definite statement of the objects of the war lies with Germany and her allies. The issues of life and death hang upon these definitions. No statesman who has the least conception of his responsibility ought for a moment to permit himself to continue this tragical and appalling outpouring of blood and treasure unless he is sure beyond a peradventure that the objects of the vital sacrifice are part and parcel of the very life of society and that the people for whom he speaks think them right and imperative as he does.

There is, moreover, a voice calling for these definitions of principle and of purpose which is, it seems to me, more thrilling and more compelling than any of the many mov-

ing voices with which the troubled air of the world is filled. It is the voice of the Russian people. They are prostrate and all but helpless, it would seem, before the grim power of Germany, which has hitherto known no relenting and no pity. Their power apparently is shattered, and yet their soul is not subservient. They will not yield either in principle or in action. The conception of what is right, of what is humane and honorable for them to accept, has been stated with a frankness, a largeness of view, a generosity of spirit, and a universal human sympathy which must challenge the admiration of every friend of mankind; and they have refused to compound their ideals or desert others that they themselves may be safe.

They call to us to say what it is that we desire, in what, if in anything, our purpose and our spirit differ from theirs; and I believe that the people of the United States would wish me to respond with utter simplicity and frankness.

Whether their present leaders believe it or not, it is our heartfelt desire and hope that some way may be opened whereby we may be privileged to assist the people of Russia to attain their utmost hope of liberty and ordered peace.

It will be our wish and purpose that the processes of peace, when they are begun, shall be absolutely open, and that they shall involve and permit henceforth no secret understandings of any kind. The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by; so is also the day of secret covenants entered into in the interest of particular governments, and likely at some unlooked for moment to upset the peace of the world.

It is this happy fact, now clear to the view of every public man whose thoughts do not still linger in an age that is dead and gone, which makes it possible for every nation whose purposes are consistent with justice and the peace of the world to avow now or at any other time the objects it has in view.

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves.

It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression.

All the peoples of the world are in effect partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us.

The programme of the world's peace, therefore, is our programme, and that programme, the only possible programme, as we see it, is this:—

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interest of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest co-operation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome,

assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as destinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guaranties of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free

passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

XIII. An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight and to continue to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this programme does remove.

We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this programme that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of pacific enterprise such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us,

whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question.

An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle, and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this, the culminating and final war for human liberty, has come, and they are ready to put their strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity, and devotion to the test.

## WOODROW WILSON: "FORCE TO THE UTMOST"

(April 6, 1918.)

This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of free men everywhere. The Nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men and, if need be, all that we possess. The loan we are met to discuss is one of the least parts of what we are called upon to give and to do, though in itself imperative. The people of the whole country are alive to the necessity of it, and are ready to lend to the utmost, even where it involves a sharp skimping and daily sacrifice to lend out of meager earnings. They will look with reprobation and contempt upon those who can and will not, upon those who demand a higher rate of interest, upon those who think of it as a mere commercial transaction. I have not come, therefore, to urge the loan. I have come only to give you, if I can, a more vivid conception of what it is for.

The reasons for this great war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through, and the issues that hang upon its outcome, are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. It is easy to see just what this particular loan means

because the cause we are fighting for stands more sharply revealed than at any previous crisis of the momentous struggle. The man who knows least can now see plainly how the cause of justice stands and what the imperishable thing is he is asked to invest in. Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own, and that, if it should be lost, their own great Nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it.

I call you to witness, my fellow countrymen, that at no stage of this terrible business have I judged the purposes of Germany intemperately. I should be ashamed in the presence of affairs so grave, so fraught with the destinies of mankind throughout all the world, to speak with truculence, to use the weak language of hatred or vindictive purpose. We must judge as we would be judged. I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. I have laid bare our own ideals, our own purposes, without reserve or doubtful phrase, and have asked them to say as plainly what it is that they seek.

We have ourselves proposed no injustice, no aggression. We are ready, whenever the final reckoning is made, to be just to the German people, deal fairly with the German power, as with all others. There can be no difference between peoples in the final judgment, if it is indeed to be a righteous judgment. To propose anything but justice, even-handed and dispassionate justice, to Germany at any time, whatever the outcome of the war, would be to renounce and dishonor our own cause. For we ask nothing that we are not willing to accord.

It has been with this thought that I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered, answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will.

The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has come from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. Her statesmen have said that they wished peace, and were ready to discuss its terms whenever their opponents were

willing to sit down at the conference table with them. Her present Chancellor has said,—in indefinite and uncertain terms, indeed, and in phrases that often seem to deny their own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent,—that he believed that peace should be based upon the principles which we had declared would be our own in the final settlement. At Brest-Litovsk her civilian delegates spoke in similar terms; professed their desire to conclude a fair peace and accord to the peoples with whose fortunes they were dealing the right to choose their own allegiances. But action accompanied and followed the profession. Their military masters, the men who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution, proclaimed a very different conclusion. We cannot mistake what they have done,—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Roumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest. They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lies for the time at their mercy. Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement; and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion!

Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same things at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? If, when they have felt their check to be final, they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?

Their purpose is undoubtedly to make all the Slavic peoples, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy that they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy, —an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe,—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India, and the peoples of the Far East. In such a

programme our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations upon which all the modern world insists, can play no part. They are rejected for the ideals of power, for the principle that the strong must rule the weak, that trade must follow the flag, whether those to whom it is taken welcome it or not, that the peoples of the world are to be made subject to the patronage and overlordship of those who have the power to enforce it.

That programme once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm, and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world, a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak, must for the time being be trodden under foot and disregarded, and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind!

The thing is preposterous and impossible; and yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved? I do not wish, even in this moment of utter disillusionment, to judge harshly or unrighteously. I judge only what the German arms have accomplished with unpitying thoroughness throughout every fair region they have touched.

What, then, are we to do? For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed,—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike. But the answer, when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer.

I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do. Let everything that we say, my fellow countrymen, everything that we hence-

forth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear. Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether Right as America conceives it or Dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, Force to the utmost, Force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant Force which shall make Right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.

## VACHEL LINDSAY: ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT (IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

## (d) POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION

### WILBUR C. ABBOTT: COSSACK OR REPUBLICAN?
(January, 1918.)

It has now been almost precisely a hundred years since the first Napoleon gave utterance to his famous prophecy that "in a century Europe would be all Cossack or all Republican,"—all autocracy or all democracy. The appointed term is nearly fulfilled, and we hang upon the answer. Europe itself is rent with the tremendous convulsion, which has risen in scope and intensity beyond all conflicts since the world began. The whole earth is stirring to take its part in a struggle which staggers the imagination, and bids fair to surpass the bounds of human endurance and even of human understanding. Shrewd as he was, not even the great emperor could foresee what direction the conflict was to take, or predict its outcome. But standing, as he did, at the stupendous turning-point between the old order and the new—half enlightened despot, half democrat, and wholly child of revolution as he was, —he had prescience of the inevitable contest for supremacy between those principles of liberty and absolutism of which his career was the result and which he, in no small degree, personified. We have arrived

at the end of the period which he set as the limit for the final trial of strength—and we confront the riddle of Napoleon. Is it to be Cossack or Republican?

But the problem, as the past three years have revealed with uncompromising clearness, is not so simple as it was at first conceived, and far from as simple as the emperor imagined. For the world has moved forward since he ceased to dominate its destinies. There is still a widespread and powerful feeling that upon the decision of arms—let us say on the western front—hangs the issue between autocracy and democracy. In no small measure this is true; but it is not the whole truth. For if one inevitable conclusion above all others has been forced upon thinking men since this war began, it is that, far beyond the fighting line, there has been, and there still is a conflict of forces, for the most part imponderable, upon which, scarcely less than upon the result of the appeal to arms, hangs the future of political and social affairs throughout the world. If the Allies are defeated, there can hardly be any doubt that the cause of popular government will receive a tremendous set-back. But even if they win, they will find the world about them changed in ways scarcely conceivable five years ago, and their armies will return to nations already revolutionized. The Germans, it has been observed, set out to alter the world, and, if they have not accomplished their design in the way they hoped and planned, even their failure will leave us in a situation and with a group of ideas and conditions profoundly altered from those with which we entered the conflict.

Of this there are two striking instances—to choose two out of many. No one can reflect upon the state of affairs before the war without realizing that the present government of Germany threw away the greatest opportunity for world domination which any power ever had. The German people seemed in a fair way to conquer us all by their marvellous organization, their patient industry, their scientific efficiency. They had, consciously and unconsciously, applied the principles of autocracy, of enlightened despotism and perfected bureaucracy, to the social and economic side of life. They had gone far towards what they have come to call industrial militarism. They had established new standards of national and state existence, of which the army

was one manifestation, and the economic organization was the other. They were rapidly realizing an ideal of a state as a fighting mechanism, which went forth conquering in the world of business as well as that of arms.

But the cup was dashed from their lips. At the moment when it seemed that they faced every prospect of success in this commercial conquest of the world, the short-sighted party of the sword proved too strong, and, for whatever reason, the nation plunged into war. The vast development of commerce and industry was not only brought to an end for the time being; the rest of the nations were suddenly awakened to a keen realization of what German industrialism had meant, and whither it was leading. They were not merely inspired, they were compelled, to take measures to readjust their economic life. In almost every department of industry they took steps to replace the products for which they had before the war trustingly, one might almost say confidingly, relied on Germany. And among the profoundest results of the present conflict will be, unquestionably, a series of declarations of economic independence, which will have the same effect in the economic world as the series of revolutions which, a century ago, brought new states into existence in the western hemisphere to redress the balance of the old European political system.

It is no mere fancy, this extension into the field of economics of those principles of nationalism which have long since made themselves dominant in politics. Now that war has become industrialized, it is apparent that, if nations are to retain even their political independence, they must provide, as Germany has long since provided, not merely an army, but an industrial strength capable of defense against the aggressions of other powers in peace no less than in war, unless some better way be devised to assure world comity. And this is one of the great lessons we have learned from the conflict.

The second is not unlike the first; and it is at once even more and less obvious. It lies primarily in the field of politics. If there is one thing more astonishing than all others in the United States during the past six months, it is the extraordinary conflict we have witnessed between the principle of liberty and that of equality. On the face of affairs nothing

could have seemed not merely less probable but less conceivable than any antagonism between doctrines which, to most men's minds, seem so correlated if not so inseparable as these. It has now been a hundred and thirty-eight years since the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia concluded its labors in forming that momentous document which founded a new nation and a new state, and gave to political theory and practice new form and new direction. At the same moment there gathered at Versailles that body of men destined to bring forth no less far-reaching changes in the world's affairs, to inaugurate those tremendous events which we know as the French Revolution.

Both groups were dominated by the principles of the dreamer Rousseau, who, "ignorant of politics and society alike, managed somehow to revolutionize them both." Each group was influenced by his momentous fallacy of the social contract, that mythical conception of the origin of society and government by agreement between primitive men. This glittering error they transmuted into fact. They were, or they became, in truth, the founders of a new order. The one, filled with the principles of the Declaration of Independence, endeavored, in so far as the practical affairs about them permitted, to ensure "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" to the members of the society whose social contract they drew up. More logical, perhaps more visionary, certainly more liberal, perhaps even more prophetic, and relieved from the incubus of slavery, the founders of modern France committed themselves to their great trinity of "liberty, equality, and fraternity"; and, in no small measure, those principles became the guiding stars of the ensuing generations.

It is not probable that any man, on either side of the water, conceived that there could possibly be any conflict between doctrines which, on their very face, seemed to be so closely united that they were but three expressions of the same great principle. Nor, until this present war began, did it seem that any such antagonism could exist. To men then and thereafter it appeared that the great object to be attained was that liberty of the individual, that equality of opportunity, that open way for the talents, which is the mark of what we recognize to-day as a free society. Napoleon declared, when he ascended the imperial throne, that he came to pre-

serve the fruits of the Revolution; and, in no small degree, he was accepted on those terms. Wherever French influence spread, it carried with it those immortal principles. Equality before the law, equality in taxation, the right of free speech and religious toleration; however these were maimed or modified under the Napoleonic rule, they remained a tangible gain to the cause of humanity and political progress. It is indeed pathetic to see how the early reformers believed that, were political power transferred to the people, all virtues would be added unto them, and government would be miraculously purified.

But to these there was added, almost at once, another element. The armies of Prussia and Austria were launched against those daring spirits who had defied the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and Jacobin became a word of anathema to half Europe. By their own excess of zeal the men who had thrown into the arena the head of a king as a gage of battle to their enemies, found the number of those enemies increased. It was necessary, if their principles and power were to be maintained, that every element of strength in the nation should be thrown into the scale; and there ensued, in consequence, an era of absolutism such as France had never known. Every district, almost every individual, was called upon, in that supreme crisis, to sacrifice goods, if necessary life, for the cause. And from that fiery trial emerged a principle that, scarcely less than those great ideals for which they fought, took its place in European life. It was the principle of general compulsory military service.

It took the form of what we know as conscription; the choosing of a certain proportion of those capable of bearing arms for the military service of the state; and it was, at first, a measure of self-preservation. As the Continent plunged into a quarter of a century of conflict, this emergency expedient hardened into a rule of national life, and by its use, joined to the genius of Napoleon, France was enabled to confront a world in arms with every prospect of success. At first no other states adopted it. Almost without exception they relied upon the old royal system of a professional army, with what recruits could be persuaded or compelled to join its ranks. And, one by one, they sank before French power. Such was the history of the first decade of the war against Napoleon.

That period reached its climax with the defeat of Prussia, who, proud of the traditional system established by the great Frederick, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing in the generation since his death, refused to aid her neighbors, and courted catastrophe in her blind self-confidence. Upon her outworn system the blow fell at Jena, and in one day the army of Frederick the Great was crushed by the army of Napoleon. In the ensuing years Prussia reaped the bitter fruit of her rulers' inept and selfish policy, their fatuous complacency, and their obstinate reactionary spirit. And, had it not been for the genius of a handful of men, no one of them Prussian by birth, she might well have declined into that position of a secondary power whence Frederick's genius and his unscrupulousness had raised her.

Upon the conquered state Napoleon imposed not merely an indemnity but a limitation of armament. Had his foresight gone one step farther, he might have gained his purpose. But, with an army restricted to some forty thousand men, the leaders of Prussia adopted and extended the French system. They added to it the principle of universal obligation for every man capable of bearing arms, and that of short-term service with the colors. Thus, within a few years, they were able to put into the field a force virtually commensurate with the able-bodied population of the land, literally the nation in arms. In such fashion was the modern system of military service born.

It did not, indeed, extend beyond the Prussian frontiers for many years, and even there it played no great part for a full generation after the fall of Napoleon. Only when, after the repression of the movements towards liberalism, and the failure of the German revolutionary activities of 1830 and 1848 before the strength of the Prussian arms, did there arise another group of men, this time chiefly Prussian by birth, able and daring enough to use the force thus created. In the twenty years between 1850 and 1870 the genius of Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon enlarged, developed, and put into action the weapon thus forged. First Denmark, then Austria and her allies among the North German states, then France, felt the weight of Prussian ambitions backed by Prussian arms. Prussia became the mistress of Germany, in fact and name. And, seeing not only the advantage of her military

system, but, still more, its danger to themselves, every great continental state hastened to adopt her military policy; and the age of great national armaments began.

Only the Anglo-Saxon powers held aloof. Among them the dread of military establishments was too strong, the love of individual, or what they knew as civil, liberty too great; and they remained, protected by their distance or their sea-power, or both, apart from this movement. To them the loss involved in the Prussian system seemed greater than the gain; and they were, almost alone among world powers, opposed to either conscription or universal compulsory short-term service. Then came the present war. Within a month those states which had adopted the Prussian military system had poured millions of men into the fighting line, millions more were being thrown into the second line of defense; and the whole strength of the peoples at war was being utilized in the conflict.

Not so with England. Her tremendous resources of money and ships were, indeed, put at the service of her allies. Her little army, it is not too much to say, gave its life to check the onrush of the German hordes to Paris. Her navy swept German commerce from the seas, made the ocean a highway for the Allies, and began to choke the life out of the Central Empires. But England, like the United States, was organized not for war but for peace. That circumstance is to the minds of most civilized men the highest praise which can be bestowed upon any form of society; but the result was that, save for the French army and the English navy, England's national existence would have been forfeited to her enemy.

The results of this discovery are fresh in our minds—a huge campaign of education, a still huger campaign for volunteers, incredible mistakes, and the mismanagement inevitable in a democracy primarily constituted not for war but for peace. From that England has emerged with a great army, with an industrial organization transformed from a producer of wealth and welfare into an engine of destruction. Her government, after desperate efforts to preserve its old form and function, has become attuned to the exigencies of self-preservation, and is a virtual despotism by popular consent. It has established the principle of universal service; it has put into effect a rigid censorship; it has taken over the

means of production and distribution; and it has become, as it must have become, if it continued to exist at all, a highly centralized and all but despotic autocracy. To preserve the freedom of the nation, it has been obliged to sacrifice, for the time at least, the freedom of the individual.

Now the same problem presents itself to us. Warned by the experience of our allies, the great majority of the country has committed this nation to the principle of conscription. But it has been only in the face of the vigorous opposition of the minority that this has been done. We have seen that minority opposing equality only less than the adherents of liberty have opposed autocracy. Upon such men, the reason which is derived from the bitterest of experience has been wasted. It is to be expected that, in a nation devoted to democracy, a multitude of opinions, good, bad, and what is worse, indifferent, should flourish. Yet the fact that the most obvious lesson of the war has made no impression upon so many minds, even though they be a relatively small minority, argues more than the reasons given by the opposition to the policy of the present Administration. It argues something more than even the charges of politics and mischievous pacificism which have been levelled against the champions of non-intervention and the volunteer system. It is partly due to ignorance; perhaps it is more largely due to an inability to comprehend the changes which have come over the world in the past fifty years.

To a sincere man, devoted to the principle of liberty, few things are more abhorrent than coercion by other than moral or intellectual pressure. Any democracy like ours, in consequence, is infinitely more easy-going than any autocracy. We are inclined continually to let things go at loose ends. Especially is this true of a people which, like our own, is recruited from nearly every quarter of the earth. We are continually in fear of offending the susceptibilities of our neighbors. We are continually hedging, compromising, apologizing, until we have elevated our national virtue of good-natured tolerance into a vice. To it are to be ascribed most of the evils which, as a whole, we endure more patiently than any other nation of equal civilization. We have, in John Marshall's words, talked liberty so long that we have forgotten—among other things—government. Until very

recently, if one judged merely from surface indications, it might have seemed that we had forgotten that there were still such things in the world as right and wrong.

The result was what might have been expected. When the question arose of raising forces to defend not only our principles but our position as a nation and the perpetuation of our rights, we found ourselves hampered by our traditions, the most sacred of which was liberty. The difficulty which we confronted almost at once was twofold. On the one hand, there was that element known now to all men as "slackers"; on the other, there was the infringement of every man's right to determine for himself his relations to the government to which he owed allegiance. Liberty meant freedom *not* to volunteer, no less than the duty of volunteering. As in England, the best element would hasten to the service of the state, the worst to their own safety or even their profit. Therefore, whatever liberty there was, made for inequality as between the conscientious and self-sacrificing on the one hand, and the selfish exploiters on the other.

That was the practical problem. Behind it lay a greater issue. To the men of the French Revolution, as to their followers since, equality meant chiefly equality of opportunity. To the men who reorganized Prussia, equality meant less equality of opportunity than equality of obligation. To us, as children of the same school as the French, equality meant, if it meant anything—for we have not been forward in talking equality in recent years—the right to vote and have our votes counted, and, outside that, chiefly the right to do anything done by our fellows which was not positively condemned by the courts. In the more modern sense of finance, it did not even mean equality of taxation. It did not dawn on the intelligence of most men, certainly, that liberty and equality, so far from being correlated phenomena, might possibly become the most deadly of antagonists. For we had considered not obligation but merely opportunity.

Suddenly we have been awakened to the real meaning of the doctrines we have long professed. Unconsciously—doubtless, did they know the truth, most unwillingly—the Prussians have made us alive to the deeper meaning of our own belief. They have driven us to its logical conclusion. They have imposed upon us the equality of obligation as well

as that of opportunity. And this much, at least, they have done for the great principles of the revolutionary age. They have repaid the hard lesson of Napoleon, with interest.

Nor is this all. If there has been one danger more apparent than all others to those who have had the cause of popular rule most at heart during the past three years, it is the possibility that the peculiar situation produced by the war shall somehow maintain itself in the ensuing years of peace. Men have been dubious of democracy's ability to stand the supreme test, yet fearful of losing it. Inspired advocates of German domination have contended that there was a sharp antithesis between, not liberty and autocracy, but between liberty and efficiency. To every argument advanced for popular government, they opposed arguments, not for despotism, but for the superiority of Germany's form of government based upon that attention to detail, that organization, that far-sighted policy of developing national resources and abilities, which they conceived to be possible only under such government as Germany possessed, an autocratic, bureaucratic imperialism.

There was much to be said for their case—and they said it all. Germany was well governed, in certain particulars; it had grown rich and powerful; it surpassed most other states in a variety of ways not necessary to enumerate here. But why? To the mind steeped in Prussianism there was but one answer possible. It was the government! To this two objections at once present themselves. The first is that there are two kinds or degrees of efficiency; the one like theirs, which, for want of a better name, we may call mechanical; the other of a less tangible quality, easily recognized, but hard to define, the efficiency of the individual as opposed to the corporate efficiency of the community. It is not possible here—perhaps it is not possible at all—to determine which of these is the more to be desired. But it is very apparent that what we call the spirit of liberty aligns itself rather with individual than with communal efficiency. And to that school, rightly or wrongly, we belong. And the second answer is not unlike the first. It is that we still await the proof that the desirable factors in the position which the Germans have attained, are due wholly or even in considerable part to their form of government. That is an assumption

which, like too many assumptions proceeding from the same source, remains a dogma rather than a provable proposition.

In the past forty-six years the German Empire, and individuals within it, have grown rich. So has England, so has France, so has the United States, so has Belgium, so has every nation which has felt the quickening power of the new industrialism. Germany has built a navy, and taken her share of sea-going commerce—as have other states. She has played a part in world politics—to what end and for what purposes we have seen. She has acquired colonies—as have we all. And though it is an assumption incapable of proof that she would have done these same things by virtue of the strength and abilities of her people had the plans of the men of 1848 been carried out, and the nation been unified as a liberal rather than a Prussianized Germany, it is scarcely more of an assumption than the attribution of her recent eminence to the Hohenzollern dynasty.

So stands the argument after three years of conflict and controversy. It is too soon to say that either side has won, that Europe is yet all Cossack or all Republican. It is quite possible that Napoleon's prophecy will not come true, whichever side emerges victorious. It is impossible to say as yet what Germany has learned, if she has learned anything, from her enemies. But it is by no means improbable that the succeeding years will demonstrate that despotism, and not efficiency, is the antithesis of liberty; as it has been fully proved to the Allies that liberty and equality are not synonymous. It is all but inconceivable that, whatever the outcome of the war, those nations which have tasted the sweets of liberty will revert to absolutism in despair at the obvious difficulties of government by the people. It is not inconceivable that those which have tasted the bitter fruits of autocracy, with all its efficiency, may long for greater equality of opportunity to manage the concerns in which they are so deeply interested, and be willing to exchange some of that equality of obligation, to which they have sacrificed so much, for the right to make their own mistakes.

It is not probable, therefore, that we shall see Europe all Cossack or all Republican. It is far more probable that, in the great resolution of events, each shall learn something from the other; that to liberty we shall join greater efficiency,

and that to efficiency Germany will add far greater liberty than her people have enjoyed under Prussian domination. Possibly, in view of Russia and Austro-Hungary, Turkey, and some of the less civilized peoples of the earth, the conclusion may be forced upon men that there is no essential recipe for industrial and social efficiency and supremacy to be found in despotism, even that of the Hohenzollerns. Possibly from this conflict there may emerge a suspicion that the virtues claimed for that house and its adherents may be found among the German people themselves rather than in its autocracy. And it may well be that, whatever the fate of the contending elements, men may differentiate between the accidental and the fundamental elements of greatness; that, like France, we may become military but not obsessed with dreams of conquest; like England, we may sacrifice the lesser for the greater good; like the United States, we shall still endeavor to maintain "justice, tranquillity, welfare, and liberty"; and "make democracy safe." And if that be idealism, let us all make the most of it.

Finally, so far as we in the United States are particularly concerned, this means more than mere generalities. The establishment, even the safety, of a democratic form of government is not enough. If it is to survive, it must prove itself superior; for it is only too evident that if the Cossack can prove the better and more efficient of the two, he will at least share honors with the Republican. And in this connection there may be adduced two illustrations of the problems which confront any society that, like our own, stands for equality as well as liberty. The first is the question of naturalization. If there has been one problem which, apart from the actual conflict of arms, has caused the champions of liberty in this present war an incalculable amount of trouble, it is the laxness of their methods in permitting the unregulated residence of unnaturalized aliens among them. If there is one source of danger to this country which has thus far surpassed all others since this conflict began, it is the presence of uncounted masses who have taken advantage of our liberty of opportunity but have proved careless, or unwilling, or even resentful, in the matter of obligation towards the nation which provides them a living. Their presence and the tolerance with which they have been treated, have been due to

economic causes, the insistent demand of employers for labor. But it is apparent that states cannot live by economics alone, and that, if we are to survive as a nation, we must compel some recognition of the rights of government—possibly naturalization after a term of years—as well as the rights of employers in the introduction and the status of aliens.

The second is the age-long problem of the exploiter; the man who sees in every circumstance of life, even in national danger, only the opportunity to better his own fortunes. In this we are not alone. No people, no form of government, has ever been free from this ineradicable enemy of society. The qualities which produce him lie deep in human nature. He is impervious to the plea of obligation, he is almost beyond the power of the state to control. Even in Germany he has been the subject of violent attack. But if the cause cannot be reached by legislation, if it can be only mitigated by education, its results can at least be minimized. It gives one heart and new belief in human nature and democracy to see how many of the greater leaders of industry have put their services, and their machinery of production, at the disposal of the government. But it is more than questionable whether the volunteer system is any more desirable in the industrial field that it is in military affairs, or would be, let us say, in taxation. For there, especially, we have not merely slackers; we have men who, not content with their own immunity, propose to turn the nation's necessity, even the generous impulses of their fellows, into capital.

That problem, like the question of unnaturalized aliens, has been faced, and largely settled, by the warring nations of Europe, on the same principle as military service—equality of obligation. The people have learned the lesson of despotism. "The state!" Louis the Fourteenth is reported to have said, "I am the state"; and, whatever the truth of that old saying, the sacrifice of the individual to the state as expressed in the wishes of its rulers has been the dominant note of the autocracies. "The state!" the democracies may now well retort, "We are the state." And to the general good the individual interest must be sacrificed.

So far have we come in our thinking, and largely in our practice, as the result of the great conflict. But thought and

practice alike may be pushed too far. From such a position there is a danger that, when the conflict is over, one of two results may follow. The one is the continuance of the spirit thus aroused into a despotism of democracy, which is scarcely less dangerous than the despotism of a ruling house. The other is a powerful reaction against the whole system engendered by the war, and a revulsion towards a still more lax democracy. Either is to be deplored; and it will be the task of statesmanship to find that middle way between these two extremes in which, as in all human affairs, there lies the only safety. But of this we may be sure. Whatever the outcome, Cossack, or Republican, or neither, the world will never be the same again, in thought or practice, government or society. It is our task to see that, in so far as possible, we shall make it something better.

## (e) ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION

### WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: WHAT THE WAR DID FOR BREWER (January, 1919)

Three of us at the table. Around the table is built the hotel of a town of ten thousand. At other tables are business men, farmers, professional men, clerks, an occasional mechanic, or carpenter, or workman, eating noonday lunch. In the town of ten thousand people around the hotel are five blocks of stores and offices, a state educational institution, a denominational college, two or three wholesale jobbing establishments, an ice plant, an iron foundry, a country club, a railroad division, a dozen prosperous garages, a Y. M. C. A. building, half a million invested in common school buildings and equipment, municipal water works, a municipal light plant operated under a lease, five banks with a deposit of something over two million. And around the city is a county with a population of twenty-five thousand.

That is the background. On one side of the table sat Albert H. Gufler, manager and largely owner of the local branch of the largest wholesale grocery house in Central Kansas. Beside him sat Harry Lakin of the Newman Dry Goods Company. Said Gufler:

"What do you think—you know that Brewer that used to drive a team for me; pretty good sort of fellow, steady, hardworking, industrious, capable—well, he quit me not long ago and went down to the railroad to work in the roundhouse. And say—he came up to my packing room the other day with a check for forty-eight dollars, get me? Forty-eight dollars for one week's work. Of course he put in Sundays and some overtime, but that forty-eight dollars almost paralyzed my packing room. I don't know whether I will have a man back on the job to-morrow morning. Forty-eight dollars for one week's work! We have boosted wages down there and added a war bonus and done everything they have asked for, but forty-eight dollars for an ordinary man's work for one week in a cinder pit—say, I don't know what we are going to do."

Thirty-one years ago Gufler began working for the Poehler Mercantile Company at Lawrence for three dollars a week, and has worked up. Harry Lakin began as bundle boy in the Newman Company about that time and he has worked up.

No one said anything at first and we jabbed our pumpkin pies in silence, then Harry Lakin spoke:

"Say Al, I expect we will all have to get used to that forty-eight dollars a week. You know it is really just a habit, this thinking that forty-eight dollars is too much for a man working in the roundhouse for a week's work down in the grime and fumes of the cinder pit, and not enough for the fellow working in the superintendent's office. Maybe the forty-eight dollars is just as fair a wage for the fellow who works days and nights and Sundays down in the roundhouse burning out his lungs in the cinder pit, as it is for a fellow up in the company's offices sweating and fuming and fretting about getting tonnage for the company or trains out of a jam or buying ties and betterments for the Howard Branch. It is just a habit that we had of thinking that a dollar and a half or three dollars a day was enough for the first assistant night wiper Brewer, and not enough for the chief clerk to the traffic manager. And as I was a saying, we have all got to get used to it because they are not going back. You can call it Bolsheviki, or revolution, or socialism, or whatever you please, but these wages that labor is getting are going to remain about as they are."

"Well," answered Gufler, "if we boost wages in the packing room, we will have to boost prices, and the folks will have to pay more for their chow."

"Well, let's do it. When I was up in Yukon," answered Lakin, "I found out one thing good and hard; that a cheap camp made a cheap man, and after this war there's not going to be any more cheap camps in this world. A fellow—an extra brakeman on the Superior Branch—came in the store the other day, and we tried to sell him a six dollar hat, and he wouldn't have it. He wanted a twelve dollar hat, as good a hat as there was in the house, and he got it. Moreover, that fellow and the man named Brewer are living in thirty dollar houses with hot and cold water, electric lights and gas range, kitchen gardens in the back yards, lilacs and blue grass in the front yards, and little pergolas out at the side. These are two of the million bungalows, pretty little seven-room civilized houses, that labor has moved into since the war, all over America, in cities and towns and villages. There the boys are in those bungalows, and the children are wearing good clothes, and eating meat once or twice a day, and going to school regularly, and you can't blast them out of these bungalows and take that meat away from them, and drag their children out of school, without a revolution; and there are more of them and they will win the revolution."

"That's all right," returned the wholesaler. "But, Harry, what do you think of paying the engineer on the railroad two hundred and fifty dollars a month and then paying the train dispatcher who directs the engineer only one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month? Aren't brains more important than brawn?"

"Well, let's see about that. Maybe that is habit again. Your engineer out in all kinds of weather, risking his life every minute, working like a horse when he is on duty on an average in these days ten hours a day, may be serving society better on the whole than the dispatcher sitting in a comfortable office, sure of a whole hide. Both jobs, the engineer's and the dispatcher's, are more or less standardized. Both require what you call brains: the engineer's brains are in his trained hands, the dispatcher's are in his head. But society may decide to re-value and re-mark her goods after this war;

and maybe the price of the different kinds of brains that men use may be reconsidered."

In any case, the economic readjustments made necessary in the crises of this war have done one thing. They have given us freedom of speech about economic conditions, so that one may suggest that society is paying her superintendents too much without having to answer to the charge that one is an anarchist for presuming to question the order that is. That much the war has done that no treaty can undo.

And to return to our luncheon table, we may safely say that, after all, the war aims of the Allies, whatever of high sounding phrases they may contain, stripped of their diplomatic language, cover considerably this man named Brewer, who left the packing room of the wholesale house and went down to the roundhouse and drew forty-eight dollars for a week's work in the cinder pit. His name is Legion rather than Brewer, and he is coming out of the laboring class—a class that has had irregular, underpaid work, and is emerging into the middle class, a class that lives without the great black devil of fear that continuously was prodding the coattails of poverty before the war. Instead of fear, his life is full of hope, is motived by hope; hope of better things for his children; hope of a college education for his boys; hope that his girls may move into a little better bungalow than his own when they marry.

For after all, making the world safe for democracy is a grand phrase, but democracy also means equality of opportunity as well as political rights. Indeed, political rights are only desired for the power they will give to the man who desires larger economic freedom. For the larger economic freedom of the common man who does the common work in this common world, all of our ships laden to the guards with guns and powder and soldiers and sailors have been plowing the sea. For "the more abundant life," all our young men have been marching to the front and dying, or coming back with the new vision of consecrated self-sacrifice; all our great industries have been speeding up to the urgent need of the crisis. For the millions who until this new day have been more or less hidden beneath the mudsills of our white-painted, green-blinded, two-storied social edifice, all this

pomp and circumstance of glorious war spread its gay and tragic pageant over the earth.

And the issue is becoming more and more clearly defined every hour. Even with the gold lace and red broadcloth of royalty in England, and for all the fuss and feathers of nobility in Italy, those countries and the two great republics, France and America, are essentially the homes of free men—men who at least know what freedom means, political, economic, and social—even if they enjoy only a portion of their ideals. And similarly, in spite of the fine talk of the German socialists, for all the subtle theories of the German scientists about the survival of the brutalists, for all the state paternalism of Prussia—a kind of hog-fattening political economy to make fine sausages for the aristocracy—the world can see that Germany was not the home of the free men, nor the abode of men who knew what freedom is and aspire to freedom sanely. If Germany had won, we should have had paternalism, the strong aristocratic control of economic conditions that keeps the average man on the lower economic levels; doling out to him just enough of the life which his labor creates to keep him contented. Now that the Allies have won, we should have fraternalism. And fraternalism offers to the average common man all the distinction and preference and gain that his talents entitle him to. Paternalism offers rations. Fraternalism may not even give a man rations, but it offers him a struggle for justice. Fraternalism seeks no common levelling process. Fraternalism seeks no economic balance which will keep the slave fat and contented. Fraternalism seeks not to hamstring the stronger man and make him a weakling, but would give every man all he earns and make him earn all he gets.

This is of course an ideal condition. Human justice is unattainable because human nature is not perfect. But the ideal, the thing towards which the common aspirations of the common people turn, is after all the thing which makes a civilization good or bad. And so long as there existed in the earth a civilization founded upon the ideals of crass materialism, bolstered by a hereditary caste composed of privilege holders—profit-grabbing, self-centred men with autocratic power—so long every democratic ideal in the world was threatened.

This is because we are in an era where the common man has more intelligence than he ever had before. He knows what he wants and he knows how to get what he wants; for he has in his hands the weapons of democratic government in America, in England, in Italy, in France, and when another generation arises, with popular education, Russia too will be equipped with the weapons of democracy. After our victory for democracy on the battle line, complete, unquestioned, and obvious to the German, nothing that boundaries, or treaties, or spheres of influences will do, can change the current of the times. The decisive end of this war will bring in a new epoch, and it will mean the rise of that portion of the population, all over civilization, in Germany as well as among the Allies, which, during the last and passing epoch, has been discontented because of the manifold injustices that have bound it. We shall see a sane attempt to abolish grinding class poverty in the world.

And that does not mean of course that we shall have socialism. That does not mean that everybody shall get his bread ticket from the city hall; that the world shall be levelled downward; that the talent of men will not count in the world; that the strong man will not rise faster and go further than the weak! It does not mean that the fool and the wise man will share and share alike in this world's goods. It does not mean that Marxian socialism or anything like Marxian socialism will be the order of the new day. Two things have been everlastingly blown up by the big shells bursting on the battle front: one is Marxian socialism and the other is unrestrained capitalism. But if an armistice had been offered by the Allies which permitted a softening of the blow of destruction to the German citadel of privilege, the war would have ended in a truce and not a peace, for this fight had to go clear through to a victory. If Germany had won, privilege would have held its gains all over the earth. And its gains would be registered in the injustices of our economic life which produce poverty as a class condition.

It is easy enough to retort that the conclusion that a German victory would have been a world-wide victory for privilege, is mere assertion. Yet there must be some vital philosophical difference between the contention of the Allies and the contention of Germany. For four years and more

Germany has waged one kind of war and the Allies in the main have waged another kind of war. In waging her war, Germany gradually had accumulated the scorn and hatred of the world. And during the same time the Allies had gathered to themselves one nation after another in sympathetic co-operation. Now there must be some reason for this violent antipathy of the civilized world to Germany and her cause. No one can say truly that this antipathy was founded chiefly upon fear of mere geographical aggression by Germany. It was not a matter of boundaries entirely, it was not entirely a matter of blame or credit in starting the war. Civilization revolted from Germany chiefly because the Germans every day in their conduct of the war, in their propaganda of their cause, revealed their faith in a material world. Germany showed herself a crass materialist.

Civilization to-day outside of Germany is founded more or less upon an aspiration towards justice. Of course, the justice is approximate—sadly behind the aspiration. But the aspiration is dominant. Germany, however, placed small reliance on justice. Germany believed in force, she could understand only force, she spoke only with force. Now the civilization in the earth which we call Christian is based upon a deep and abiding faith that this is not a material world; a faith that there are forces in the world stronger than steel, more powerful than dynamite, more resolute than blood and iron; forces that control the destinies of men and nations; forces outside ourselves which make for righteousness—forces that slowly but surely are establishing justice in the earth. Consciously, more or less, we forget these forces, but subconsciously in the heart of Christian civilization these forces are recognized and some way we all believe that "underneath are everlasting arms."

Now these forces outside ourselves that make for righteousness, that are establishing every decade a widening realm of justice in the relations of men, are the indefinable, inscrutable forces that make for human progress. Whatever progress has been made during the ages has been made by the slow and inexorable rise in our human relations of the spirit of mutual help among men. That spirit has come to men through their desire to ameliorate the hard lives of their fellows, and essentially it is the practical application in hu-

man institutions of the golden rule. Hence the rise of democracy and the rise of Christianity have come along the centuries at about the same pace.

Indeed, democracy is not a form of government. Democracy is a philosophy of life, an attitude of the common mind of men towards the weak and the oppressed, an aspiration of humanity towards justice. Democracy is Christianity institutionalized. Germany held to the philosophy of Babylon, the philosophy of force, the philosophy of unrighteous materialism. Germany was a throw-back to the pagan order; Nebuchadnezzar, Nero, and Nietzsche, all great exponents of the devilish philosophy that there is no God in Israel, no progress save that made in steel and stone and wood and gold and iron. So we found Germany in this war functioning after the manner of a pagan civilization in a modern world; and thus she slowly but steadily alienated the Christian peoples of the earth. Germany expounded the monstrous philosophy of get and grab. And it is that philosophy which lined up the world against her. That is the philosophy of privilege, that is the philosophy of the man who holds what he does not earn against the man who earns what he does not hold. Its voice is the bull roar of the lion of force.

And those who hope for sane social progress, those who hope for a redistribution of the benefits of the civilization for which we are all struggling in the thousand, thousand paths of life that run through our complicated economic order, will make no compromise in our peace terms with the mammon of unrighteousness. The German philosophy, the philosophy of master and slave, that is in the end the philosophy of force, must be dethroned. The world cannot live half slave and half free.

All of which brings us back to the rural county of twenty-five thousand, and the town of ten thousand, with its two million bank deposits, its railroad divisions, its seventy-five thousand dollar Y. M. C. A. building, its state and denominational colleges, its half million invested in public schools, its five business blocks, its hotel where the farmers, merchants, doctors, lawyers mechanics, clerks, and bankers are sitting at lunch, and Harry Lakin of the Newman Dry Goods Company, still eating his pumpkin pie, is saying to Gufler of the wholesale grocery house:

"I tell you, Al, it is like this; now that we have won this war, you and I have got to quit gasping and swallowing hard when we hear that this man named Brewer gets forty-eight dollars for a week's work of days, nights, and Sundays in the cinder pit. About all this war was for, Al, was to get us out of the habit of thinking that our old notions about who had the best of it coming to him are divinely inspired. They are not. In the shake-up you will not jar Brewer loose from his forty-eight dollars. You may jar the division superintendent, and the first assistant auditor, and the division freight agent loose from their forty-eight dollars, but Brewer and his forty-eight dollars, and his little old bungalow, and his son in college, and his daughter marrying the doctor, are here to stay. You know, Al, I have got a notion that this is what it means for the world to be safe for democracy."

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